

The History of Don Quixote





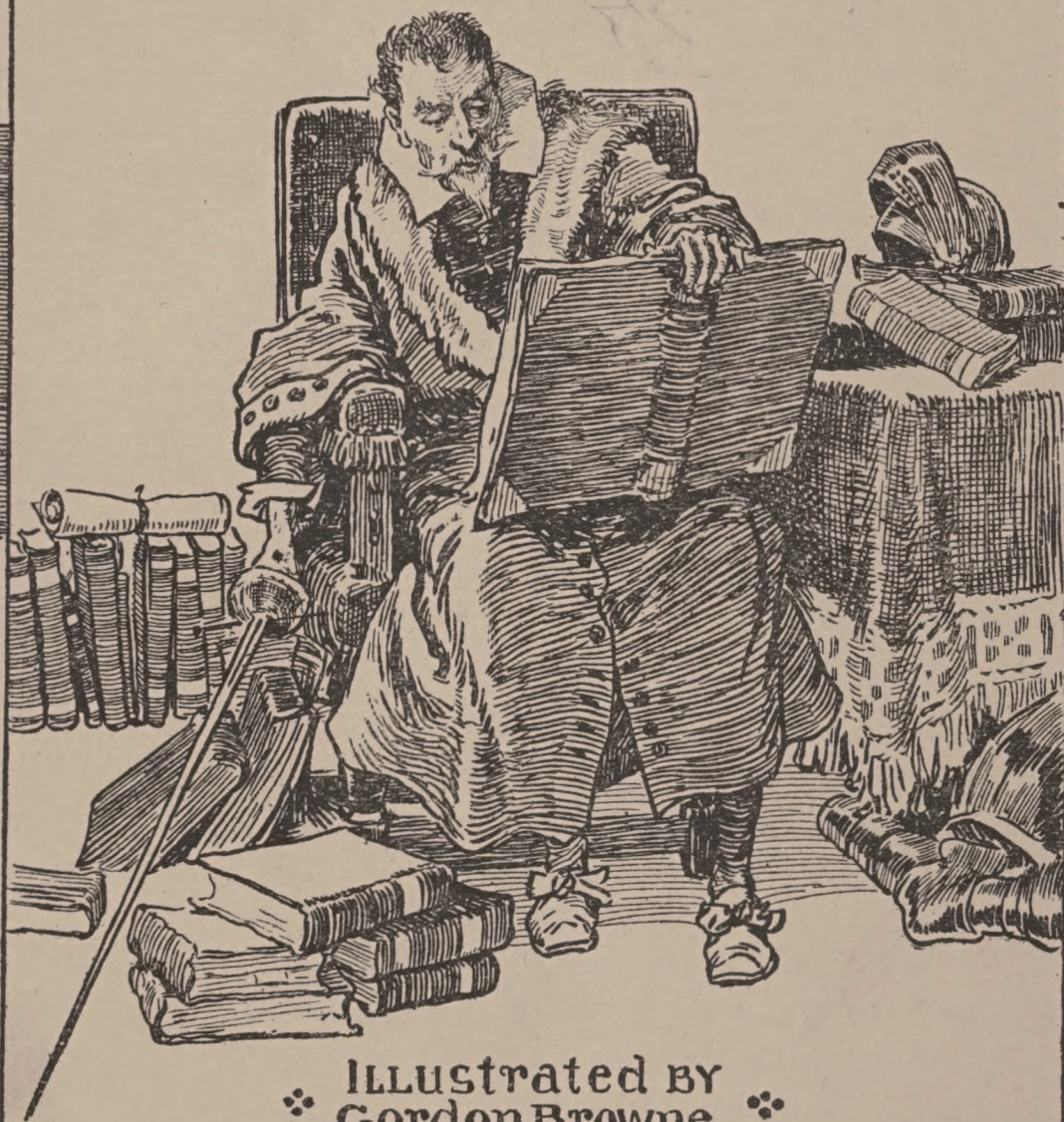
“The knight and his horse were hurled violently
to the ground.”

The History of Don Quixote.

BY

❖ Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra ❖

Arranged by
A. A. Methley, F.R.G.S.



❖ Illustrated by
Gordon Browne ❖

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PZ 7
C32
□ 5
8

Printed in Great Britain

310427
23

24-11838



CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE FAMOUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. HIS FIRST ADVENTURE, AND HOW HE WAS DUBBED KNIGHT BY AN INN KEEPER - - - - -	I
II. WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AFTER HE LEFT THE INN; ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF HIS SECOND SALLY IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURES - - - - -	10
III. THE REMARKABLE AND TERRIFYING ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, AND HOW DON QUIXOTE FOUGHT A COMBAT WITH A GENTLEMAN FROM BISCAY - - - - -	21
IV. WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERDS. ALSO THE STRANGE STORY OF MARCELLA, THE SHEPHERDESS - - - - -	32
V. THE BATTLE WITH THE YANGUESIAN CARRIERS, AND HOW DON QUIXOTE'S SQUIRE, SANCHE PANZA, WAS TOSSED IN A BLANKET - - - - -	42
VI. THE TERRIBLE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE DURING A DARK NIGHT, AND THE STORY THAT SANCHE PANZA TOLD TO HIS MASTER - - - - -	55
VII. THE HIGH ADVENTURE OF THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO, AND HOW DON QUIXOTE SET FREE A GANG OF PRISONERS - - - - -	68

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
VIII. WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, AND HOW HE MET THE RAGGED GENTLEMAN, CARDENIO	78
IX. THE STORY OF CARDENIO, AND HOW DON QUIXOTE SENT A LETTER TO THE LADY DULCINEA OF TORBOSO FROM THE BLACK MOUNTAIN - - - - -	89
X. HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER MADE A PLAN BY WHICH DON QUIXOTE MIGHT BE FREED FROM HIS PENANCE -	101
XI. THE STORY OF DOROTHEA, AND HOW DON QUIXOTE PROMISED TO ASSIST A DAMSEL-ERRANT - -	111
XII. THE PRINCESS MICOMICONA TELLS HER STORY, AND SOME STRANGE INCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN -	121
XIII. SOME PLEASANT ADVENTURES AT THE INN, AND THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE AND ZORAIDA, THE BEAUTIFUL ALGERIAN - - - - -	134
XIV. CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE AND ZORAIDA, THE BEAUTIFUL ALGERIAN - - -	144
XV. THE STORY OF SOME STRANGE AND UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AT THE INN WHICH HE BELIEVED TO BE A CASTLE - - - -	152
XVI. THE CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO, AND HOW DON QUIXOTE WAS ARRESTED BY AN OFFICER OF THE LAW - - - - -	160
XVII. THE STORY OF DON QUIXOTE'S ENCHANTMENT, TOGETHER WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS - - - - -	169
XVIII. HOW DON QUIXOTE BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE SCHOLAR, CARRASCO, AND STARTED OFF ONCE MORE ON A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURES, TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO THE CITY OF TORBOSO -	176
XIX. HOW SANCHE PANZA FOUND A WAY TO ENCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA OF TORBOSO, TOGETHER WITH THE STUPENDOUS ADVENTURE OF THE PLAY-ACTORS - - -	187
XX. THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE'S STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH THE BOLD KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS - - -	198
XXI. AN ACCOUNT OF THE INCREDIBLE VALOUR OF DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS - - - - -	207

Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXII. AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF MONTESINOS' CAVE, AND THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT DON QUIXOTE DECLARED THAT HE SAW THERE - - -	215
XXIII. AN ACCOUNT OF THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, THAT OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER, AND THE WONDERFUL DIVINING OF THE FORTUNE-TELLING APE - - -	224
XXIV. THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK, TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA ARRIVED AT THE DUKE'S CASTLE -	235
XXV. THE AMAZING AND WONDERFUL ADVENTURE OF THE DISCONSOLATE LADY - - -	246
XXVI. HOW THE GREAT SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, IN WHAT MANNER HE RULED, AND THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF HIS GOVERNMENT -	258
XXVII. HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA LEFT THE DUKE'S CASTLE, TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE NETS AND OF THE WILD BULLS -	270
XXVIII. AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE ON THE ROAD TO BARCELONA - - -	281
XXIX. AN ACCOUNT OF THE UNLUCKY COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON - - -	289
XXX. THE ADVENTURE OF THE HOGS, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISENCHANTING OF THE LADY DULCINEA DEL TORBOSO BY SANCHE PANZA - - -	298
XXXI. THE HOME-COMING OF THE VALIANT KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA - - -	306



FRONTISPIECE — The knight and his horse were hurled violently to the ground

	PAGE
Heading to Contents - - - - -	vii
Heading to List of Illustrations - - - - -	xi
Senor Quesada resolved that she should be his lady and the queen of his heart - - - - -	4
He began to thrash the knight soundly - - - - -	13
He invited one of his neighbours, a good, honest, foolish man -	18
They started off once more on their travels - - - - -	23
He lifted his weapon with both hands - - - - -	27
It was Marcella herself - - - - -	39
Don Quixote tried his best to climb over the wall - - - - -	49
He called to him to yield on pain of instant death - - - - -	58
He held his sides and rocked backwards and forwards in his mirth	66
Riding peacefully along the road - - - - -	71
Thus the ass, Rosinante, Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote were left alone - - - - -	77
His master was trying, with the point of his lance, to pick up something - - - - -	81

Illustrations

	PAGE
After which he mounted Rosinante and rode away	100
He thought it best to tell everything	103
The barber cut a fine figure in a cloth gown	106
“ Stop, Madam,” exclaimed the priest	112
Sancho flung his arms round its neck	125
With him rode a woman in Moorish dress	139
We set him ashore on the coast of his own country	150
He was left hanging in mid air	158
“ Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance,” she said	165
Then the strange procession started	171
They found him sitting up in bed	177
The Lady Dulcinea, attended by two of her damsels	189
This so frightened Rosinante that he pranced and capered	195
He was seen to be an amazing fellow	203
He thrust his head out of the cage	212
His eyes were closed and he appeared to be asleep	218
The ape skipped on to its master’s shoulders	228
“ Is not this master of yours the same renowned Don Quixote ?”	239
“ I never rode so easily in all my life ”	255
He was so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany	259
“ You see the five caps ”	263
The two shared their food	271
He lifted up his voice and cried, “ I conjure thee to tell me who thou art ”	273
“ Well, master, every man to his taste,” retorted Sancho	282
The injured knight was put into a chair	293
At last the tender-hearted knight could bear it no longer	303
“ Why, mercy on us ! husband,” she cried	308
“ Whatever madness is this ?” cried the niece	310

The History of Don Quixote

CHAPTER I

“The famous Don Quixote de la Mancha. His first adventure, and how he was dubbed knight by an innkeeper.”

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived in Spain, in the province of La Mancha, an old-fashioned gentleman whose chief worldly possessions were a sword, an ancient shield, a lean horse, and a hound. He was poor, and lived frugally, having beef more often than mutton, no meat at all on Fridays, and sometimes a pigeon as a treat for his Sunday dinner. On this simple fare nearly three-quarters of his income was spent, and the rest went to buy a fine velvet coat, breeches, and slippers for holidays, and a suit of good homespun for everyday wear.

The family consisted of a niece twenty years old, a housekeeper double that age, and a man-servant who was valet, groom, and gardener all in one.

The gentleman himself was nearly fifty, a thin man, but active and fond of hunting. His name was either Quexada or Quesada, it does not matter which, and he was nicknamed Quesana, or lantern jaws.

The History of Don Quixote

Now, whenever Señor Quexada had nothing to do—and that was almost always—he used to spend his time reading books on knight-errantry, and at last he became so devoted to these romances that he gave up all his outdoor sports, and even sold part of his estate, that he might have money with which to buy more books. He often read all day and far into the night, so that the heroes of his wonderful fairy stories became real to him, and he would gravely talk to his friends, the parish priest and Master Nicholas, the barber, about Sir Palmerin of England, Sir Amadis of Gaul, and the Knight of the Burning Sword who slew two fierce and mighty giants with a single blow.

As time went on, and he read more and more romances, Señor Quexada's mind became disordered. He fancied that he himself was destined to be a knight-errant, and to ride out into the world that he might right wrongs and seek adventures. It seemed to him that by doing great deeds he would win fame and glory, and, putting aside his beloved books, he began to make preparations for a journey. A knight-errant, of course, must have armour, so Quexada got out of a corner an old suit which had belonged to his great-grandfather and polished it carefully. When it was cleaned and repaired, he found that part of the helmet was missing, but, not discouraged by such a trifle, he set to work and made a visor out of pasteboard. It looked well; but when he tried its strength with his sword, the labour of a week was destroyed in a moment.

Don Quixote is dubbed Knight

A new visor had now to be made, and this one was lined with thin plates of iron. The appearance was excellent, but our hero thought it best not to test it again.

Señor Quexada now went to the stable to inspect his horse, which, although so thin that all its bones stuck out, must needs serve his purpose. He determined to give it a high-sounding name fitted to the steed of a valiant knight, and at last, after four days' consideration, he fixed upon the title of Rosinante.

The next thing to be done was to choose a new name for himself, and another eight days was devoted to this important matter. At the end of that time he decided to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha.

And now, his armour being polished, and both he and his horse provided with names, nothing remained for the new knight-errant to do but to choose a lady, for whose sake his great deeds should be done, and to whom the trophies of combat and adventure could be brought. Not far from his home there lived a homely country girl, called Aldonza Lorenzo, and at last, although he hardly knew her, Señor Quexada resolved that she should be his lady and the queen of his heart. With this idea, and as her own did not seem grand enough, he bestowed upon Aldonza the name of Dulcinea del Torboso.

All his preparations were now made; so early one morning in the middle of July, Señor Quexada—or Don Quixote, as we will now call him—got up very quietly, dressed himself in his armour, put on his home-made helmet, grasped his lance, mounted his

The History of Don Quixote

horse, and rode out, through the back gate of his stable-yard, in search of adventure.

He was delighted with the success and the secrecy of his departure, but, before he had gone far, a terrible thought flashed into his mind. Here he was, starting out on a great enterprise, and he had not yet even been made a knight! According to all the laws of



“Senor Quexada resolved that she should be his lady
and the queen of his heart.”

chivalry he had no right to encounter any true knight in combat, nor even to wear armour himself at all.

For a little while the poor gentleman was overcome with horror, and thought of giving up his great undertaking, but before long he changed his mind and resolved that instead he would ask the first warrior whom he met to bestow upon him the honour of knighthood. Many of his favourite heroes of romance had done the like; so, comforted with these reflections,

Don Quixote is dubbed Knight

Don Quixote rode on happily, thinking of his lady, Dulcinea, and of his coming adventures.

It was a very hot morning, and the rays of the sun were so powerful that they might have melted his brains—if he had had any left.

That day passed without any incident, and as evening came on Don Quixote began to feel very tired and hungry. He looked about, hoping to find some castle where he might spend the night, and at last he caught sight of a building by the side of the road. It was only an inn, but to our hero's eyes it seemed a lordly mansion with towers, pinnacles, a moat, draw-bridge, and everything complete. Two young women were standing at the inn door, and these he took to be beautiful and high-born ladies, so he rode up and, raising his visor, bid them not be afraid as he only wished to do them service. The girls, more amused than alarmed at this strange greeting, could hardly conceal their laughter, and the innkeeper, who now appeared upon the scene, was also filled with mirth. He, however, being a fat, kindly man, determined to humour his extraordinary guest, and calling him "Sir Knight," he bade him dismount and enter the inn, although, he said, all the rooms were occupied, and he could not provide a bed.

"Señor Castellano," replied Don Quixote, "arms are the only thing I value, and combat is my bed of repose." He then alighted very stiffly from his horse, and going into the house, prepared to take off his armour.

A new difficulty now presented itself, for the visor

The History of Don Quixote

of the helmet was tied so tightly with green ribbons that it could not be removed, although the two girls, who had followed the knight into the inn, did their best to help. Don Quixote refused stoutly to allow the ribbons to be cut, so he was obliged to keep his helmet on all night. When supper-time came he would have fared badly if the women had not fed him, while the host bored a hole in a cane and poured wine through it down his throat.

After the meal was over—and it was a poor one, for the food was coarse and ill-cooked—Don Quixote called the innkeeper into the stable, and there, throwing himself upon his knees, begged the man to bestow upon him the honour of knighthood. “This evening I will watch by my armour,” he said, “and to-morrow you shall dub me knight, so that I may ride out to seek adventures and to relieve those who are in distress, according to the laws of chivalry.”

The innkeeper was quite taken aback, but suspecting that the man was mad, and amused by his strange antics, promised to carry out his wishes. He explained that there was no chapel where the knight could keep vigil, but that, if he wished, he could watch by his arms in the court of the castle—that is to say, in the inn stable-yard—and in the morning all necessary ceremonies should be performed. He then went on to ask Don Quixote whether he had any money.

“Not a penny,” answered the gentleman, somewhat surprised; “indeed, I have never heard that knights-errant carry any money with them.”

“Ah! that is wrong,” replied the innkeeper;

Don Quixote is dubbed Knight

“although the histories may be silent, nevertheless knights must be provided with money, which their squires usually carry, and also with clean shirts and other necessities, such as ointments with which their wounds may be healed. I therefore advise you never to ride out again without money, which you often will find very useful when you least expect it.”

Don Quixote promised to remember this counsel, and then arrangements were made for him to watch by his arms in the great yard of the inn. There was a horse-trough in the yard near the well, and against this the armour was placed. Then, with lance in hand and shield on arm, the knight began to walk up and down in a stately manner.

The innkeeper, meanwhile, thinking it all a good joke, had told everyone in the house about Don Quixote: how he was keeping vigil and how he wished to be dubbed a knight. The people were much amused, and they went out to watch the stranger, for it was moonlight, and he could be seen clearly, now leaning upon his lance, and now gravely marching to and fro.

After a time a carrier, who was lodging at the inn, came out to water his mules, and this he could not do without removing the arms from the trough. Don Quixote saw him approaching, and called to him saying: “Oh, rash knight, take heed before you dare to lay your hands on the armour of the bravest knight that ever wore a sword; if you touch it, instant death shall be your punishment.”

The muleteer took no notice of this dreadful

The History of Don Quixote

threat, but, taking the armour from the trough, flung it carelessly to one side.

Don Quixote now called upon the name of his lady Dulcinea, and lifting his lance with both hands, he struck the man such a blow that he fell to the ground unconscious. He then replaced the arms and once more began to pace quietly up and down.

After a short time another carrier appeared, and he, not knowing what had happened, also began to remove the arms. This time Don Quixote gave no warning, but lifting up his lance once more, brought it down so heavily that the fellow's head was broken in three or four places.

There was now a tremendous uproar. Everyone came running out of the house, and other muleteers, although they were afraid to draw near, pelted the knight with stones. The host shouted to them to leave the mad stranger alone, and Don Quixote himself added to the noise and confusion by calling out in a loud voice that all the carriers were treacherous knaves and the innkeeper a base and discourteous knight. At last peace was restored, the muleteers carried away their wounded comrades, and the knight returned to his interrupted vigil.

The innkeeper now thought that it would be well to get the business over, and by dubbing Don Quixote knight prevent any further trouble; so he went to the gentleman at the horse-trough, and said that as he had already watched his armour for four hours, there was no reason why he should not receive the honour of knight-hood at once.

Don Quixote is dubbed Knight

Don Quixote agreed, and then the mock ceremony took place. The innkeeper brought out the book in which he kept his accounts of straw and barley, and bidding the would-be knight kneel before him, he read aloud while a stable-boy held aloft a piece of lighted candle. The two girls were there, and when the innkeeper had struck Don Quixote on the shoulder with his sword, he ordered one of them to gird the weapon round his waist. The girl found it very difficult to hide her laughter, but she obeyed, girded on the sword and wished the knight good luck.

Don Quixote thanked the young woman gravely for the favour she had done him and asked her to tell him her name. She replied that she was called Torlosa, and that her father was a cobbler in Toledo.

The knight thereupon begged her to take the title of Lady, and for his sake to style herself the Lady Torboso. He then turned to the other girl, who had buckled on his spurs, and when he heard that she was a miller's daughter, he bestowed upon her the name of the Lady Miller.

The ceremonies were now at an end, and Don Quixote was eager to start off on his travels in quest of adventures, so, having saddled Rosinante, he mounted and bade farewell to his friends. The innkeeper was so glad to see his strange guest depart that he did not even demand payment for board and lodging.

CHAPTER II

*“What happened to Don Quixote after he left the inn.
His second sally in search of adventures.”*

IT was early morning when Don Quixote rode away from the inn, and he was so delighted to find himself, as he believed, really a knight that even the old horse, Rosinante, seemed to share his joy and trotted along gaily.

They were going now in the direction of home, for Don Quixote, remembering the advice of the innkeeper, had resolved to provide himself with money, a squire, clean shirts, and other necessities, before setting out again on his travels.

They had not gone very far when the sound of what seemed to be a woman's voice was heard coming from some woods on the right. The knight turned and rode quickly in that direction, thinking that this was an adventure at last, and when he reached the thicket he found a young boy tied to a tree and being soundly whipped by a sturdy countryman.

“There! Rascal,” the man shouted, between the blows, “you will remember to keep your mouth shut and your eyes open for the future.”

Don Quixote spurred his horse forward, crying: “Discourteous knight! It is unworthy to strike one who cannot defend himself. Come, take your

Quixote in Search of Adventures

lance and mount your steed," he pointed to a horse that was tethered to a tree near at hand, "and I will show you what a coward you are."

The countryman was terrified at the sight of the strange, armoured figure who brandished a lance in his face, and he at once began to make excuses: "Sir Knight, this boy is my shepherd," he said in a humble voice, "but he is so careless that every day some of the sheep are missing; and now, because I punish him, he declares that I do it to cheat him out of his wages."

"What!" cried Don Quixote, "I have a good mind to run you through the body with my lance. Pay the boy this instant and release him."

The man without another word obeyed, and unbound the captive, who, on being questioned, said that he was owed nine months' wages, the sum amounting in all to sixty-three crowns.

The farmer was then commanded to pay the money, and this he promised to do, although he declared that he did not owe so much.

"The worst of it is, Sir Knight," he added, "that I have no money with me, but if the boy, Andrew, will accompany me home, he shall have every penny."

It was now the boy's turn to be frightened. "What! Go home with him?" he cried. "I know better than to do that. Why, he would half kill me."

Don Quixote, however, refused to believe that the countryman would be guilty of such perfidy, and he assured the boy that as his master had promised to

The History of Don Quixote

pay he would be quite safe. Then, turning to the other, he said in his most lordly manner: "Remember that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Righter of Wrongs and the Redresser of Grievances, and if you fail to keep your word, I will return and punish you as you deserve."

With this he set spurs to his horse and rode away, and, as soon as he was fairly out of sight, the farmer caught Andrew, tied him to the tree again, and beat him more cruelly than ever.

Don Quixote, meanwhile, went on his way rejoicing at the success of his first enterprise, and he had not gone more than two miles when he encountered a party of merchants from Toledo. Here was another adventure, he told himself, so, advancing to the middle of the road, he called upon the travellers to stop.

"Halt!" he cried. "Let all men stand and go no further until they have confessed that the Lady Dulcinea is the most beautiful maiden in the whole world."

The company, of whom there were six, besides servants, stopped. They guessed that the poor gentleman was crazy, and, being amused with him and his strange disguise, one of the company began to parley. "Señor," he said, "we do not even know the lady of whom you speak. Show her to us, and if she is as fair as you say, we will gladly acknowledge her to be the Queen of Beauty."

This did not satisfy Don Quixote in the least, and he became so furious that, couching his spear, he attacked the speaker, and might have killed him had not Rosinante stumbled and thrown him heavily

Quixote in Search of Adventures

to the ground. He lay there helpless, encumbered with the weight of his armour and unable to rise.

One of the servants then ran forward, and snatching up Don Quixote's lance he broke it, and with one of the pieces began to thrash the knight soundly. Indeed, he did not leave off until he was exhausted, and then the merchants started off once more on their journey.



“He began to thrash the knight soundly.”

Don Quixote, thus left behind, tried once more to struggle to his feet, but this he found to be impossible, for he was bruised and sore from head to heel. However, even now he did not despair, but congratulated himself that his fall was due to his horse, and not to any fault of his own. He then amused himself with thinking about the valiant deeds of the heroes of

The History of Don Quixote

romance and with repeating aloud long passages from some of his favourite books.

After a time, as luck would have it, a ploughman from Don Quixote's own village came by, leading an ass. To his amazement, he saw a man, clad in armour, lying full length in the middle of the road, and talking what seemed to be nonsense. He hurried to the assistance of the prostrate warrior, and, having removed the battered helmet, recognised the face of his neighbour.

"Master Quexada!" he cried, "how come you here, in this plight?"

The other made no answer, but rambled on with his fairy stories, and then the ploughman set to work, and with great difficulty managed to get him on to the back of the ass. This done, he collected the scattered arms, not forgetting the fragments of the lance, and having laid these on Rosinante, he started off along the road, leading the horse by the bridle, and the ass by the halter.

The village was reached about sunset, but the kindly ploughman stayed on the outskirts until night-fall, so that the neighbours might not see the poor gentleman in such a sorry state; and, when at last the little cavalcade arrived at Don Quixote's house, they found the priest and the barber both there talking to the housekeeper, who was telling them how her master, his horse, his lance and his shield had all disappeared.

"It is my belief," she declared, "that those wretched books of his have made him think that he is a

Quixote in Search of Adventures

knight-errant himself, and that he has gone away to ride up and down the world in search of adventures."

Don Quixote's niece agreed with this opinion, and she related how her uncle would often read for hours at a time, and then would slash at the walls of the room with his sword and declare that he was slaying giants.

"It is all the fault of the books," she added, "and they deserve to be burnt."

At this moment they heard the ploughman at the door, shouting for it to be opened. They ran out, and there was Don Quixote himself, not yet alighted from the ass.

"Carry me to bed," muttered the injured man, when he saw his friends crowding round him, "for I am sorely hurt, and let the sorceress, Urganda, be summoned to heal my wounds."

"There, you see I was right," cried the house-keeper, when she heard this foolish talk; "his wicked fairy stories have driven him crazy."

So Don Quixote was carried to bed, and while his friends were searching for his wounds, he told them that he had been thrown from his horse, Rosinante, while engaged in combat with ten giants.

"Oh, so there were giants too, then!" exclaimed the priest, whose name was Doctor Perez. "Then my mind is made up. Those dangerous books of his shall all be destroyed to-morrow."

The next day, therefore, while Don Quixote was still asleep, the two friends arrived and asked for the key of the room where the books were kept. This was brought, and then, accompanied by the house-

The History of Don Quixote

keeper and the niece, they entered the library. There were more than a hundred large volumes, besides many little ones, and when she saw them the housekeeper begged the priest to sprinkle them with holy water, for she was quite certain that the apartment must be full of magic.

The good priest could not help smiling at this foolishness, and he bade the barber bring out the books one by one, so that he might examine them and decide which deserved to be destroyed.

“Oh! spare none of them, sir,” cried the niece; “they have all helped to drive my poor uncle out of his wits. I think that we had better throw them out of the window and make a bonfire in the yard.”

The housekeeper also urged that this should be done, but Doctor Perez would not consent to such a wholesale destruction, and said that he must at least glance at the title-page of every volume.

And so the books were brought out, and some were spared, while others were thrown out of the window. “Amadis of Gaul,” “Florismarte of Hyrcania,” “The Mirror of Knighthood,” “Palmerin of England”: all the books ever written on the subject of knight-errantry seemed to be there, and the two men found their task a long and arduous one.

They had not finished it when Don Quixote was heard talking to himself in a loud voice. They hurried away to see what was the matter, and on their return found that the housekeeper and niece had flung many more of the books out of the window into the yard. That night the whole collection was burnt:

Quixote in Search of Adventures

It now remained to explain the loss of his library to Don Quixote, and this was managed very cleverly. Two days later the knight got up again, and his first wish was to visit his beloved books, but, to his surprise, he found that the door of his study had been blocked up. He summoned the housekeeper, and she, having been instructed what to say, declared that a powerful magician had come one night, mounted on a dragon, and had carried away not only the books, but the study itself.

The niece upheld the truth of this extraordinary story, and Don Quixote had no difficulty in believing it.

For fifteen days after that our hero remained quietly at home, but during the time many preparations were made for another journey.

He invited one of his neighbours, a good, honest, foolish man, to go with him as his squire, saying that if he went he should have great rewards and perhaps be made the governor of a treasure island.

Tempted by the promises the man—Sancho Panza was his name—agreed to leave his family and to accompany the knight.

A squire having thus been engaged, Don Quixote managed to obtain a fairly large sum of money by selling more of his land—at a loss—and then, having bought some new shirts, borrowed a shield from a friend and patched up his broken helmet, it only remained to fix the day and hour for departure. This was soon done, and one morning, very early, before it was hot, they started off, Sancho Panza

The History of Don Quixote

riding upon a donkey and carrying a leather bottle of wine and a large canvas knapsack.

As the pair rode along they talked of their coming adventures, and Sancho Panza was very anxious to hear all about the island of which he was to be ruler.

“I beseech you not to forget your promise,



“He invited one of his neighbours, a good, honest, foolish man.”

master,” he said, and then Don Quixote declared that the squire might become not merely a governor, but a king.

“Why, if I were a king,” said Sancho Panza, “my wife, Mary, would be a queen, and all my children princes and princesses.”

“Who doubts that?” said Don Quixote grandly.

“I doubt it,” was the man’s reply, “for even if it

Quixote in Search of Adventures

were to rain crowns I am quite certain that none of them would fit my Mary's head."

While they were thus talking, forty or fifty windmills appeared in the distance, and these Don Quixote imagined to be a number of fierce giants whom it was his duty to encounter.

"Why, where are the giants?" asked Sancho Panza.

"There!" cried the knight; "can't you see them, with their long arms stretched out towards us?"

"Those are no giants," said Sancho Panza scornfully, "they are only windmills, with their sails whirling in the breeze."

"Windmills!" said Don Quixote; "you certainly know nothing of adventure. But, if you are afraid, stand aside, for I am determined to fight them all." He then set spurs to Rosinante and, entirely disregarding the servant, who shouted to him to stop, rode forward.

"Halt, cowards!" he cried, as the sails of the windmills began to move more quickly. "Base miscreants, although you have more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay dearly for your arrogance."

With this he recommended himself to his liege lady Dulcinea, and, couching his lance, charged the nearest windmill with great fury. The lance pierced the sail, the wind increased, the sail swung round, the lance was broken, and both the knight and his horse were hurled violently to the ground.

Sancho Panza hurried to the scene of the disaster. "Mercy on us!" he cried, "did I not tell you that they were nothing but windmills?"

The History of Don Quixote

“Peace, my friend,” said the fallen knight; “it is only the fortune of war. The giants were transformed into windmills by the great enchanter, Friston, so that I might be deprived of the honour of victory. He is the same magician who carried away my books and my study, but, in the end, my sword will prevail against him.”

“Amen to that,” said Sancho Panza, and then he dragged his master to his feet and hoisted him up on to poor Rosinante’s back.

CHAPTER III

*“How Don Quixote fought a combat with
a gentleman from Biscay.”*

DON QUIXOTE and his servant, Sancho Panza, talked together about the encounter with the windmills as they rode on in the direction of the Pass of Lapice. This road had been chosen because it was much frequented by travellers, and therefore would probably provide many adventures.

The knight was much troubled by the loss of his lance, but he intended to replace it as soon as possible. “I have read,” he said to his squire, “that a certain Spanish warrior, Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in a battle with the Moors, pulled up a large oak-tree by the roots—or at least broke off a thick bough—and used this weapon with such success that he was surnamed “The Smiter”; I myself, therefore, mean to tear up the next oak-tree that we see.”

“Heaven grant that you may,” answered Sancho Panza; “I believe you. In the meantime, try to sit a little more upright in your saddle, but perhaps it is your bruises that make you crooked.”

“It is,” said Don Quixote, “but a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, however painful they may be.”

The History of Don Quixote

“Then I have no more to say,” remarked Sancho. “However, I hope that the same rule does not apply to squires, for I always cry out directly I am hurt.” He then asked his master if it was not nearly dinner-time.

“Eat when you please,” was the reply, “but for myself, I am not hungry;” so the squire brought food out of his wallet, opened the wine-bottle, and made a hearty meal.

The adventurers spent that night under some trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore down a withered branch to serve as a shaft for his broken lance. He did not sleep at all, but passed the hours thinking of his lady, the fair Dulcinea, after the manner of knights-errant, but Sancho Panza slept very soundly. Very early in the morning they started off once more on their travels.

The Pass of Lapice was reached at about three o'clock. They paused at the entrance, and Don Quixote turned to his servant gravely. “Brother Sancho,” he said, “here we shall most certainly have our fill of adventures, but let me give you a word of warning. Even if you see me in the greatest danger, do not come to my assistance unless it happens that I am attacked by plebeians. If I am fighting knights, the laws of chivalry forbid you to engage in combat with them, as you are not a knight yourself.”

“Have no fear,” said Sancho Panza, “for I am a peace-loving man, and do not care to thrust myself into quarrels nor to receive blows at anyone’s hand; but supposing, sir, that a knight sets upon me, I

Don Quixote fights a Combat

fancy that I shall not then obey the laws of chivalry, for every man may defend himself."

"I agree to that," answered Don Quixote, "so that you do not assault knights on my behalf."



"They started off once more on their travels."

While they were discussing this question, two monks rode towards them mounted on mules so large that they might have been mistaken for camels. The men wore riding-masks to protect them from the dust, and carried umbrellas.

The History of Don Quixote

A little behind was a coach accompanied by four or five men on horseback and some servants.

The occupant of the coach was a lady from North Spain, who was going to join her husband in Seville.

Scarcely had Don Quixote caught sight of the monks—who were not of the same party as the others, although all were going in one direction—than he made up his mind that here was a great adventure.

“You see those two figures in black,” he said, pointing to the monks; “unless I am much mistaken they are wizards, and in the coach is some princess that they are carrying away by force. It is clearly my duty to rescue her.”

“This will be a worse job even than the windmills,” said Sancho. “Don’t you see, sir, that they are Benedictines, and most likely the coach belongs to the people who are travelling in it.”

“Sancho,” was the answer, “I have already told you that you are sadly ignorant of adventures. It is as I say, and you will soon see that I am right.”

With this he rode forward, and, standing in the middle of the road, barred the way so that the monks could not pass.

“Villainous magicians,” he cried, “if you do not instantly release the beautiful princess, your captive, I will slay you both.”

The monks stopped, amazed at the appearance of the knight and at his strange words.

“Sir,” one of them said, “you are mistaken. We are churchmen, belonging to the Order of St. Benedict, and we know nothing about any princess.”

Don Quixote fights a Combat

“Your fair words do not deceive me,” cried Don Quixote, and then, spurring his horse, he charged forward, and would have killed or severely wounded the monk if the latter had not prudently flung himself from his mule to the ground. The other Benedictine, perceiving how his companion had been treated, turned, and, urging on his animal, ran away as fast as he could.

Sancho Panza, meanwhile, seeing the one monk lying on the ground, jumped nimbly off his ass, and, running up, began to search and strip him, protesting, when questioned by the muleteers, that he was only taking the lawful plunder won by his master in battle. The servants, however, not understanding this talk of plunder and battle, and seeing that Don Quixote was some way off by the coach, fell upon poor Sancho, threw him down, and gave him a good thrashing.

Don Quixote, as I have said, was standing by the coach, and he now addressed himself to its occupant.

“Lady,” he began, “my strong arm has delivered you from your captors, and, as you may wish to know the name of your deliverer, let me inform you that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant; and that my liege lady is the peerless and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Torboso. It is for her sake that I have befriended you, and the only recompense that I desire is that you should go to her and relate what I have done.”

The lady’s squire, a gentleman from the province of Biscay, listened to this extraordinary speech, and, understanding that Don Quixote had not only stopped

The History of Don Quixote

the coach, but now wished to send it back to Torboso, he interfered, and coming up to the knight, bade him begone, saying in very bad Spanish, "If you do not leave the coach, I will kill you, as surely as I am a Biscayan."

Don Quixote, not at all discomfited, replied calmly in these words:

"If you were a gentleman, which you are not, I would punish you for your insolence."

"What! Me not a gentleman!" cried the other. "Throw away your lance, sir, take your sword, and I will show you what I am." Don Quixote at this drew his sword, grasped his shield, and rushed straightway upon his new foe, who only had time to snatch up a cushion from the coach to serve him as a target. A tremendous combat ensued, and although the bystanders did all they could to make peace, it was in vain. Now one adversary got in a blow, now the other, and all the time Don Quixote called loudly upon the name of his lady, the fair Dulcinea. The other dame, meanwhile, on whose account the fray had begun, made her servants drive the coach out of harm's way and watched the battle from a safe distance; while Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, was also among the spectators, all filled with amazement and fear at the fury of the two antagonists.

For some time the battle raged, and Don Quixote received a fearful blow, which injured his helmet and cut off part of his ear. It would, indeed, most likely have put an end to all his adventures, if the Biscayan's sword had not happened to turn in his hand. This



“He lifted his weapon with both hands.”

Don Quixote fights a Combat

narrow escape infuriated the knight of La Mancha to such a pitch that, rising in his stirrups, he lifted his weapon with both hands and brought it down with such terrible force on his enemy's head that the man was stunned, swayed in his saddle, and then fell to the ground.

Don Quixote thereupon dismounted, and, standing over his fallen adversary, set the point of his sword against his neck and commanded him to yield himself on pain of instant death.

The Biscayan was too dazed to reply, but the lady, alighting from her coach, hurried forward and begged for the man's life to be spared.

"Truly, gentle lady, I will grant your request," said the victor, "but only on one condition, and that is that this knight gives me his word of honour that he will go and surrender himself into the hands of the fair Dulcinea, so that she may do with him whatever she pleases."

The lady, too frightened to refuse, promised everything, and Don Quixote declared that he was satisfied.

Sancho Panza, having somewhat recovered from the thrashing given him by the muleteers, and seeing that the combat was over, now ran forward, kissed his master's hand, and held the stirrup so that he might mount his horse. "I pray you, good Lord Don Quixote," he cried, "make me the governor of the island that you have won in this dreadful battle."

"Brother Sancho," the knight replied, "these are no adventures of islands, only little everyday affairs, where nothing is gained but a broken head or a missing

The History of Don Quixote

ear. Have patience, however, and you shall be a governor, or, perhaps, something greater still."

Sancho thanked him again, and then, climbing on to his ass, he followed the hero, who, without taking any more notice of the coach and its occupant, rode off in the direction of a wood that was not far away.

Before long the squire noticed his master's bleeding ear, and begged him to stop, so that it might be dressed with some salve that was in the wallet.

Don Quixote agreed, but said: "How needless is all this trouble when, if I had only remembered it, I might have had a bottle of the Balsam of Fierabras, and one drop of that is worth more than all the medicines in the world."

"Why, what balsam is that?" cried Sancho Panza, pricking up his ears.

"A balsam of which I have the recipe in my head," replied his master. "It is so powerful that he who has it may defy death itself. When I have made some and have given it to you, and you should see me cut in two by a sword-stroke—which is an accident that often happens to knights-errant—you have only to set the pieces of my body together, give me a few drops of the balsam, and instantly I shall be as well and sound again as an apple."

"Why, if this is true," exclaimed the amazed Sancho, "never mind about the island. I would rather have some of that balsam than anything in the world, for certain it is that I could make a good living by selling it. But stay, is it very expensive to make?"

"Three quarts may be made for three crowns,"

Don Quixote fights a Combat

said Don Quixote. "But, friend Sancho, I will show you greater secrets than this. In the meantime dress my ear, for it pains me more than I like."

Sancho Panza then got out his lint and ointment; but when Don Quixote found that his precious helmet was broken, he forgot all about his ear, and swore that he would never rest until he had revenged himself for this terrible injury.

Sancho Panza was horrified to see his master in such a rage, and did his best to pacify him. After a time he was successful, and then the knight bethought himself that he had had no food for a long time, and inquired whether there was anything to eat in the knapsack.

"We will afterwards search for some castle," he said, "where we may lodge for the night, and where I may prepare the balsam to heal my ear."

Sancho Panza opened the wallet and showed its contents.

"I have an onion," he said, "and a few stale crusts of bread, but that is poor fare for a brave knight."

"You are mistaken, friend," was the reply; "knights-errant often eat nothing for months, and at other times they feed altogether upon fruit and such roots and herbs as they may find in the fields."

"Pardon, your worship," said Sancho. "For the future, then, the wallet shall be well stocked with such dried fruits, but for myself, who am no knight, I will provide poultry and other substantial victuals. In the meantime, sir, let us eat what we have."

CHAPTER IV

*“What passed between Don Quixote and the goatherds.
Also the strange story of Marcella, the shepherdess.”*

DON QUIXOTE and his squire hurried over their frugal meal, and then started off again in search of a castle where they might find a lodging. Before long, however, darkness overtook them, and as they had now come upon the camp of some goatherds, they decided to stay there for the night. Sancho Panza was not at all pleased with this arrangement, for he much preferred a good town and comfortable quarters to the open country.

The goatherds, rough men as they were, proved to be kind hosts, for they welcomed the wayfarers and shared with them their supper of stewed kid's flesh.

Don Quixote was given the place of honour, a seat on an upturned trough, and the men settled themselves on the ground in front of him.

Sancho Panza, at first, took up his position behind the knight in order to wait upon him and hand him the drinking-horn, but this the other would not allow. “Sit down at my side,” he said, “and eat with me, for it is my pleasure that there should be no difference between us. By the laws of knight-errantry all men are equal.”

“I thank your worship,” answered Sancho, “but

Marcella, the Shepherdess

indeed I can eat as well by myself as with an emperor, and better, too. I would rather munch my onion and black bread in a corner than dine upon roast turkey at a grand table where I had to mind my manners and wipe my fingers."

"Talk no more," said Don Quixote, "but sit where I say;" and with that he pulled him down on to the trough at his side.

All this time the simple goatherds, who knew nothing of knights and chivalry, sat silent, but stared at their guests, and, when the kid's flesh was finished, offered them acorns and red wine.

Later on one of the men named Antonio entertained the company with a song, which he sang so handsomely that Don Quixote begged him to give them another. Sancho, however, objected to this, and said that it was time to get some rest.

"Sleep if you wish," said his master, "but before you go, I pray you dress my ear again, for it pains me sadly." Thereupon one of the goatherds, seeing the wound, begged leave to dress it himself, and gathering some leaves of rosemary, which grew thickly in the wood, he crushed them, added some salt, and applied the remedy to the knight's ear, thereby giving him great relief.

While this was being done a young man named Peter appeared, who was in the habit of bringing provisions to the goatherds from a neighbouring village.

"Hullo, friends," he cried, as he approached the camp, "have you heard the news? That fine shepherd and learned scholar, Chrysostom, has died

The History of Don Quixote

this very day, and they say it was all for love of the beautiful Marcella, who, although her father is rich, thinks fit to go about in the garb of a shepherdess.”

“For love of Marcella!” cried one of the goat-herds, and the others assured him that this was indeed the case.

“Yes, it was for her sake,” he said; “and more than that, it is rumoured that he commanded in his will that he should be buried in the forest, like a pagan Turk, close to the cork-tree where he first set eyes on the maiden. Aye, and other strange things he ordered to be done, and his friend and fellow-scholar, Ambrose, will see to it that all his wishes are carried out. He is to be buried to-morrow, as I have said, in great state. It will be a sight worth seeing. I, for one, mean to go.”

“We will all go,” cried the goatherds, “and will cast lots who shall stay behind to mind the goats.”

Don Quixote had listened eagerly to all that was said, for he scented a romance. Now he begged Peter to tell him the whole story of Marcella and her love-sick swain.

The young man was very willing to do this, and straightway related how Chrysostom, when he left the university of Salamanca, had laid aside his scholar's robe and wandered about the country-side disguised as a shepherd, the reason for this strange conduct being that he had lost his heart to the fair Marcella. She, however, would have naught to say to him—nor to any of her other suitors, although she had many—for she was as cruel as she was beautiful. “The poor

Marcella, the Shepherdess

young men are ready to die for her," went on Peter. "Some of them sing sad songs in her honour, some wring their hands, and there is a place not far from here where there are many beech-trees, and on every one of them you may see the name Marcella cut into the smooth bark. But the hard-hearted damsel pays no heed to all this, and we wonder what will be the end of it. And now Chrysostom is dead. You should go and see him laid in the grave to-morrow, sir, for sure I am that it will be worth your while, and the place where he is to be buried is not more than half a league away."

"I intend to be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for telling me this story."

"Alas! you have not heard half the mischief that this cruel maid has done," said the young man; "but to-morrow, maybe, we shall meet someone who will tell us more. And now, sir, you had better lie down and rest in one of our huts, for the open air is not good for your wound."

Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the long story, added his persuasions, so Don Quixote retired to Peter's hut and spent the night there.

The next morning the goatherds awakened their guests early, and they all started off together for the place where the funeral was to be. On their way they met six shepherds dressed in black, with garlands of cypress on their heads and long staves in their hands. Behind came two gentlemen on horseback with their servants, and as all were going in one direction, they joined company.

The History of Don Quixote

One of the gentlemen then said that they had met the shepherds that morning, and on asking the reason of their mournful garments, the story of the hard-hearted shepherdess and her unfortunate suitors had been related. He then repeated the same tale that Peter had told on the previous evening, and when it was finished, he turned to Don Quixote and inquired why he rode in full armour through a peaceful country.

“My profession does not permit me to travel otherwise,” answered our hero, “for I am a knight-errant, although a very unworthy one.”

“What do you mean by a knight-errant?” asked the other, whose name was Señor Vivaldi; and then Don Quixote began to speak so wildly of King Arthur of Britain, Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Amadis of Gaul, and many others, that his new friends perceived that he was frenzied.

However, his whimsies amused them so much that they encouraged him to go on talking, and he told them of his adventures, and described the Lady Dulcinea of Torboso, who, he said, was a beautiful and mighty princess, kin to all the most ancient and powerful families in the whole of Europe.

Sancho Panza listened intently to all that his master said, and believed every word, although the story of the wonderful Dulcinea bewildered him greatly, for he had lived all his life in Torboso and had never even heard her name before.

As the company rode on, they soon saw in a valley beneath them about twenty more shepherds, six of

Marcella, the Shepherdess

whom carried a bier covered with leafy boughs and flowers.

“Those are they that carry poor Chrysostom,” cried one of the goatherds, when he saw the sad procession, “and it is in yonder vale that they will bury him.”

All hurried on when they heard this, and they arrived just as the bier had been laid on the ground and four of the black-clad shepherds were beginning to dig a grave.

After a time one of them said, “Look, Ambrose, is this the very spot chosen by Chrysostom?” and another replied in these words:

“Yes, this is the place where my poor friend first met the relentless Marcella;” he then turned to Don Quixote, and, pointing to the bier, said, “Sir, this is the body of my comrade, Chrysostom, who died through the cruelty of a shepherdess, and here, with him, are his poems, written in her honour, which he commanded me to burn when he was laid in the grave.”

Upon hearing this, Señor Vivaldi interposed, declaring that it was a wickedness to destroy the verses, even though the dead man had said that it was to be done. As he spoke he stretched out his hand, snatched some of the papers from the bier, and begged that they, at least, might be saved.

“Very well, sir,” answered Ambrose, “you may keep them, and I pray you read the verses aloud, for they are the last that my dear friend ever wrote.”

“I will read them with all my heart,” said Vivaldi,

The History of Don Quixote

and thereupon he gathered the company round him and read a sad poem called "The Despairing Lover."

The verses were approved by all, and Vivaldi was about to read another of the poems, when suddenly an unexpected figure appeared, standing on the summit of the rock beneath which they were assembled.

It was Marcella herself, and she seemed fairer than ever before to those who knew her, while the strangers were bewildered with her beauty and gazed at her in amazement.

Ambrose, however, was filled with anger when he caught sight of the maiden, and fiercely accused her of having come to mock the dead man whom she had slain by her cruelty. Marcella shook her head when she heard his words, and declared vehemently that she was innocent.

"It is not my fault that I am fair to look upon," she said, "nor was it my doing that he loved me. I neither love nor hate any man, and only wish to live alone and be happy among the mountains and forests."

When she had said this she turned and disappeared through the trees. Some of the shepherds would fain have followed her, but Don Quixote forbade them.

"Let no man follow the fair Marcella," he cried, "under pain of my furious displeasure, for it is clear that she was guiltless of the death of Chrysostom, and does not wish to be troubled with other suitors."

Having said this, he bade farewell to the shepherds, the goatherds, whom he thanked for their hospitality, and the two gentlemen. The latter, however, begged



"It was Marcella herself."

Marcella, the Shepherdess

him to accompany them to Seville, saying that there he would find adventures in every street and corner.

Don Quixote was obliged to the travellers for this information, but refused to visit the city, saying that before he left the mountains he must needs clear them of the thieves and robbers with which they were infested.

He had also resolved, in his character of knight-errant, to seek out the beautiful Marcella and offer her his services and protection.

CHAPTER V

“The battle with the Yanguesian carriers, and how Don Quixote’s squire, Sancho Panza, was tossed in a blanket.”

AFTER the funeral of Chrysostom, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, as I have said, rode through the forest in search of Marcella. They met with no success, but instead had a very unfortunate adventure. This is how it happened. The knight and his squire were sitting at midday on the grassy bank of a little stream, when some Yanguesian carriers came by driving a herd of horses. One of the men struck Rosinante, who was wandering at large while his master rested, and immediately Don Quixote, as was his wont, determined to be revenged.

This time he called upon Sancho Panza for assistance, saying: “Friend, these are no knights, but only low-born rascals, so you may lawfully help me to punish them.”

“Punish them!” retorted the other; “we are much more likely to be punished ourselves. Don’t you see, sir, that there are more than twenty of these fellows, while we are only two?”

“I alone am as good as two hundred,” declared Don Quixote proudly, and with that he drew his

The Misfortunes of Sancho Panza

sword, set upon the drovers, and gave one of them a deep gash on the shoulder.

Sancho, seeing that there was no help for it, followed his master's example, and the fight began.

It did not, however, last very long, for the Yangueseans gripped their staves, and, surrounding their two antagonists, attacked them with great violence. A very few minutes sufficed to settle poor Sancho, and then Don Quixote was thrown to the ground and severely belaboured. This done, the drovers took to their heels and made off as quickly as they could, leaving the warlike knight and his squire in a pitiable condition.

The first to recover somewhat was Sancho Panza, who lifted up his voice and called woefully to his master.

"Oh, Sir Knight," he cried, "how I wish that we had some of that magic balsam you spoke of. Maybe it is as good for mending broken bones as for healing wounds."

"I wish that too," answered the other, "for then we should want for nothing. But, good Sancho, I swear to you, by the faith of a knight-errant, that, if no other disasters befall us, I will have some of that same balsam ready in two days' time."

"Two days!" exclaimed Sancho; "what will be the good of that? Pray, how many days do you think it will be before we can move? And tell me, sir, since these adventures seem to be usual in knight-errantry, are we likely to have many more of them? Methinks another one or two would finish us off altogether."

The History of Don Quixote

“Ah, friend,” quoth Don Quixote, “the lives of knights-errant must needs be full of mishaps and adventures; but then, on the other hand, we may suddenly become kings or emperors. That has often happened, and I could tell many stories to show the truth of what I say. Besides, we have not been dishonoured in this last combat; for the men used no swords or daggers, as I well remember.”

“For my part,” said Sancho Panza, “I had no time to examine things so closely. And as for that, I care not at all what weapons were used against me. I only know that they were mighty heavy ones. For all I can see, a hospital full of balsams would not heal us.”

“Come, come, no more of this,” said Don Quixote; “take courage, friend, and let us see how Rosinante fares. If I mistake not, he also has suffered in this encounter.”

“No wonder,” grumbled Sancho, “seeing that he, too, is a knight-errant. The only marvel is that my ass has escaped injury.”

“In all disasters,” said the other, “fortune leaves some loophole of escape, and now, Sancho, your little donkey may supply the place of Rosinante and carry me to a castle where I may be cured of my wounds.”

“Eh,” returned Sancho, “the ass will serve, if you don’t mind being laid across his back like a parcel of rubbish;” and then, still bemoaning his hard fate, the squire managed to scramble to his feet and to harness the ass. This done, he assisted Don Quixote on to its back, tied Rosinante to its tail, and, taking the

The Misfortunes of Sancho Panza

halter, set off in the direction of the highway. The road was reached before long, and as luck would have it, an inn was seen close at hand. Don Quixote was pleased to mistake it for a castle.

A quarrel began. Sancho swore that it was an inn, his master was as positive to the contrary, and the dispute lasted until they reached the building. Then Sancho marched straight in with all his train, and did not trouble himself any further about the matter.

The innkeeper came out to meet his guests, and seeing Don Quixote lying in such a strange fashion across the back of the ass, asked what ailed him. Sancho replied that it was nothing, and explained that his master had had a fall from a high rock and had bruised his sides a little.

The innkeeper's wife was a kindly creature, and now, calling her daughter and the serving-maid to help her, Don Quixote was carried into the building and laid upon a poor bed in an attic.

"I fancy these injuries look more like blows than a fall," remarked the good woman, as she rubbed the knight's aching body with ointment; but Sancho protested that the rocks upon which his master had fallen were rough and jagged, and added that he himself would be all the better for a little ointment, as he felt as sore and stiff as if he had had a tumble too.

"It was the fright of seeing my master fall that has so wrought upon me," he said. "I am as sore as if I had been badly mauled."

Very early the next morning Don Quixote, who had passed a sleepless night, roused his servant and

The History of Don Quixote

begged him to go to the governor of the castle—for he still refused to believe that the house was an inn—and to ask for oil, salt, wine, and rosemary, so that he might make the magic balsam and heal his injuries.

Sancho Panza, nothing loath, scrambled out of bed, and soon procured all the desired ingredients, which Don Quixote mixed carefully, boiled, and poured into an old earthenware jar. This done, he took a large mouthful of the decoction, and although it made him very ill for a little time, he soon fell asleep, and, on waking, declared that he was completely cured by the marvellous balsam of Fierabras.

Sancho now determined to follow his master's example, and, seizing the jar, he poured the rest of its contents down his own throat. The effect of such a large dose was like poison, and for hours it seemed as if poor Sancho was on the point of death. Don Quixote could do nothing for his squire, but shook his head sadly and said: "My friend, I begin to fear that this pain befalls you because you have not received the order of knighthood. In my opinion the balsam should only be used by professed knights."

"Why did you let me drink it, then?" moaned the miserable Sancho. "Why did not you tell me all this before?"

After a time the sufferer began to recover a little, and then Don Quixote, who now felt quite well and in a very good temper, saddled Rosinante himself, helped Sancho on to the ass, and prepared to take his departure.

When everything was ready, he called to the master

The Misfortunes of Sancho Panza

of the house, and, addressing him as "Governor," said: "Lord, I have received so many favours at your hands, in this your castle, that I shall be eternally grateful. If ever you desire to be revenged on anyone for some insult or injury, I promise you that I will carry out all your wishes."

"Sir Knight," said the innkeeper, "I do not need your help, for I am well able to revenge my own affronts. All I require is that you pay your bill for board, lodging, and the expenses of your horse at this inn."

"How!" cried Don Quixote, "is this an inn? How strangely I have been mistaken. I took it for a castle, and a fine one, too, but, even if it is an inn, that makes no difference. You must excuse me paying anything. We knights-errant never pay the reckoning in any inn whatsoever, and I am bound to abide by the laws of my order."

"I care nothing at all about that," retorted the host; "pay your bill, and don't bother me with any more of your foolish stories. How do you think that I can afford to keep an inn at this rate?"

"You are a fool and a knave," said Don Quixote, in reply, and then he set spurs to Rosinante and galloped away, without once looking back to see whether Sancho were coming after him.

The knight being gone in this fashion, only the squire remained, and he vowed that he would not pay either, but would, like his master, observe all the laws of knight-errantry. The innkeeper then flew into a great rage, and, calling some men out of the inn to

The History of Don Quixote

help him, bade one of them fetch a blanket. Sancho Panza was dragged off his ass, and then they put him into the blanket, and, carrying him into the backyard, tossed him into the air as pancakes are tossed on Shrove Tuesday.

Sancho screamed lustily while this trick was being played upon him, and he made such an outcry that his master heard it, and, thinking that someone was in distress, turned his horse and hurried back to the rescue.

When he came to the inn, however, he found the door fastened, and rode round to discover some other entrance. He came to the backyard, and there, as the wall was not very high, he witnessed everything that was happening, and saw poor Sancho Panza being tossed again and again.

Don Quixote was furious at this sight, and tried his best to climb over the wall that he might rescue his unfortunate retainer, but he was still so stiff and bruised that he could not even dismount from his horse. This angered him exceedingly, but the more he raged and fumed, the more the fellows in the yard laughed, and the more Sancho lamented.

At last the tossers were quite exhausted, and then, setting their victim on his feet, they wrapped him in his mantle and lifted him once more on to his ass. The serving-maid, moreover, brought him a drink of fresh-drawn water from the well, thinking that he would be thirsty after all that he had gone through.

Sancho gratefully raised the cup to his lips, but Don Quixote stopped him. "Hold," he cried, "do



“Don Quixote tried his best to climb over the wall.”

The Misfortunes of Sancho Panza

not drink that. I have here some of the wondrous balsam. Two drops of it will cure you at once."

"No, thank you, sir," replied the squire, with a sour glance at his master; "have you forgotten that I am no knight? Leave me alone, and keep your balsam to yourself."

The pair then started off once more on their travels, and Sancho Panza was in such haste to be gone that he never noticed that the innkeeper had taken his wallet and kept it as payment for the bill.

"My dear Sancho," said the knight, as they rode along, "I am quite certain that this castle—or inn—which we have just left was enchanted, and those creatures who treated you so barbarously were not men, but imps, or demons."

"Nay, sir," said Sancho, who still looked pale and downhearted after his misfortunes, "they were men right enough; but, for my part, I say that it would be best for us to leave adventures alone. Let us now jog home and look after the harvest, else we may go from bad to worse and out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"My friend," answered the knight, "how sadly ignorant you still are of the ways of chivalry; but have patience. Better days will come, and there is no joy in the world like that of vanquishing an enemy."

"It may be so," replied the squire; "I know nothing about it, but so far we have not done much vanquishing, unless it was in the fight with the Biscayan gentleman, and even then you lost the visor of your helmet and half an ear."

While they were thus talking together, Don Quixote

The History of Don Quixote

noticed a thick cloud of dust on the road in front of them. He pointed it out to Sancho.

“Seest thou that cloud?” he said; “it is raised by a large army, marching this way.”

“Why, then,” cried the squire, “if that is so there must be two armies, for yonder is as great a dust on the other side.”

Don Quixote looked round and was transported with joy, for he firmly believed that here were two great armies about to do battle on the plain beneath. In reality it was only two large flocks of sheep, but the knight's mind was so stuffed with romantic stories of adventures, enchantments, combats, and such-like, that his fancy changed everything he saw into what he wished to see.

This time he was so positive that even Sancho Panza believed him, and inquired uneasily what they were going to do.

“What are we going to do? Why, what should we do but assist the weaker side and those who are injured?” cried the knight; “for let me tell you that the army advancing towards us is that of the mighty Alifanfaron, Emperor of the vast island of Taprobana. The other is his enemy, King Pentapolin, with his hosts. Can you not hear the neighing of the horses, the sound of the trumpets and the beat of drums?”

“Not I,” quoth Sancho; “I prick up my ears, but the only sound I can hear is the bleating of sheep.”

In this he was right, for the two flocks were by this time very near at hand.

“Fear disturbs your senses,” said Don Quixote,

The Misfortunes of Sancho Panza

“but it is no matter. Withdraw you to some place of safety. I, alone, am strong enough to give the victory to the weaker side.”

Thus saying, he couched his spear, dug his spurs into the sides of Rosinante, and rushed forward into the plain. Sancho Panza, however, could now see more plainly, and he shouted to his master to return.

“Hold, sir!” he yelled. “Come back, for Heaven’s sake! Those are poor, harmless sheep. Are you mad? Come back! come back!”

Don Quixote rode on, deaf to all his squire’s entreaties, and this was hardly surprising, seeing that he too was calling at the top of his voice to the supposed warriors.

“Have courage!” that was what he said. “March up! I will vanquish the infidel.”

He charged into the midst of the sheep, scattering them to either side, wounding many of the wretched animals and killing others.

The shepherds, seeing what was happening, and finding their cries and arguments were useless, snatched up stones and pelted the knight, injuring his ribs and knocking out many of his teeth. He fell heavily from his horse, and then the shepherds, thinking that he was killed, made off as quickly as they could, taking the dead sheep—for no fewer than seven had been slain—with them.

In the meantime Sancho, who had watched the mad onslaught from a safe distance, hurried to his master, whom he found in a sad plight, but still conscious.

The History of Don Quixote

“Ah, sir,” he cried, “this comes of going your own way. I told you it was only a flock of sheep.”

“Friend Sancho,” rejoined the injured knight, “it is an easy matter for an enchanter to change the shape of things as he wishes. If you do not believe this, take your ass and follow those supposed sheep. You will soon see them transformed into armies once more. My friend, these calamities will soon be followed by success, and besides, these misfortunes are not yours, but mine.”

“How’s that?” cried Sancho. “Was it not I that was tossed in a blanket this morning? and did not the wallet which is lost with all its contents belong to me?”

“What are you saying?” asked Don Quixote anxiously. “The wallet! Is it lost? Then I fear we must go hungry to-day. But mount your ass, Sancho; I leave it to you to find us a lodging.”

With that they mounted their steeds, and proceeded slowly and wearily along the road.

CHAPTER VI

“The terrible adventures of Don Quixote during a dark night, and the story that Sancho Panza told to his master.”

SANCHO PANZA noticed, as they continued their journey after the encounter with the sheep, that his master was silent and low-spirited, so he tried to cheer him with pleasant conversation.

“Your worship,” he began, with this intent, “I cannot help thinking that most likely all the mishaps that have befallen us of late are a punishment for your wrongdoing in not keeping the vow that you made after your headpiece was destroyed. You swore then, if I remember rightly, that you would not eat food at a table nor enjoy any other luxuries until you had won the helmet of the Moor What-d’ye-call-him—I forget the name.”

“True,” answered Don Quixote, “it may well be that you are right. Indeed, I had entirely forgotten my oath. But you may be certain of another thing, Sancho: you were tossed in the blanket as a punishment, because you did not remind me of the vow.”

Before long, night overtook the two travellers, while they were still searching for a lodging, and what was worse they were almost starved, for all the food was

The History of Don Quixote

left behind in the lost wallet. To add to their misfortunes they now met with an adventure—or something very like one.

This is how it came about.

They were still riding along, feeling very depressed and very hungry, when suddenly they saw in front of them many bright lights, moving like a number of wandering stars. Sancho Panza's heart began to sink at this strange sight, and even his master felt uneasy, especially as the lights came towards them and seemed every moment to grow larger and more brilliant.

The riders stopped short. Sancho shook with terror as if he were paralysed, and the knight's hair stood on end, although he did his best to control his fears.

"My friend," he said, "this is a great and perilous adventure, which will test our courage sorely."

"Woe is me," groaned the miserable squire; "if it be another encounter with imps, I shall never be able to endure it."

"Never fear," said the other, "no one shall touch a hair of your head. Be of good cheer, I will protect you, and the event will soon convince you of my valour."

"Pray Heaven it may," was the reply. "I will do my best."

They then rode a little to one side of the way, and, watching intently, saw a number of figures robed in white and with torches in their hands. Behind was a funeral car, covered with black, and that was followed by six men in deep mourning mounted on sable caparisoned mules.

The Dark Night

This dismal procession, coming at the dead of night, was enough to strain the bravery of a much more courageous man than Sancho Panza; but his master now decided in his own mind that the bier was a litter conveying the body of a slain or desperately wounded knight, and that it was his business to revenge the wrong which had been committed.

He therefore couched his lance, placed himself in the middle of the road, and, as the company approached, cried in a loud voice, "Stand! whoever you be; and tell me whence you come and who you carry on that litter."

"Sir," replied one of the men in white, "we are in haste, and cannot stop to answer questions."

This reply did not satisfy Don Quixote. "Mind your manners, discourteous knight," he exclaimed; "give me instantly an answer or I defy you to mortal combat."

Thus saying, he laid his hand on the mule's bridle, and the animal, being shy and skittish, was frightened, and, rearing suddenly, threw his rider on to the ground. One of the muleteers then shouted roughly to Don Quixote, and he, flying into a rage, attacked the first person who came to hand, who, as luck would have it, was one of the mourners, and flung him down violently. He then turned upon the rest of the company so swiftly and furiously that it seemed as if Rosinante had wings.

It was clearly quite impossible for unarmed men to stand up against such an enemy, especially as they were muffled in cumbrous mourning cloaks; so all the men ran away, leaving Don Quixote standing beside

The History of Don Quixote

the bier, together with Sancho Panza, who was overcome with admiration and amazement at his master's valour.

Don Quixote then went up to his first victim, who was still lying on the ground half under his mule, and setting the point of his lance against the man's



“He called to him to yield on pain of instant death.”

throat, he called upon him to yield on pain of instant death.

“Alas!” was the reply; “why ask me to yield, seeing that one of my legs is broken? Sir, if you are a Christian, do not kill me, for I am a priest and a scholar.”

“A priest!” cried Don Quixote. “Why are you here, then, in this strange company?”

The other thereupon explained that his name was Alonzo Lopez, and that he and eleven other priests

The Dark Night

were on their way to Segovia, escorting the body of a poor gentleman who had died of fever at Baeça.

“Is this indeed so?” questioned the astonished knight; “then I am acquitted of the task of avenging his death. And let me tell you, sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my business to visit all parts of the world in order to seek adventures, right wrongs, punish offenders, and relieve injuries.”

“Truly, sir,” complained the priest, “I do not see how you can be righting wrongs when you break men’s legs, and, instead of relieving injuries, you have injured me sorely. But, if you are a knight-errant, help me now by removing this mule, which lies upon me so heavily that I cannot get my foot out of the stirrup.”

“Why did not you tell me sooner of your injury?” said Don Quixote; and then he called Sancho Panza, who came unwillingly, for he was employed in rifling a store of provisions which he had found on a sumpter mule, and in packing them into his spread-out coat.

The priest was now soon set on his feet and assisted to mount his mule, and then he started off to find his fellows, Don Quixote bidding him farewell and asking pardon for his mistake.

“And, sir,” said Sancho Panza, “if your friends ask you who it was that gave you so sound a thrashing, you can say Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the ‘Knight of the Doleful Countenance.’”

When the priest had departed, Don Quixote asked Sancho the meaning of these words, and the squire

The History of Don Quixote

replied: "Sir, I have been staring at you by the light of that unfortunate priest's torch, and it seemed to me that never in all my born days had I seen a more dismal figure. It may be that you are wearied with the fray, or it may be the loss of your worship's teeth."

Don Quixote was pleased with this conceit, and said: "Doubtless it is right that I should take a new title, as all knights did in the olden days. There was, for instance, the 'Knight of the Burning Sword,' the 'Knight of the Phoenix,' the 'Knight of the Griffin,' and so on. I will therefore assume this name that you have given me, and in token of it will have a woeful face painted upon my shield."

"On my word of honour," cried Sancho, "there is no need for that. You have but to show your own face, for truly no painter could draw so dismal a one." He then begged his master to come away at once, saying that perhaps the mourners would be ashamed of their cowardice and return to avenge the injury done to the priest.

Sancho was, besides, very hungry and eager for his supper, so without any more parley he whipped up his ass and set off at a gay trot. His master, seeing that the man was in the right, followed him.

After they had ridden a little way, a valley was reached, and here Sancho alighted, and, opening his bundle, showed a good stock of provisions. The travellers, having had neither breakfast, dinner, or supper, set to at once and made a hearty meal.

When it was finished, however, they realised that a new misfortune had come upon them, for, although

The Dark Night

they had plenty of food, drink was lacking, and there was not a single drop of wine nor even of water with which to quench their thirst.

Sancho was in an even worse plight than his master, and bemoaned the mishap sadly; but, before long, he noticed that the grass in the valley felt so fresh as to promise the presence of water in the near neighbourhood. "Let us go on, master," he said, "for truly this thirst is ten times worse than the hunger that gnawed us a while ago."

They went on, therefore, Don Quixote leading Rosinante by the bridle, and Sancho with his ass, the darkness being so thick that they could see nothing and had to feel the way with their hands.

Before they had gone very far, however, they heard the sound of running water, and while they were listening to ascertain the direction from whence it came, another and more terrible sound smote upon their ears. It was like the clanking of iron chains, and at regular intervals there were thundering blows. So dreadful was the din that any other man than Don Quixote would have been overcome with terror, especially as joined to this hideous tumult was the black darkness, the rushing of water, the whistle of wind, and the rustle of leaves in the high trees overhead.

However, our hero was superior to any fears, so he mounted Rosinante, gripped his shield and couched his lance as dauntlessly as ever. "Let me tell you, Sancho," he cried, "that I am the man destined to restore the golden age of chivalry, and to encounter the most desperate adventures. I am he who shall

The History of Don Quixote

revive the Order of the Round Table and dazzle the world with my exploits. See now, my faithful squire, what terrors surround us. Darkness, an awful solitude, the rattle of chains, the howling of the winds, and the roar of cataracts. Mars himself might tremble, but I am unshaken, and I am overjoyed at the prospect of an adventure, more dangerous and more amazing than all that have gone before. You may wait for me here, my friend, and if in three days I do not return, go to Torboso and inform the fair Lady Dulcinea that her faithful knight fell a sacrifice to love and honour."

When Sancho heard his master talk in this strain he began to whimper most pitifully.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "why will you run into mischief? Why need you go to meet this terrible misadventure? It is dark and there is no one to see us. Let us therefore escape out of harm's way. I left my wife and home for your sake. You promised me an island, and now instead you threaten to leave me in this dreadful place. Dear master, do not be so cruel, or, at least, wait till daybreak: it cannot be far distant."

"Day or night, it is all the same to me," answered the champion, "and no man shall say that tears and entreaties made Don Quixote forget his duty as a knight. Sancho, not another word! but tighten Rosinante's girths and wait here. You will shortly hear of me again, either alive or dead."

Sancho, finding his master thus obstinate, and fearing to be left alone in that darksome place, determined

The Dark Night

to detain Don Quixote by a trick. Accordingly, instead of tightening Rosinante's girths as he was directed, he tied the hind legs of the horse together with the ass's halter. When the knight tried to urge his steed forward, he found that it would not move, although he applied the spurs smartly. Sancho, perceiving the success of his plot, now exclaimed: "Look, sir, Heaven is on my side, and Rosinante himself cannot move an inch. If you spur him now you will indeed be defying Fate."

Don Quixote fretted, fumed, and raved as he found his horse so stubborn; then, as nothing could be done, he was obliged, very unwillingly, to wait till daybreak.

"Do not be sad, master," quoth Sancho; "I will undertake to amuse you with stories, or, if you will, dismount and sleep on the grass as knights-errant are ever wont to do."

"What do you mean by alighting and sleeping?" cried the knight angrily. "Do you think that I am one of those carpet knights who are ready to slumber when danger is at hand?"

"Good sir," entreated Sancho Panza, "do not put yourself into a passion;" and then, without more ado, he began to tell his story.

"Many years ago," he said, "there lived a certain goatherd, whose name was Lopez, and this goatherd was in love with a shepherdess, Toralva, and this shepherdess was the daughter of a rich farmer, and this rich farmer——"

"Get on with your story," interrupted Don Quixote, "or you will not have finished in two days."

The History of Don Quixote

“I tell it in my own fashion,” said Sancho. “Well, this same goatherd was in love with Toralva, who was a pretty, buxom maid; but, after a time, busybodies made mischief between the pair. Thereupon the goatherd resolved to leave that country, and, driving his goats before him, set off on the way to Portugal.

“However, Toralva discovered his plans, and, as she loved the young man, she followed him barefoot, and with a pilgrim’s staff in her hand. At last the goatherd with his goats reached the River Guadiana, which happened to be in flood, and, by some mischance, there was no boat nor bark to carry him and his herd across. This vexed him sorely, for he knew that the maid, Toralva, was close on his heels.

“Before long he spied a fisherman in a little boat, but it was so small that it would only carry one man and one goat at a time. Well, for all that, he called to the fisherman, and agreed with him to ferry the three hundred goats across the stream.

“So the work began. The fisherman came with his boat and took one goat over, then he came back and fetched another goat, and after that another. Pray, Master Don Quixote, be sure that you keep a good account of the goats and of how many the fisherman takes across, for, if you miss one, my tale comes to an end. Now, the landing-place on the other side was very muddy and slippery, and this made the fisherman a long time in going and coming, but, for all that, he made shift to take one goat over, and another, and another.”

“Come, come,” cried Don Quixote, “we will

The Dark Night

suppose that he has landed all the goats; for if you go on at this rate the story will last a year."

"Pray let me tell it my own way," answered Sancho. "How many goats have got over already?"

"Nay, how can I tell?" replied Don Quixote angrily.

"There, then," said Sancho, "did I not desire you to keep count? My tale is at an end. You may whistle for the rest of it."

Don Quixote was annoyed at this, and tried to persuade Sancho Panza to finish the story, but without success; and, as soon afterwards dawn began to break, the squire secretly untied Rosinante's legs, and preparations were made for a start.

For some time the way taken by the travellers led through a pleasant grove of chestnut-trees, and then they came to a wide, green meadow beyond which were high, rocky cliffs. From the summit flowed a great waterfall, and at the foot of the rocks were some strange buildings that looked more like ancient ruins than uninhabited houses. All this time the terrible noise had increased in volume and violence every minute, and now it seemed to proceed out of these buildings. Even Rosinante was alarmed at the tumult, and Sancho kept close behind his master, dreading the awful sight which he expected to appear.

They went on a little farther, turned the corner of a rock, and there in front of them was a large water-mill with six great hammers, thumping pieces of cloth, and making the dreadful din which had been heard all through the night.

The History of Don Quixote

Don Quixote was struck dumb with surprise, and, after his high hopes of adventure, felt ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion; but Sancho, his fears removed, and seeing his master's dejected countenance, burst into a loud roar of laughter. He



“He held his sides and rocked backwards and forwards in his mirth.”

held his sides and rocked backwards and forwards in his mirth.

Don Quixote turned round indignantly, but the squire only laughed the more and even mocked the knight with his own words.

The Dark Night

“Good Sancho,” he cried in a jeering voice, “I am the man destined to restore the Golden Age, and to encounter the most desperate adventures.” Thus he went on, until Don Quixote, enraged beyond measure, hit him two sound blows and so brought him back to his senses.

“Mercy,” he cried, “spare me! I only joked a little and meant no harm.”

“This is no joke to me,” said Don Quixote; “and, Master Jester, if this had truly been a dangerous adventure instead of a false alarm, do you think I would not have had courage to face it? Let those six hammers be transformed into six giants, I will vanquish them all.”

“Good, your worship,” entreated Sancho, “say no more. I carried the jest too far, although, truly, the fright we were in—I mean the fright I was in—would make a good subject for merriment. But let it pass. I am forgiven, and well I know that gentlemen when they have been hasty with their servants give them their cast-off clothes; doubtless knights-errant, after treating their squires to blows, bestow upon them sundry islands. You may be sure, good master, that I will never again laugh at your doings, but will always give you the honour and respect that is your due.”

CHAPTER VII

“The high adventure of the helmet of Mambrino, and how Don Quixote set free a gang of prisoners.”

SOON after the stirring events related in the last chapter had taken place, it began to rain, and Sancho Panza wished to take shelter in the mills. His master, however, would not hear of doing this, for he hated the building so much—after the shame and ridicule which it had brought upon him—that he would not go near it.

They rode on, therefore, along the high road, and before they had gone very far, a rider appeared in the distance with something on his head that glittered like gold. The knight immediately turned to Sancho in great excitement.

“Truly,” he cried, “everything comes to him who waits. Last night we were deceived with the prospect of a false adventure, but now here is a real one to make up to us for the disappointment. And such an adventure, Sancho! For this is, in all probability, the man who wears Mambrino’s helmet, and you remember the vow that I made.”

“Good sir,” quoth the squire, “mind what you say and heed what you do. Take care that you are not mistaken once more.”

Don Quixote and the Prisoners

“How can I be mistaken?” replied Don Quixote. “Do you not see the knight who comes riding towards us on a dapple-grey steed, and wearing a golden helmet?”

“I see what I see,” returned Sancho Panza cautiously, “and that is a fellow riding just such another ass as mine, and with something that glitters on his head.”

“I tell you that it is Mambrino’s helmet,” said Don Quixote; “do you stand at a distance and I will deal with him alone. You shall see that, without wasting a moment in useless talk, I will finish off this adventure and win the helmet.”

“I’ll stand at a distance, you may be sure of that,” said Sancho, “and I only hope that it won’t prove to be a worse adventure than the one at the mills.”

“Fellow, I have warned you. Do not so much as name the mills,” said the knight; “if you speak of them but once more, I will pound you to a jelly.” This threat was quite enough for Sancho Panza, and he said no more.

Now, this was the truth of the whole matter. There were in that neighbourhood two villages, and one of them was so small that it had no shops and not even a barber. For this reason the barber of the larger village served the little one as well. Now, on this particular day he was going from one village to the other on his business, and he carried his brass basin with him. He chanced to be wearing a new hat, and when the rain began to fall, he clapped the basin on to his head to protect it. The basin happened to be

The History of Don Quixote

brightly polished, and, as the man was riding a grey ass, the romantic Don Quixote, as was only to be expected, mistook him for a knight on a dapple-grey horse, and with a helmet of pure gold on his head.

Therefore, when the poor imaginary warrior approached, our hero raised his lance and flew upon him without a word, crying at the same time in a ringing voice: "Rascal, villain, defend yourself, or give me immediately that which is my own."

The barber, riding peacefully along the road, was taken completely by surprise, and, when the terrible apparition rushed down upon him, the only way to avoid being pierced through by the lance was for him to throw himself off his ass without an instant's delay. This he did, and then fled away as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving his ass and the brass basin behind. Don Quixote thus found himself the victor, and straightway ordered Sancho to pick up the helmet.

The squire obeyed. "On my word!" he said, "this is a special basin and worth a pretty penny." He then gave it to his master, who examined it carefully to see if it had a visor.

"Doubtless, my friend," he said, when he found this lacking, "the pagan for whom this helmet was first made had a head of an enormous size, but it is very unfortunate that half the headpiece is missing."

Sancho Panza could not help smiling at this speech, but fear of his master kept him from laughing outright.

"What is the fool grinning at now?" said Don Quixote, and the squire hastily explained that he had only smiled to think what a very large head the first

Don Quixote and the Prisoners

owner of the helmet must have had, and a helmet, moreover, that looked for all the world like a barber's basin.

"I fancy," said his master, "that by accident this



"Riding peacefully along the road."

enchanted helmet has fallen into the hands of some person who has tampered with it, but that is no matter. When we reach a town where there is an armourer, I will have it repaired so that it shall be fit for the god

The History of Don Quixote

Mars himself. In the meantime I shall wear it as it is, for surely it is better than nothing, and will at least protect my head from stones."

"That it will," replied Sancho, "so long as they are not thrown from slings, like those of the shepherds, which knocked out your worship's teeth and also broke the pot that held your precious medicine."

"Ah, true!" said Don Quixote, "I have indeed lost my wonderful balsam; but no matter, I have the recipe for it safely in my head."

"So have I," quoth Sancho, "and the taste of it, too. Never shall I forget it, though I live to be a hundred."

As they jogged on their way, the knight and his servant talked about many things, such as adventures, giants, fair ladies, and the ways and habits of knights-errant, but, at last, looking up, they saw in front of them about twelve men trudging along the road. These men were walking in a row, one behind the other, and each was linked by the neck to a long iron chain. In addition, all had their hands manacled.

This strange company was preceded by two men on horseback, armed with guns, and there were two others afoot with javelins in their hands.

As soon as Sancho Panza spied these men, he cried to his master: "Look, sir, here is a gang of slaves being carried away by main force to serve the king in the galleys."

"What?" exclaimed Don Quixote, "is it possible that the king will use force with anyone?"

"I mean what I say," replied Sancho. "These

Don Quixote and the Prisoners

men are rascals, and the law has sentenced them to row the king's boats."

"Then they are clearly forced," said Don Quixote; "for every man is forced who does not go of his own free will, and if this is the case, clearly it is my business to succour them; for I must needs hinder violence and assist those who are oppressed and miserable."

"Aye, sir," said Sancho, "but no violence is offered these wretches, who are only having the punishment that they richly deserve."

By this time the party of slaves had arrived alongside the travellers, and Don Quixote, in a very courteous manner, inquired of one of the guards why they were being led along in this fashion.

"Sir," was the answer, "they are prisoners condemned to servitude in the galleys. That is all that I can tell you. It is needless to make any further inquiries."

"Nevertheless, sir," replied the knight, "I wish to know the cause of this misery, and I should esteem it a great favour if you would tell me what they have done to deserve this cruel fate."

"I have here copies of their sentences," the other horseman then said, "but we cannot wait while you read them. However, if you wish, sir, you may question the men themselves. I expect they will tell you about their crimes, for truly they seem to be not a wit ashamed of their misdeeds."

Don Quixote thereupon inquired of the captives, and learned that one had stolen a basket of linen, a second had been accused of witchcraft, a third had carried

The History of Don Quixote

off cattle, and a fourth, who was named Gines Passamonte, was a noted desperado who had already served four years in the galleys and was now condemned to another term of six.

In spite, however, of this evidence of the prisoners' guilt, Don Quixote still considered that it was his bounden duty to rescue them, because they were being dragged, against their wills, to the galleys. He therefore, having finished his questions, turned once more to the guard and said: "Gentlemen, as it is my office to release the distressed and those suffering under tyranny, I now desire you to set these poor men free. Let them answer for their sins in another world. I make this request mildly now, but if you annoy me by a refusal, my sword and lance will quickly force you to obey."

"This is a good joke indeed!" said the officer. "You ask me to free the king's prisoners. Let me tell you to mind your own business, good Sir Knight-errant. Set your basin straight on your head and do not meddle in what does not concern you. It will be the worse for you if you do, for he who plays with cats must expect to be scratched."

"You are a cat, a rat, and a coward to boot!" cried Don Quixote, flying into a rage; and with that he attacked the officer so suddenly and violently with his lance that the man was dangerously wounded before he even had time to prepare to defend himself.

The other guards rushed to the rescue, but, at the same moment, the galley slaves, seeing their opportunity, tried to break their chain and set them-

Don Quixote and the Prisoners

selves at liberty, and the officers thought it more necessary to prevent this than to fight with a madman.

A terrible tumult followed, and it ended in a complete victory for the prisoners, for, while his master was engaged with the guards, Sancho helped them in their efforts to escape. Gines Passamonte was the first to free himself, and then, seizing the sword and carbine of the wounded officer, he fought desperately at the side of Don Quixote.

In a very little time the guards were defeated, and then they took to their heels, leaving the knight-errant and the criminals masters of the field.

Sancho was not best pleased when he saw the guards running away, for he knew that they would raise a hue and cry, and that very soon a strong party would be despatched in pursuit of the freed slaves and their liberators. He therefore begged his master to escape as quickly as possible from the scene of the battle and to take refuge in the mountains.

The knight, however, disregarded these entreaties, and, turning to the prisoners; said: "Sirs, no crime is so detestable as ingratitude. You see what I have done for you, and doubtless you desire to show me your sense of obligation. However, I only wish for one small recompense. It is this: You must all go, loaded with that chain from which I have freed you, to the city of Torboso, and there present yourselves before the fair Lady Dulcinea, and tell her that her faithful champion, the 'Knight of the Doleful Countenance,' sent you. Then give her an exact account of every-

The History of Don Quixote

thing that has happened, and of how your liberty was restored to you."

Gines Passamonte, on hearing this, made himself spokesman for his fellow-criminals, and replied in these words: "Good sir, our deliverer, what you ask of us is impossible, for we dare not be seen together for all the world. We must part company without delay, and hide ourselves in caves and crannies of the mountains for fear of those late guards of ours, who will certainly soon be after us again. We are grateful to your worship, in truth, but to expect us to take up our chain once more, and to lug it with us to Torboso or anywhere else, is as ridiculous as to expect pears to grow on an elm-tree."

"Now, by my sword!" cried Don Quixote, "you yourself shall go to Torboso, and shall carry the whole chain upon your own shoulders."

Gines, hearing this speech, realised that the knight was mad, and made up his mind to have no more parley or delay. He winked to his fellows, and immediately the whole company of the galley slaves attacked Don Quixote and his squire and pelted them with a shower of stones.

Sancho managed to take shelter behind his ass, but Rosinante and his master were both overpowered and thrown to the ground.

Seeing that the knight had fallen, one of the criminals snatched the brass basin from his head and others stole his coat and attempted to take his stockings, but found this impossible because he was wearing greaves. They also took Sancho's upper garments,

Don Quixote and the Prisoners

and then, fearing to wait any longer, made off in all directions with their spoils.

Thus the ass, Rosinante, Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote were left alone in possession of the field,



“Thus the ass, Rosinante, Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote were left alone.”

it is true, but in a very sorry plight—the ass hanging his head sadly, Rosinante lying stretched on the ground, Sancho shivering both with cold and with dread of pursuit, and Don Quixote amazed and dejected at finding himself so barbarously treated by those whom he had tried to benefit.

CHAPTER VIII

“What happened to Don Quixote in the Black Mountain, and how he met the ragged gentleman, Cardenio.”

DON QUIXOTE did not recover his spirits for some time after the misadventure with the prisoners, and could not forget the insults to which he had been forced to submit at their hands.

“Sancho,” he said, “I have always heard it said that kindness to rascals is like throwing water into the sea. If only I had listened to your counsel all this would not have happened. However, since it is over, there is no use in complaining, but, for the future, it shall be a warning to me.”

“True,” answered Sancho Panza, “and if you take heed and follow my advice now, you will escape further misfortunes and perhaps greater ones, for, let me tell you, sir, the guards who had charge of those galley slaves do not stand in awe of your chivalry, nor do they care a button for all the knights-errant in the world. It seems to me that I hear their shots whizzing past my ears already.”

“You are a coward by nature, friend,” replied the knight, “but, nevertheless, so that you may not say that I am obstinate and never heed your advice, we will now escape from this pursuit that so terrifies you;

The Ragged Gentleman

but only on condition that you inform everyone that I withdrew from this place because of your entreaties, and not because I was afraid."

"If it please your worship," quoth Sancho, "to withdraw is not to run away, and to linger is foolishness when there is reason to fear danger. I am only a country bumpkin, as you may say, but for all that, I know a thing or two, and I have an eye for the main chance. Now, sir, mount your horse—here! I will help you—and then follow me. Just now heels will be more use to us than hands."

Don Quixote then, without more ado, made haste to mount Rosinante, and, Sancho having clambered on to his ass, they set off in the direction of the Black Mountain, a wild district in which the squire intended to hide until all danger was over, and then to travel either to Viso or Almodovar del Campo. He was all the more eager to carry out this plan because, by good luck, his store of provisions had escaped plunder at the hands of the galley slaves. This circumstance was, indeed, almost a miracle, considering how carefully the villains had searched for booty.

It was nightfall before the two travellers reached the central and wildest part of the mountains, and here Sancho advised his master to wait for several days. Accordingly, they made themselves a camp between two large rocks in a grove of cork-trees.

And now misfortune once more overtook them, for Fate directed the steps of another wayfarer to this same spot. This was no other than the master villain, Gines Passamonte, he who had been the ringleader

The History of Don Quixote

of the escaped prisoners, and who had incited them to attack Don Quixote.

This man had also determined to hide himself in the hills, and he discovered our adventurers soon after they had fallen asleep in their encampment.

Like most wicked men, Gines was ungrateful, and besides, necessity often makes people do things that otherwise they would never dream of.

He therefore made up his mind to steal Sancho's ass—Rosinante being so old and feeble that it would be quite impossible either to sell or pawn him—so he made off with the beast, and before daybreak was far away.

Poor Sancho Panza was quite overcome with sorrow and despair when he awoke soon after dawn and discovered that his favourite had disappeared. He bewailed his loss in no measured terms.

“Oh! dear little one!” he moaned, “the envy of my neighbours! the playfellow of my children! My comfort! You who helped me to earn my living and support my family! What shall I do without you?”

Don Quixote, guessing the cause of these sad lamentations, tried his best to console the poor man, and at last succeeded by promising to give him three of his own asses to replace the one that had disappeared. On hearing this offer, Sancho immediately dried his tears, stifled his sobs, and changed his complaints into thanksgivings.

They then started off once more, and wandered farther and farther into the mountains. Don Quixote was happy and content, for he saw in the wild, rocky

The Ragged Gentleman

wilderness through which they travelled promise of new and astounding adventures, and, indeed, could think of nothing more substantial than his dreams.



“This master was trying, with the point of his lance, to pick up something.”

Sancho Panza, on the other hand, now that he was no longer afraid of pursuit, remembered that he was hungry, and as he trudged along behind his master,

The History of Don Quixote

he made a hearty meal on the remains of the food which had been taken from the monks.

While he was thus employed the squire noticed that his master was trying, with the point of his lance, to pick up something that was lying on the ground. He ran forward to help, and then it was discovered that the object was a portmanteau and part of a saddle. Both were torn, and, moreover, were so rotten through exposure to the weather that when Don Quixote ordered Sancho to examine the contents of the portmanteau he had no difficulty in doing this, although it was fastened with a heavy chain and padlock. Inside there proved to be four fine holland shirts, a quantity of other clean and fashionable linen, and some gold pieces tied up in a handkerchief.

“Bless me!” cried Sancho Panza, when he beheld these riches. “Thank Heaven for sending us a lucky adventure for once in our lives.”

He then groped farther into the portmanteau and drew out a well-bound pocket-book.

“Give me that,” said Don Quixote, “and do you keep the gold pieces.”

“Heaven reward you, sir!” exclaimed the grateful squire, kissing his master’s hand; and then he crammed the linen and the money, too, into the bag which contained the remains of their food.

“It seems to me,” said Don Quixote, “that these things must have belonged to some man who was set upon by robbers in these desolate mountains and murdered. Doubtless his body is buried somewhere not far away.”

The Ragged Gentleman

“Nay, surely, master,” interrupted Sancho, “highwaymen would never have left this fine plunder behind them.”

“You may be right, friend,” returned Don Quixote. “I cannot, therefore, imagine what has happened. But, perhaps, something in this book may help us to discover the truth.” So saying, he opened the volume, and the first thing that he found was the rough copy of a sonnet. He read it aloud to Sancho, and it proved to be a fine poem in which an unhappy lover accused his fair lady of heartless cruelty and hoped that death would soon release him from his misery.

Sancho could not understand the elegant language of the sonnet, and his master did his best to explain the matter to him, saying that doubtless Phyllis, to whom the poem was addressed, was a maid of surpassing beauty, and declaring that, some day, he would himself write just such a sonnet to the fair Dulcinea, and would despatch it to her by the hand of Sancho.

When the knight had finished speaking, his squire advised him to look once more into the book and to see if there were other writings. This Don Quixote did, and soon discovered a letter, composed in much the same sad strain as the poem. Other matters were there too, both in prose and verse, and these were all diligently read, for Don Quixote greatly desired to know who the author had been, and all the details of his sad story.

While his master was thus employed, Sancho examined with much care both the saddle and the portmanteau, in hopes of finding more gold pieces

The History of Don Quixote

or other treasure. However, neither searcher discovered anything, so they started off again on their travels. The knight was so deep in thought that he quite neglected to guide Rosinante, who, however, being a wise and discreet animal, chose the smoothest and easiest track through the wilderness.

Before long Don Quixote's hopes of adventure were fulfilled, for he caught sight of a wild figure on the crags above, jumping from rock to rock and leaping over bushes and brambles with an agility that was amazing. It was a man, dressed in rags, with a long black beard, bare feet, and a tangle of matted hair.

Don Quixote immediately started in pursuit of this stranger, for he guessed that he must be the owner of the portmanteau, but, Rosinante being old and feeble, he was no match for so swift an apparition. However, in spite of difficulties our hero did not despair, but ordered Sancho to beat one side of the mountain while he searched the other. This the squire refused to do, saying: "Truly your worship must excuse me, for I am almost frightened to death as it is, and dare not stir a step away from you."

"Well," answered the knight, "I will have pity on you, and it does not displease me to find that you depend solely on my valour. Follow me, therefore, step by step, as closely as may be, and search with your eyes every cranny of these rocks. It is possible that we may yet find this unfortunate creature."

"For my part," retorted Sancho, "I would rather get out of his way. If we find him, we must needs

The Ragged Gentleman

part with the gold. It would therefore be better not to search. Then, perchance, we shall have spent all the money before he is discovered."

"You are wrong, friend Sancho," answered the other. "Seeing that we believe this man to be the owner, we are in duty bound to find him and to restore to him the things that are his own." With that he spurred on Rosinante, and Sancho followed, not best pleased, but comforting himself with the thought of the three asses that his master had promised to give him.

The travellers rode on, over the highest part of the mountain, and before they had gone very far they came to a stream, on the bank of which a dead mule was lying. This discovery made Don Quixote feel quite certain that the ragged man whom he had seen was the owner both of the portmanteau and of this beast. He was pondering the matter when the sound of a shrill whistle caught his ear, and, looking up, he saw an old herdsman with a flock of goats on the hilltop above. He called to the fellow, bidding him come down, and, on being assured that no danger threatened, the man obeyed.

"That dead mule has been here for some time," he said, when he reached the stream, "and pray, good sirs, have you chanced to meet the master of it in these parts?"

"We have met no one," was the knight's reply; "but not far from here we discovered a portmanteau and part of a saddle."

"Ah, I have seen those things too," said the goat-

The History of Don Quixote

herd, “but I dare not touch them for fear of being accused of robbery.”

“Truly, you are an honest man,” quoth Don Quixote, “but tell me, do you know anything of the owner of those goods?”

“I only know this much,” said the other; “some months ago—six, maybe—a young and handsome gentleman in good clothes came this way, riding that selfsame mule, and with the saddle and wallet that you have seen. He asked me to show him the most desolate part of the mountain, and then he rode away and we saw no more of him for a great while. Then one day a shepherd chanced to come by, and this gentleman appeared, flew upon him and beat him without mercy. After that he stole our victuals and fled away once more into the hills. A good number of us herdsmen then resolved to seek the man out, and, after hunting for nearly two days, we saw him lurking in a hollow tree. He was changed so much then that if it had not been for his garments, we should scarce have known him.

“That time the gentleman was civil enough, and saluted us courteously, bidding us not marvel at seeing him in so strange a guise, for that he was doing a penance in the wilderness. We prayed him to tell us his name, but that he would not do, although he thanked us kindly when we offered to bring him provisions from time to time. As I have said, your worship, he was a fine, handsome young man, and his speech and bearing showed him to be well born. Well, as we were talking together that day, of a sudden

The Ragged Gentleman

he stopped short as if he had been struck dumb, and then he flew into a fury and attacked the man next him with such savage violence that, had we not dragged him off, the fellow would have been killed. He bit, he fumed, he thumped, and all the time he cried out, "Oh, Ferdinand, traitor, you shall pay me for the wrong you have done!" Much more he said, and all about this same Ferdinand, and then he fled away, springing over bushes and rocks so that no man could come up with him. And since then, sirs, we have seen him many times, and sometimes he is civil and sometimes he is crazy. And now, to tell you the truth, only yesterday, I and four other men agreed together to find him and to take him, either by fair means or by force, to the city of Almodovar, that there he may be cured, or, at least, his friends discovered. And this, your worship, is all that I know of the matter."

Don Quixote was greatly concerned when he heard this strange tale, and resolved that he would find the poor distracted creature, however long it might take him to do it. But this time, as it happened, Fortune was on the side of our hero, and just then the fugitive himself appeared coming out of a cranny in the rocks. As he came near it could be observed that, although so stained and torn, his clothes were of fine quality and showed him to be a person of position.

When he reached them, the stranger saluted the travellers in a hoarse voice, but with great courtesy, and then Don Quixote dismounted and embraced him as if he had been his dearest friend.

This done, the two gentlemen drew apart and stood

The History of Don Quixote

silent for a few moments, as if each were amazed at the appearance of the other. Indeed, the face and armour of Don Quixote must have seemed quite as extraordinary as did the tatters and wild demeanour of the newcomer, who might well be given the title of the “Knight of the Ragged Figure,” even as our champion was called the “Knight of the Doleful Countenance.”

CHAPTER IX

“The story of Cardenio, and how Don Quixote sent a letter to the Lady Dulcinea of Torboso from the Black Mountain.”

THE ragged knight of the mountains was grateful to Don Quixote for his courtesy, and said: “Truly, sir, whoever you may be—for I have not the honour of knowing your name—I am obliged to you for your kind treatment of an unfortunate stranger, and wish that it were in my power to reward you.”

“Sir,” replied our hero, “I desire so much to succour you that I resolved never to leave these mountains until I had found you. Tell me, then, the strange misfortunes that made you choose this unusual course of life, and I will do my utmost to help you. I solemnly swear that I will either redress your wrongs or else stay with you and share the sorrows and hardships of this dismal wilderness.”

The gentleman, on hearing these words, gazed steadfastly at Don Quixote for a long time, and then said: “Sir, if you have anything to eat with you here, I pray you give it to me; then I shall be refreshed and better able to do what you desire.”

When Sancho Panza and the goatherd heard this, they brought out what provisions they had and gave

The History of Don Quixote

them to the poor gentlemen, who snatched the food from them and devoured it so quickly and greedily that it was easy to see he was nearly starving. When, at last, his hunger was satisfied, he beckoned to Don Quixote and the others, and led the way to a green meadow. There he laid himself down on the grass and, with the rest of the company sitting round him, began his story.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “if you wish to hear the tale of my misfortunes let me beg you not to interrupt me during the recital, for, if you do, I shall at once break off abruptly, and shall not be able to continue.”

This preface reminded Don Quixote of Sancho Panza’s foolish tale of the goats and the ferry, and how it had come to an untimely end.

“I only warn you of this,” went on the ragged knight, “because I must needs be speedy. Even the memory of my sorrows is a pain to me. Yet I will try to leave out nothing, so that you may have a full account of the disasters that have overtaken me.”

Don Quixote and the others having promised that they would not interrupt, the tale began.

“My name is Cardenio,” said the gentleman. “I am of noble descent and was born in one of the most famous cities of Andalusia. In the same town there dwelt a maiden, the beautiful Lucinda, and she and I were companions and playfellows from the time that we were both children.

“As years went by we grew to love each other more and more, until at last I determined to go to her father and beg him to give me his daughter’s hand.

Don Quixote Sends a Letter

“The gentleman received me very civilly, and thanked me for the honour that I had done him, but declared that he could not give me an answer until I had gained my own father’s consent to the marriage. I therefore immediately hastened to my home, never doubting that the required permission would be willingly given.

“I found my father in his chamber reading a letter, and when I entered he gave it into my hand.

“‘Cardenio,’ he cried, ‘here is a wonderful stroke of good fortune. The Duke Ricardo, a Grandee of Spain, and one of the foremost men in this province, wishes you to go to him immediately as companion to his eldest son.’

“These tidings struck me dumb with amazement and disappointment, which increased when my father bade me be ready to start on my journey in two days’ time. He then gave me much good advice and left me.

“The time before my departure passed away very swiftly. I could not oppose my father’s wishes, so I bade a tearful farewell to Lucinda and to her father, who promised that his daughter should be my bride on my return. I then left the city, filled with bitter grief at the thought of the long separation from my dear lady.

“The Duke Ricardo, on my arrival, welcomed me with great kindness, but it happened that his second son, a handsome young man named Ferdinand, took such a liking to me that he became my friend and

The History of Don Quixote

comrade rather than his elder brother, although that gentleman, too, gave me many marks of his favour and esteem.

“Don Ferdinand was at that time in love with a beautiful country maid, the daughter of a rich farmer, and had asked her to marry him. This she had promised to do, but the Duke would not give his consent, thinking that the damsel, fair as she was, would be no fitting wife for his son. All this the young man told me in confidence, and soon after, it was arranged that he should leave home and travel for a while, his father hoping that he would forget the maid when he found himself among new surroundings.

“I then proposed that Don Ferdinand should accompany me on a visit to my father’s house, and buy horses, for which our city is famous. The Duke agreed to this plan, and away we posted, for I need not tell you that I was eager to see my fair Lucinda once more.

“After a little time, which passed pleasantly at my home, I felt it only right to tell Don Ferdinand of my love affair, he having given me his confidence in a like matter. So I described Lucinda to him, and at last, in order to meet his wishes, showed him the maiden as she sat at a low window in her father’s house.

“The young man was struck dumb with the lady’s charm and beauty, and could talk of nothing else all day. Indeed, I soon became jealous and realised that my former friend had become my rival.

“Now, one day it happened that Lucinda begged

Don Quixote Sends a Letter

me to lend her a book, namely, ‘The Romance of Sir Amadis of Gaul.’”

On hearing these words, Don Quixote, who until now had listened to the tale in silence, interrupted eagerly.

“Good sir,” he cried, “if you had only told me before that the Lady Lucinda was an admirer of books on knight-errantry there would have been no need for you to say anything more in her praise. I should have known at once that she was one of the most beautiful and most accomplished maidens in the whole world. And I wish that, with ‘The Romance of Sir Amadis,’ you had also sent her the story of ‘Don Rugel of Greece.’ If you will do me the honour of coming to my house, I can supply you with more than two hundred such books, although now I remember that they have all been taken from me by enchantment. But go on with your story, and pardon me for this interruption.”

While Don Quixote was thus speaking, Cardenio hung his head like a man plunged in deep melancholy, and then, instead of continuing the tale, he began to speak of the books on knight-errantry, and soon offended our hero by his slighting remarks on one of the famous ladies of Romance.

Don Quixote immediately flew into a rage and demanded an instant apology, and then Cardenio was seized with a fit of madness, and after staring fixedly at the knight for a minute, snatched up a great stone and dealt him such a violent blow on the chest that it beat him backwards to the ground.

The History of Don Quixote

Sancho Panza, seeing his master thus attacked, rushed upon the assailant with clenched fists, but he also was thrown down and roughly handled. The goatherd was then treated in a like manner, after which the madman rushed away and disappeared in the forest.

Sancho scrambled to his feet when he saw that the man had vanished, and at once began to quarrel with the goatherd, who, he said, had not sufficiently warned them of the ragged gentleman's violence. The fellow declared angrily that he had told them everything from the first, and then he and Sancho came to blows and fought together lustily, tearing at each other's beards and belabouring each other unmercifully.

Don Quixote, who had now, in a measure, recovered from the assault of the mad knight, tried to part the antagonists, but Sancho would not listen to his peaceful words, and cried: "Sir, this is no knight, but a common fellow like myself. Let us therefore fight our battle to a finish."

"It is true that you are equals," his master replied, "but why should you assail him when he has done us no wrong?"

After this he managed to pacify the two men, and then asked the goatherd whether it would be possible to find Cardenio again, as he longed to hear the rest of his story. The man answered that, as he had said before, the poor gentleman had no fixed abode, but that if they stayed in the mountains they would be sure to encounter him again, mad or sober.

Don Quixote then mounted Rosinante, and telling

Don Quixote Sends a Letter

Sancho Panza to follow him, he bade farewell to the old herdsman and rode away towards the highest and most wild part of the mountain.

For some time the two adventurers travelled in silence, but this Sancho could not endure, as he hated to hold his tongue, and was longing to have a little chat.

“Good master,” he exclaimed at last, “I pray you give me leave to depart from you and to return home, for there, among my wife and children, I can talk as much as I like. It is a dog’s life, worse than being buried alive, to trudge on and on all day in this fashion and never be allowed to open my lips—not to mention blows and kicks and being tossed in blankets.”

“I understand you,” replied Don Quixote, “and while we are in these mountains I will permit you to talk as much as you wish.”

“Very well,” quoth Sancho, “let us make hay while the sun shines;” and then he began to question his master as to the reasons for his dispute with Cardenio. From that subject they went on to talk of knight-errantry and of the fair ladies who treated these gentry with cruelty, and for whose sake they rode forth on dangerous quests and adventures.

Don Quixote spoke also of the love-letter which he intended to write to the fair Dulcinea of Torboso and to despatch by the hand of Sancho Panza.

“I am mad,” he cried, “friend Sancho, and shall be madder until you return with an answer to my epistle, for not till then shall I know whether my constancy is to be rewarded or treated with disdain.

The History of Don Quixote

In the meantime, where is the helmet of Mambrino? for I saw you pick it up from the ground after that ungrateful villain, Gines, had attacked me."

"Upon my word!" said Sancho, "Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance, it amuses me to hear you talk. It's enough to make a man think that all your tales of kingdoms and islands are nonsense. Who but a lunatic or a fool would continue to call a barber's basin a helmet, and stick to the story for no less than four days?"

"Now I am certain that you are the silliest fellow that ever a knight had for a squire," cried his master. "Have you not learnt that always the adventures of the knights-errant seemed only foolishness to the world? This that I know full well to be Mambrino's helmet appears to you like a barber's basin. And it is lucky that it should, for otherwise it would have been stolen from me long ago. Keep it safely, Sancho. I have no need of it at present, for I am resolved to strip myself of my armour, and for Dulcinea's sake do penance either by imitating the fury of Orlando or the melancholy of Sir Amadis."

By this time the travellers had arrived beneath a high rock that stood by itself in the midst of a fair, green valley. A winding stream rippled at the foot of the crag through the grass, and on its brink grew plants and exquisite flowers.

It was a lovely spot, and there the Knight of the Doleful Countenance resolved that he would do his penance. He therefore began to lament and bewail so sadly that it seemed as if he had lost the few wits he had

Don Quixote Sends a Letter

possessed before, crying on the name of Dulcinea, and declaring that he was the most unfortunate and most miserable creature in the world.

“Oh, Dulcinea!” he cried, “glory of my pain! pity the distress to which absence from you has brought me, thy faithful lover.” He then dismounted, set Rosinante at liberty, and turned to his squire.

“Trusty Sancho,” he said, “observe all that I do in this lonely spot, so that you may give an exact account to the Lady Dulcinea.”

“Bless me!” cried Sancho, “what can I see more than I have seen already of your antics?”

“You have seen nothing yet,” returned Don Quixote; “but soon you shall behold me cast off my armour, tear my clothes, dash my head against the rocks, and do many other things which will fill you with amazement.”

“For goodness’ sake, sir!” cried Sancho in alarm, “take heed how you quarrel with those hard rocks, for perchance one of them will give you such a knock as will bring all your adventures to an end. But if you are resolved to be mad, master, and to send me away, I must needs ride Rosinante, for my ass is gone, and I am no footman.”

“Do as you think fit, Sancho,” was the answer. “But how shall I write this letter to the Lady Dulcinea?”

“And also the order for the three asses,” interrupted Sancho.

“I will not forget it,” said Don Quixote, “but as we have here no paper, I must write on the bark of

The History of Don Quixote

trees, or on wax. Yet, now that I consider it, we have no wax either. But stay! there is Cardenio's pocket-book. That will suffice, and you must get the letter copied at the first village you come to."

"That is easily done," replied the squire, "but who will sign your name at the end of the letter?"

"Knights-errant need not trouble about these matters," said Don Quixote; "I remember that Sir Amadis never signed his name."

"But the order!" put in Sancho again; "that must needs be signed, or I shall never get the beasts."

"I will write it myself," answered his master, "and when she sees the writing, my niece will at once hand them over to you. As for the letter, it is of no consequence, for I remember that the fair Dulcinea cannot read. She has never seen my writing, nor, for the matter of that, has she seen me more than two or three times, so strictly was she kept and educated by her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo."

"Lorenzo Corchuelo!" cried Sancho. "And do you mean to tell me that your grand Lady Dulcinea is none other than Corchuelo's daughter—she that we call Aldonza? I know her well—a strapping, sturdy lass. And to think that I believed this Dulcinea of yours to be some great princess that you had fallen in love with!"

"Mind your tongue, sir!" cried Don Quixote angrily. "You are a dull fool, I know, but I do not like your jokes. Let me tell you that the Lady Dulcinea is the equal of the greatest princess on

Don Quixote Sends a Letter

earth.” With that he took out the pocket-book and wrote the letter as follows:

“HIGH AND SOVEREIGN LADY,

“He that is dying for love of you sends greeting by the hand of his trusty squire. This same Sancho will also tell you of my doings, and of the sorry condition to which my love has brought me. Have pity on me, I pray you, for if you abandon me, death is my only refuge.

“Yours for ever,

“THE KNIGHT OF THE DOLEFUL COUNTENANCE.”

“On my word!” exclaimed Sancho Panza, for Don Quixote read this epistle aloud, “I never heard a finer letter; and now the order for the asses, master, and see to it that you write plainly.”

When the order had been written, Sancho saddled Rosinante and made preparations for his departure. Everything being ready, he bade Don Quixote farewell with many tears.

“Good sir,” he said, “I long to bring back an answer that will content you from the Lady Dulcinea, and if she will not give it willingly, perchance a few good kicks and fisticuffs will bring her to her senses. And there is another thing: when I return, how shall I find my way back to this desolate spot?”

“Take good notice of it before you leave,” was Don Quixote’s reply, “and about the time that you may be expected back, I will keep watch from yonder rock. Also, I have thought of another plan. Gather

The History of Don Quixote

a good store of green branches and strew them in the way as you ride along, even as Perseus did in the labyrinth of Crete."



"After which he mounted Rosinante and rode away."

"I will do it at once," quoth Sancho Panza; and with that he went and cut a bundle of boughs from the trees. After which he mounted Rosinante and rode away towards the plains, scattering the branches as he went.

CHAPTER X

“How the priest and the barber made a plan by which Don Quixote might be freed from his penance.”

DON QUIXOTE, left alone, set to work to imitate all the foolish doings of the old knights-errant that he had read about in his story-books. He threw off his clothes, and danced about among the rocks clad only in his shirt, in the fashion of the mad Orlando, and then, following the melancholy example of Amadis, he composed sad poems in honour of Dulcinea and wrote them out on the smooth sand and on the bark of trees.

He had no food but the herbs and berries which he gathered, and so thin and pale did he become on this scanty diet that if he had been left alone there three weeks instead of only three days his own mother would scarcely have been able to recognise him.

Sancho Panza, meanwhile, rode at a good pace down the mountain, and then, taking the direct path to Torboso, reached the inn where he had been tossed in a blanket.

The very sight of the place set the poor squire shivering, and he had a good mind to ride on farther, but it was dinner-time, and he had tasted nothing but cold victuals for a long time. The prospect of a good, hot meal was a temptation which he could not resist,

The History of Don Quixote

so setting his fears on one side he rode up to the gate, and then paused, trying to summon up courage enough to go in.

While he was thus waiting, two men passed by, and one said to the other, "Look, master doctor, surely that is Sancho Panza, the man that Don Quixote persuaded to go away with him."

"It is, indeed!" answered his companion, "and, moreover, he is riding his master's horse."

Now, these two men were none other than Don Quixote's old friends, the priest and the barber, so, coming forward, they addressed Sancho, asking him when and where he had left his master.

Sancho Panza also recognised the newcomers, but he decided not to tell them where he had left Don Quixote. He only said, therefore, that he was bound on a secret mission of great importance.

"How now, Sancho!" cried the barber, on hearing this, "you need not think that we will be put off with such a story as that. If you do not tell us the truth this very instant we shall know that you have murdered your master and robbed him of his horse, and we shall have you arrested and shut up in prison accordingly."

This speech frightened Sancho so much that he thought it best to tell everything, and he described how he had left Don Quixote alone in the mountains, how they had previously had many strange adventures, and how he had been despatched with a letter to Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, Aldonza, whom Don Quixote had named the Lady Dulcinea, and with whom he imagined that he was in love.

The Priest and the Barber

The priest and the barber were amazed when they heard this tale, although they had known for a long time that their poor friend was mad; and they begged Sancho to show them the letter, the priest promising



“He thought it best to tell everything.”

that he would copy it out, according to Don Quixote's wishes. Sancho thereupon put his hand into his pocket to draw out the book, but found, to his dismay, that it had disappeared. Again and again he searched, but in vain, and, indeed, as he had never taken it from

The History of Don Quixote

Don Quixote, he might have searched until Doomsday without success. At last, when he was satisfied that the letter and order were lost, he began to weep and lament, crying plaintively that he had been deprived of three asses at one stroke.

The priest consoled the poor squire by promising to get another order from Don Quixote, and then he begged Sancho to endeavour to remember what had been said in the letter to Dulcinea.

“By my faith! I can say it all off by rote,” exclaimed Sancho, at first; but when he tried to repeat the words, he found that they had slipped from his memory. He scratched his head, he stood first on one leg, then on the other, he bit his thumb, and he cast his eyes up to the skies, until the patience both of the barber and the priest was well-nigh exhausted.

“It is useless,” he cried at last. “I can’t remember one word of the blessed letter, but only that this was at the beginning, ‘High and subterreine lady——’”

“Sovereign or sublime lady,” corrected the priest.

“Aye,” quoth Sancho, “maybe you are right;” and then he tried to recall the rest of the epistle, but with ill success. Afterwards he told the two friends of Don Quixote much more about the doings and sayings of the knight, who, he explained, would soon become a king, and would reward his faithful servant with the gift of an island.

The listeners were amazed at this foolishness, and wondered at the influence of Don Quixote over his servant. However, it seemed to them a harmless delusion enough, and they did not think it worth

The Priest and the Barber

their while to undeceive the fellow. Instead they humoured him, saying that doubtless in time his master would be an emperor or at least an archbishop.

“But pray, sirs,” asked Sancho, “what will become of me? I would like to know how archbishops-errant reward their squires.”

“Do not trouble your head about that,” answered the priest. “What we have to do now is to persuade your master to give up this foolish penance of his. Therefore, let us go into the inn, have dinner, and consider what is best to be done.”

“Do you two go in,” quoth Sancho; “I had rather stay outside. But send me some hot food and also provender for Rosinante.”

With that the two men entered the inn, and, having provided Sancho and his horse with a good meal, consulted together as to how their poor friend, Don Quixote, might be persuaded to give up his mad penance.

Before long the priest thought of a fine plan, which he straightway expounded to his companion. It was this: that the barber should disguise himself as a distressed maiden, while he himself took the part of her squire. “In this fashion,” said he, “we will go to Don Quixote, and you, as the lady, will ask a boon of him, praying to have revenge against a wicked and discourteous knight. In his character of knight-errant he will not be able to refuse, and thus we shall be able to decoy him back to his house and there endeavour to cure him of his romantic frenzy. I need hardly

The History of Don Quixote

say, sir, that you must be masked and must make him promise never to ask to see your face.”

The barber approved of this fantastic scheme, and preparations were made for its immediate execution. A suit of clothes was borrowed from the innkeeper’s



“The barber cut a fine figure in a cloth gown.”

wife, and she, having learned that the poor gentleman whom they intended to succour was none other than the mad knight who had lodged in the house, gave them of her best.

The barber, therefore, cut a fine figure in a cloth gown trimmed with bands of black, and a green

The Priest and the Barber

velvet bodice with facings of white satin. The garments were old-fashioned enough, but that was no matter. On his head the man put a white cap, and over it the priest's broad-brimmed hat, which was so large as almost to serve as an umbrella. His face was masked, and in this garb, with his cloak wrapped round him, and seated sideways on a mule, he looked the damsel-errant to the life.

The priest wore a red beard made out of an ox's tail, and everything now being ready, they bade farewell to the innkeeper's wife and started off for the mountains. When they had gone a little way, however, they took off their disguises, agreeing that it would be time enough to don them again when they came near to Don Quixote's hiding-place.

As they rode along the three men talked together, and Sancho Panza entertained his companions with an account of the poor, crazy gentleman, Cardenio, and of his sad experiences. He did not, however, say a word about the portmanteau and the hoard of gold, for, although a fool, the squire knew how to keep money when he had it, and also how to hold his tongue.

The next day they reached the place where the green branches had been strewn, and then Sancho proposed that he should go on alone and interview his master. It was agreed that the squire should say that he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, and that she, not being able to read or write, had sent an answer by word of mouth, which answer was that her faithful knight must at once abandon his penance and return home on pain of her severe displeasure.

The History of Don Quixote

The priest and the barber told Sancho that this false story was designed to induce his master to leave the wilderness, and to carry out his plan of becoming an emperor. If Dulcinea's prayers were unheeded and Don Quixote still refused to leave the mountain, they themselves, in their characters of damsel-errant and squire, would see what could be done.

Sancho Panza, therefore, rode away up a steep track, and the priest and the barber remained behind in a pleasant place where tall trees grew on the bank of a stream. It was very hot, for the month was August, and the time three o'clock in the afternoon.

While they were resting and refreshing themselves under the trees suddenly the two men heard the sound of a voice singing a beautiful but sad love-song. They listened, entranced, filled with wonder, and when the music came to an end, searched among the bushes in order to discover who the mournful singer might be. They had not gone far when they found a young man sitting at the foot of a rock, with his head hanging, and with an aspect of deep melancholy. It could only be the unhappy lover, Cardenio, so the priest went towards him, and spoke to him in kind terms, beseeching him to forsake the desert and offering to help him if it lay in his power.

Cardenio, as it happened, was in his right mind at this time, so he greeted the newcomers civilly, and proposed to tell them his story, saying that, doubtless, when they had heard it, they would see that his wrongs were past all redress and succour.

The priest and the barber desired nothing better

The Priest and the Barber

than to hear the tale, so when they had seated themselves and promised not to interrupt, Cardenio began, and after relating the facts already told to Don Quixote, went on as follows:

“One day the fair Lucinda wrote me a letter, telling me of her love and begging me to go again to her father and demand her hand in marriage. This epistle I foolishly showed to Don Ferdinand, my treacherous friend, who had now himself fallen in love with the lady and had determined to win her for his wife.

“With this wicked end in view, he pretended to be willing to help me, and offered to interview Lucinda’s father on my behalf. I agreed, and he then asked me in the meantime to go to Duke Ricardo and bring back the money with which to pay for the six horses that he had bought.

“To this also I agreed, and, suspecting nothing, started on the journey, having first bidden farewell to my lady-love and promised to return without delay and claim her as my bride.

“I reached the Duke’s palace and was welcomed very kindly, but on one pretence or another was detained so long that I began to lose patience, and was planning to return without the money when, on the fourth day, a messenger brought me a letter from Lucinda herself.

“I tore it open quickly, and then learnt, to my horror, that Don Ferdinand, instead of doing as he promised, had taken my place and offered himself as a suitor for Lucinda’s hand. Moreover, her father,

The History of Don Quixote

flattered at the prospect of so great a match for his daughter, had given his consent, and the marriage was to take place in two days' time. Lucinda then entreated me to return at once, and this, I need not tell you, I did, but only arrived at the moment when the marriage ceremony was about to begin.

“I managed to enter the house without being discovered, and then, hiding behind some tapestry, witnessed everything that took place. Don Ferdinand was the first to enter the hall, dressed as a bridegroom and attended by his gentleman, and then came the fair Lucinda, clad in white and carnation red, and decked with magnificent jewels. You can imagine my anguish when the marriage ceremony began, but before many words had been spoken, Lucinda swooned and fell backward into her mother's arms. A scene of confusion followed, and a paper was found thrust into the bride's dress. This Don Ferdinand seized and read.

“For my part I waited to see no more, but in the tumult rushed away and escaped to these desolate mountains. Here I mean to dwell until death puts an end to my unhappy life. Lucinda has forsaken me, Don Ferdinand, my former friend, is a traitor, and there is no one who can help or console me.”

CHAPTER XI

“The story of Dorothea, and how Don Quixote promised to assist a damsel-errant.”

CARDENIO'S sad story had just come to an end, and the priest was considering how best to advise and comfort him, when suddenly a mournful voice was heard from among some trees. “Oh, Heavens! it cried, “have I at last found a refuge where I may live out my wretched life in solitude? for it is useless to hope any longer for ease or happiness.”

The priest and his companions rose hastily, for the speaker seemed to be very near at hand, and after a few moments' search they came upon a youth dressed in rough country clothes and seated on the bank of the stream beneath an ash-tree. His face could not be seen, for he was bending forward and bathing his feet in the cool running water.

The three men came up behind the boy, and when they were quite near he lifted up a face that seemed as if it must be the most beautiful in the whole world. He then took off his cap, and a mass of hair fell from beneath it and covered his shoulders, thus showing that the stranger was not a youth, but a young and lovely maiden.

At that moment, hearing a sound, she turned

The History of Don Quixote

round, and, seeing the newcomers, started up and tried to escape. However, the ground was rough and



“‘Stop, madam,’ exclaimed the priest.”

her bare feet were so soft and tender that this was impossible.

The Damsel-Errant

“Stop, madam,” exclaimed the priest, when he saw her distress; “there is no need for you to flee from us. We only wish to do our utmost to help you.” He then took her hand and continued gently: “Do not be alarmed, fair lady, although your hair has betrayed you, but tell us the cause of your sorrow.”

While he was thus speaking, the maid stood silent and trembling, then she said: “Since you have found me here it is useless to attempt to deceive you, but my story will only make you sad. Nothing can be done to help me; yet, if you wish, I will tell you everything.”

With that they seated themselves upon the grass by the stream, and the maid, trying to control her tears, began the tale.

“I was born in Andalusia,” she said, “in a city where dwells a famous and wealthy duke who has two sons. My father was a farmer, rich and greatly respected, but not of noble birth. I was his only child and heiress to all his goods.

“My life was indeed a happy one, for my parents loved me, and when the work of the day was finished I used to amuse myself with reading, playing the harp, or making lace on a pillow.

“So the years went by, until I was a woman grown, and had beauty, or so it was said, and then, as Fortune would have it, the duke’s son, Don Ferdinand, chanced to see me.”

When Cardenio heard the name of Ferdinand he started and turned pale, but the maid noticed nothing and went on speaking.

“No sooner had the young man seen me than he

The History of Don Quixote

fell in love with me, as he told me afterwards, and I loved him too, for he was handsome and courtly. But there is no need to tell you of all the fine speeches he made, the love-letters he wrote, and of how he called me his dear and charming Dorothea."

"Dorothea! Is your name, then, Dorothea?" Cardenio interrupted. "I have heard of a lady of that name who met with like experiences, but go on, I beseech you, with the story."

Dorothea was surprised at these words, and paused for a moment to gaze at the young man's face and at his tattered garments; then she continued her tale and related how Don Ferdinand begged her to marry him; how, at last, she consented, and how he gave her a ring from his own finger as a pledge of devotion.

Soon after that, it appeared, her betrothed went away on a journey; and then there came tidings that in a neighbouring city he had been married to a beautiful and high-born lady named Lucinda.

Cardenio started again when he heard this name, but he managed to control his agitation. Dorothea went on speaking in a broken voice and with great emotion.

"This news," she said, "filled me with rage and despair, and, hardly knowing what I did, I resolved to leave my home and discover for myself if the terrible story of my lover's faithlessness were true. I therefore stole secretly out of my parents' house and made my way to the town where the marriage was said to have taken place. There I learned that it was all too true, and that during the ceremony Lucinda had

The Damsel-Errant

fainted. Afterwards a letter had been found, in which she declared that she could not marry Ferdinand, because she had already promised to be the wife of a gentleman named Cardenio. I heard also that this gentleman had been present at the wedding, but had fled away before the reading of the letter. Don Ferdinand, too, it was said, had since left the city.

There was now nothing for me to do, seeing that my lover was false, and, moreover, I had learned that my parents were angry because I had left my home without their knowledge. I therefore disguised myself in this garb that you see me wearing, and hid in these desolate regions. I have now only one boon to ask of you, good sirs—it is that you will direct me to some safe refuge where I may live my miserable life in peace and security.”

Her story having come to an end, the maiden burst into tears. The priest tried to console her, but Cardenio interrupted him and took her hand. “Maiden,” he said, “tell me, are you the daughter of the rich farmer, Cleonardo?”

Dorothea was startled when she heard her father’s name, and questioned the ragged gentleman, who then told her that he was none other than that Cardenio of whom she had heard so much. “I also had abandoned myself to despair,” he said, “and desired only to die, but now, having heard your story, my hopes have revived. It may be that happiness is in store for both you, fair maiden, and me. For my part, I swear that I will never forsake you until justice has been done.”

The History of Don Quixote

Dorothea was filled with gratitude at these words, and the priest invited them both to his house, where, he said, they might consult together as to what had best be done, in order to find Don Ferdinand, to heal the breach between Cardenio and Lucinda, and to restore Dorothea to her parents. He then related the story of Don Quixote and the errand which had brought him and the barber into the mountains.

Just then a loud call was heard and Sancho Panza appeared in the distance. The priest and the barber ran to meet him, and inquired what had happened and what he had done with his master.

“Alas!” said the squire, “I found him yonder in a very sorry plight, lean, pale, half-starved, and whining for his Lady Dulcinea. Then I told him, as we agreed, that she demanded his return to Torboso, but he refused to budge an inch, and declared that he would not set eyes on her sweet face again until he had done some great feat in her honour. I fear, sir, that my poor master will never be an emperor or even an archbishop unless we can get him away from that horrible place, and, I beseech you, see now what you can do in the matter.”

The priest and the barber then explained to their new friends the design which they had made in order to induce Don Quixote to return to his home, and Dorothea, whose mind was now more at ease than it had been for a long time, said that she would herself undertake to act the part of the distressed damsel.

“This is indeed obliging of you, madam,” said the priest; and then Dorothea, who had brought a

The Damsel-Errant

bundle of clothes with her into the wilderness, took out from it a petticoat of rich stuff and a fine green silk gown. She soon appeared attired in these garments, and being, moreover, decked with a necklace and other jewels, was so beautiful and elegant a damsel that all the beholders were amazed.

The one who admired her most of all was Sancho Panza, and he inquired earnestly of the priest who this grand lady might be, and how she happened to be wandering about among the rocks and bushes of the mountains.

“She is the Princess of Micomicona,” was the reply, “whose father has a great kingdom in the neighbourhood of Guinea. This lady, having heard of your master’s wonderful exploits, has come to ask him to redress a wrong done by a wicked and powerful giant.”

“Why, this is indeed good news,” cried the foolish squire, “and if Don Quixote is so lucky as to right this same wrong, I am a made man. Methinks, sir, it would be well for him to marry this princess, and then he will be an emperor, sure enough.”

The priest gravely promised that he would do all in his power to forward such a match, and Sancho Panza, well pleased, prepared to lead the way to his master’s hiding-place. Dorothea, therefore, mounted the priest’s mule, and the barber, having now agreed to act the part of her squire, donned the ox-tail beard.

As for Cardenio, he was not eager to meet Don Quixote, for he remembered their late quarrel. He

The History of Don Quixote

therefore remained behind by the stream, and the priest, who now had no part in the masquerade, stayed to keep him company.

The others then took their departure as has been said, and when they had gone about three leagues, caught sight of Don Quixote among the rocks. He had, by this time, put on his clothes, but not his suit of armour.

Dorothea rode forward, and, having been assisted by her squire to dismount, advanced towards the knight and gracefully threw herself on her knees at his feet.

He tried to hinder this, but she would not rise, and said: "Oh, brave and invincible warrior, I will never move from this place until you have granted me a boon, and, indeed, as you profess the laws of chivalry, you are in duty bound to assist a distressed damsel who implores your succour."

"I cannot give you an answer, lady," said Don Quixote, "nor even listen to another word, until you rise from your knees."

This the maid refused to do, and Sancho Panza whispered to his master: "Grant her the boon, sir. It is nothing, I assure you. Only a mere trifle of giant-killing, and this lady is the mighty Princess Micomicona, monarch of a great realm in Africa."

"Let her be whom she may," replied the knight, "I must obey the dictates of my conscience and the laws of chivalry." Then he turned once more to the damsel, and said: "Madam, I grant you the boon, which, indeed, your marvellous beauty demands."

The Damsel-Errant

“Sir,” then said Dorothea, “this is the favour that I ask. You must come with me instantly, wherever I shall lead, and you must promise not to engage in any new adventure until you have taken revenge on a villain who has usurped my kingdom.”

“I will do all that you require,” returned the knight. “And now shake off your melancholy, for, by the help of Heaven and my strong arm, you shall be restored to your throne and all traitors shall perish. Let us hasten, then, and start at once. Delays may be dangerous.”

This said, he raised the fair Dorothea to her feet and bade Sancho fetch his armour and weapons, which were hanging on a tree close at hand.

Meanwhile, the barber had had great difficulty in hiding his laughter and in keeping on his beard at the same time; for had the beard fallen off, the whole plot would have been discovered. He now assisted the lady to mount her mule, and scrambled on to the back of his own beast. They took their departure, Don Quixote once more riding Rosinante, while poor Sancho trudged behind and bewailed the loss of his ass.

Before long Cardenio and the priest saw the little company coming towards them through the trees, and they wondered how best they might join them. The priest, who was a clever, contriving man, soon hit upon a plan, and, taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he clipped off the other's beard. This done, he clothed the ragged gentleman in his own riding coat and cloak, and the aspect of Cardenio was then

The History of Don Quixote

so much altered that he would hardly have recognised himself in a looking-glass.

Don Quixote and his companions having now reached the stream, the priest, clad only in his doublet and hose, went forward to meet them, and the knight was amazed and delighted to see his old friend. He wished to alight and give up his horse Rosinante, but this the other would not allow, and said that he would ride pillion fashion on the barber's mule.

So it was arranged, but unfortunately the mule was only a hired beast and obstinate. He therefore gave two or three sharp kicks and flung his rider to the ground. The barber was more frightened than hurt, but his beard fell off, and to conceal what had happened he clasped his chin with both hands and declared that his jaw was broken.

Don Quixote turned round to see what was the cause of the commotion, and was amazed to perceive the mass of beard lying on the ground.

"What a miracle!" he cried, "here is a beard cut off as neatly by an accident as if it had been the work of a barber."

The priest then, seeing that they were in danger of discovery, ran up to the barber, and managed to replace the beard so swiftly and skilfully that our hero believed it to have been done by enchantment, and resolved to learn the secret of the magic which had been employed.

CHAPTER XII

“The Princess Micomicona tells her story, and some strange incidents that happened at the inn.”

THE company now started off once more on their journey, and Don Quixote, who had been much surprised to see his old friend the priest again, questioned him, asking how he came to be in the mountains and why he was so scantily attired.

“I will tell you the truth in a very few words,” was the reply. “I and my friend, Master Nicholas the barber, were obliged to go to Seville on a matter of business. As we rode along to that city we were attacked by a band of four highwaymen, who robbed us of everything and even stole the barber’s beard, so that he was forced to provide himself with a false one. As to that young gentleman there,” the speaker pointed to Cardenio, “even his shirt was taken. Now, as it turned out, these villains who attacked us were nothing more nor less than a party of galley slaves, who had been rescued by a single knight not far from that place. It is certain the man must have either been mad or as great a rascal as the slaves, for only a fool or a knave would set loose such a pack of wolves. He has hindered the course of justice, treated the laws with contempt, and broken his allegiance to the king.”

The History of Don Quixote

The priest had had a full account of the adventure with the galley slaves from Sancho Panza, so now he invented this story and watched Don Quixote's agitation with amusement. The knight grew pale as he listened, but did not confess that he was the person who had done the foolish deed.

Sancho, however, had no such scruples, and when the tale came to an end, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Upon my word! sir, it was my master himself who did that little job, although I warned him again and again, saying that it was a sin and a shame to give such a set of rogues their liberty."

"Silence! you block-headed clown," cried Don Quixote; "it is the duty of a knight-errant to interfere when he encounters men who are oppressed and loaded with chains. We are bound to relieve the afflicted, and consider not their crimes, but their miseries. I only did what all the laws of chivalry obliged me to do, and if anyone dares to contradict me, he knows nothing of knight-errantry, and I will at once give him a lesson at the point of the sword."

Having said this, he raised himself in his stirrups and glanced round angrily, but Dorothea, who had heard of the knight's fierce temper, tried to humour and to pacify him.

"I pray you, sir," she cried, "remember your oath to me, that you would not engage in any new adventure until my wrongs are righted. Be calm, for this good man, I am sure, never intended to offend you."

"Indeed I did not," said the priest; and then Don Quixote declared that he was satisfied, and begged

The Princess Micomicona

Dorothea to tell him the story of her misfortunes so that he might know the nature of the deeds that would be required of him. Dorothea assented to this request, and the others gathered round, eager to hear what kind of a tale she would invent at such short notice.

“To begin with, gentlemen,” she said, “you must know that my name is——” She paused, unable to remember the name that the priest had given her. He hastened to her assistance, saying: “Madam, it is not strange that, after all your afflictions, you should stumble at the beginning of your story. Misfortunes often deprive us of memory. It is no wonder that the Princess Micomicona should be distracted. I hope that now you will be able to proceed.”

“I hope so, too,” said the lady; and then she related how her father was a wise magician named Tiracrio, and how he had prophesied that, after his death, misfortunes would come upon the kingdom if his daughter refused to marry the powerful and gloomy giant, Pandafilando.

“He charged me, when this wicked giant should invade my territory, to offer no resistance, but to hasten away to Spain, and there to seek out a tall, lean, lantern-jawed knight, called ‘the Knight of the Doleful Countenance,’ who would be my champion. I promised to obey this behest, and everything has happened as was foretold. I came to Spain, and no sooner had I landed at Ossuna than I heard of Don Quixote’s fame, and knew that he must be the knight destined to assist me.”

“But pray, madam,” cried Don Quixote, on hearing

The History of Don Quixote

this, "how came you to land at Ossuna, seeing that it is no seaport?"

Here once more the priest came to Dorothea's help, and interrupted quickly before she had time to say anything.

"Doubtless," he explained, "the lady meant that, having landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard rumours of your valour was Ossuna."

"Yes, that is what I intended to say," cried Dorothea, "and now it only remains for me to show Don Quixote this same giant, Pandafilando, that he may slay him and restore my kingdom to me. Gentlemen, that is my whole history, and, moreover, on the voyage to Spain a great storm arose and all my servants and retainers were lost. This trusty squire with the long beard is the only one left, and if my story has been confused or inexact you must pardon me, and remember that trouble has impaired my memory."

Don Quixote was greatly affected by the tale, and promised the lady once more that he would not rest until he had slain the giant. Then they talked on other subjects as they rode on their way.

Before long the travellers overtook a man dressed as a gipsy and mounted on a grey ass, and Sancho, who, remembering his loss, always gazed with longing eyes at any donkey, immediately recognised his own beast and the thief, Gines Passamonte. He ran forward, shouting to the man to stop.

"Robber and villain!" he cried, "get off the back of my dear one. Away with you, and leave my ass, Dapple, to his old master."

The Princess Micomicona

Gines, seeing Sancho, did not wait to hear anything more, but threw himself to the ground and took to his heels. Sancho then ran up to the donkey, flung his



“Sancho flung his arms round its neck.”

arms round its neck, stroked it and called it by many pet names. He even kissed the beast, and all the company congratulated him on his good fortune.

The History of Don Quixote

As they continued their journey after this episode, Don Quixote rode apart with his squire and questioned him about his interview with the Lady Dulcinea. "How was she employed when you arrived?" he said. "I dare swear that she was sitting at her embroidery or else stringing costly pearls together."

"On my faith, no!" answered the squire; "I found her winnowing corn in the back-yard."

"Then," said the knight, rather surprised, "you may be sure that it was corn of the finest quality; and my letter—did she press it to her lips? Did she treasure it? What did she say to you?"

"Why, truly, sir," was the reply, "she was busy with her sieve, and said: 'Put it down on the sack. Can't you see that my hands are full?'"

"Thrice happy sieve!" exclaimed the knight, "to be held in those lovely hands. And when you had finished your errand, what jewel did she give you on your departure? It is always the custom of ladies to bestow gifts on those who bring them good news."

"She gave me a lunch of bread and cheese," said Sancho, "which she handed to me over the yard wall as I was taking my leave."

"It is strange," said the other, on hearing this; "but if she did not give you a jewel it was doubtless because she had not one on her at the time. I shall soon see her and all will be explained. But, friend Sancho, I was amazed at your speedy return from Torboso, seeing that the city is more than thirty leagues away. But perhaps some friendly sorcerer aided you."

"I believe that, too," said the squire, falling in

The Princess Micomicona

with his master's whim, "for Rosinante was so playful and mettlesome on the way that it is certain witchcraft was at work. And, your worship, if you take my advice you will give up this Dulcinea of yours and marry the princess, who has a fine kingdom larger than Portugal itself. Come, master, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"You give me this advice because you are thinking of your own reward," said Don Quixote, "but that I can give you without marrying the lady."

Just then the conversation was interrupted by Master Nicholas, the barber, who called to them to stop and drink at a little fountain by the wayside. Sancho was glad, for, not having seen the Lady Dulcinea, he was troubled by his master's questions and feared that his deceit would be discovered.

The travellers sat down on the grass near the fountain and refreshed themselves with some food that the priest had brought with him. Cardenio, meanwhile, had dressed himself in the clothes which Dorothea had worn when found in the desert, and thus he looked more respectable than before.

While they were resting and eating, a young boy ran up, and threw himself on to his knees before Don Quixote.

"Good sir," he cried, "do you not know me? Have you forgotten poor Andrew, whom you caused to be unbound from the tree?"

Don Quixote recognised the fellow, and, turning to the company, described to them everything that had happened.

The History of Don Quixote

“All that is true enough,” said Andrew, when the story was finished, “but the business did not end there. No sooner had you left than my master caught me, tied me up again, and thrashed me more soundly than ever. And it was all your fault, sir, for had you not interfered, I should have had but ten or twenty lashes at the most.”

“Your wrong shall be redressed without delay,” exclaimed Don Quixote, springing to his feet; and when Dorothea questioned him as to what he meant to do, he replied that he must find the rascal who had ill-treated the boy, punish him for his crimes, and exact from him all the money that was due. The lady then reminded her champion of his vow, and said that he must let this adventure wait until her wrongs had all been redressed.

“That is reasonable,” answered the knight; and then, turning to Andrew, he promised to fulfil his promise in the future.

This, however, did not by any means satisfy the boy, but at last, finding that he could get nothing more, he departed, grumbling at the ways of knights-errant, and declaring that he wanted no more of their assistance.

When the wayside meal was finished, Don Quixote and his companions continued their journey, and before long reached the inn, which still was a place of such hideous memories to poor Sancho Panza that he would willingly have gone many miles out of his way to avoid it.

However, Fate ruled otherwise, and the company

The Princess Micomicona

received a hearty welcome from the innkeeper and his wife, who promised that, if he would pay for it, Don Quixote should have a much better bed than on his former visit. Being tired out with all his hardships and adventures, he soon retired to his room, and then the hostess went to the barber and demanded the return of the ox's tail that she had lent him.

The poor man was in a difficulty, and did not know what to do, but his friend the priest came to his help and advised him to give up the false beard and appear next morning in his own character. It would be an easy matter to say that he had fled to the inn after escaping from the galley slaves, and if Don Quixote were surprised at the absence of the Princess Micomicona's squire he could explain it by declaring that the lady had despatched the man with a message to her own kingdom.

This being arranged, the barber returned the false beard, and also gave back the other things that the innkeeper's wife had lent him. The whole company then discussed the madness and strange doings of the knight of La Mancha, after which they entertained each other by telling stories, many of which were both interesting and amusing.

Some time had passed in this way, when suddenly Sancho Panza rushed out of Don Quixote's room in a terrible fright, crying: "Help! help! come to my master! he is at it now, tooth and nail, with that same giant. Never in my life did I see such a furious battle, and he has, this very moment, cut off the giant's head with one blow of his sword."

The History of Don Quixote

“You are mad, Sancho,” said the priest; but just then they heard a loud turmoil of blows and shouting coming from the knight’s room.

“Stay, villain; since I have you here, your sword shall avail nothing.” These words were uttered in the voice of Don Quixote, and then there came more knocks as if the champion were slashing the wall with all his force.

“Friends! friends!” exclaimed Sancho, “why don’t you go to help my master, instead of standing there listening to him? I saw the giant’s severed head with my own eyes, and it is bigger than the largest wine-skin in all Spain.”

“Wine-skin!” cried the innkeeper. “If this Don Quixote of yours has been hacking the wine-skins that are hanging at the head of his bed, I can tell you he shall pay a pretty penny for it.”

They all rushed into the knight’s room then, and found him, clad only in his shirt, and with a blanket from the bed wrapped round his arm as a target. He was still sound asleep, but in his dream had fancied that he was engaged in mortal combat with a great giant, and had therefore assaulted the wine-skins so furiously that the whole apartment was awash with red wine.

The innkeeper, enraged at this waste, flew at Don Quixote with his fists, and if Cardenio and the priest had not hastened to drag him away, there would have been a battle in real earnest. As it was, nothing served to waken the knight until a bucket of cold water was thrown over him, and even then he was only roused from his dream and not from his sleep.

The Princess Micomicona

Meanwhile Sancho Panza ran up and down the room looking for the giant's head, and when he could not find it, he felt certain that the inn was really bewitched as his master had always maintained.

At last peace was restored by the priest promising to pay for the spilt wine, but for some time the man's wife would not be consoled and bewailed her hard fate, crying: "It was an ill hour when this miserable knight-errant came to my house. For he it was that went away without paying his bill! What have we to do with his precious laws of chivalry? This time he shall pay what he owes to the last farthing."

Everything was quiet again, and the company had returned to their stories, when the innkeeper, who was standing at the door, announced that he saw some more guests approaching.

"A merry troop, upon my word!" he said. "There are four men on horseback, wearing masks; a lady, also masked and dressed in white, besides two servants."

"Are they near at hand?" inquired the priest, and on hearing that they were at the gate, Dorothea veiled herself, and Cardenio slipped aside into an adjoining room.

The newcomers then rode into the yard and dismounted. One of them assisted the lady to alight and carried her into the house in his arms. She sank into a chair, sighed deeply, and leaned forward as if almost fainting.

All this time none of the men removed their masks, and the priest, wondering at this strange behaviour, went into the stable and spoke to the servants, who,

The History of Don Quixote

however, declared that they knew nothing, but had only been picked up on the road by the travellers.

“They promised to pay us well for our services,” one of the men said, “and for sure they seem to be people of quality, especially he who carried the lady into the inn. She, indeed, appears to be little inclined for the journey, and, by her dress, is a nun.”

The priest then returned to the house, and found Dorothea trying to comfort the lady and begging to know the cause of her sadness.

To these questions there was no reply, but soon the gentleman who seemed to be the chief of the party said: “Madam, do not trouble yourself with that woman. She is ungrateful and a stranger to the truth.”

At that the unhappy creature looked up and said: “Ah, sir, it is my love of truth that has brought me to this misery, and you are the falsest and the basest of men.”

These words were heard by Cardenio in the inner room, and, recognising the voice, he rushed out. The lady saw him and rose to her feet, the mask fell off, and there was the lovely face of Lucinda.

A scene of confusion followed, but the lady clung to Cardenio and would not be parted from him, and at last Don Ferdinand, for he it was who had carried her into the inn, was obliged to give way to her wishes.

It appeared that Lucinda, believing that Cardenio had forsaken her, had fled to a nunnery, but Don Ferdinand had pursued her with three of his gentlemen, and had carried her off.

Now, however, everything ended happily.

The Princess Micomicona

Cardenio and Lucinda were reconciled, and Don Ferdinand, seeing the beautiful Dorothea, fell in love with her anew.

The only person who was displeased with the turn of events was Sancho Panza, who now discovered that Dorothea was not the Princess Micomicona, from whom he had expected so many rewards and favours.

CHAPTER XIII

“Some pleasant adventures at the inn, and the story of the Christian slave and Zoraida, the beautiful Algerian.”

WHILE everyone was rejoicing at the good fortune which had come to Cardenio, Lucinda, Dorothea, and Don Ferdinand, Sancho Panza went into his master's room with a very glum and woe-begone face. He was filled with anger at the discovery that there was no such person as the Princess Micomicona, and disappointed to see his wonderful dreams and hopes disappear into thin air.

“I trust you are none the worse for your early rising,” he said to his master, in a melancholy voice, “and now, if you wish, you can sleep till Doomsday, for there are no longer any giants to kill nor princesses to restore.”

“That is indeed true,” replied the knight. “I have already slain the giant, and the battle was one of the most terrible in which I have ever engaged. With one stroke I cut off the monster's head, and his blood gushed out like a river.”

“Blood! Wine, you mean,” retorted Sancho Panza. “Why, sir, you must know quite well by this time that this giant of yours was nothing but a full wine-skin, and you have wasted some thirty gallons of good liquor.”

Don Quixote at the Inn

“What folly is this, idiot?” cried the other. “Have you lost your wits?”

“Get up and see for yourself,” was the reply. “Who knows what you will have to pay for the mischief done! And now here is the fine princess of yours turned into an ordinary private gentlewoman.”

“Nothing that ever happens will surprise me,” said Don Quixote, “for I know quite well that everything is ruled by enchantment, and that things are never what they seem.”

“That may be so,” answered the squire, “but if my tossing in the blanket was such a delusion, it was more like a true tossing than anything I have ever had in all my born days. And this same innkeeper here, he was one of them that tossed, and right heartily he did it, too. Master, it seems to me that all these precious adventures of yours are likely to end in nothing but bruises and broken bones.”

While Sancho Panza helped his master to rise, the priest gave Don Ferdinand and the others an account of our hero's madness, and of the steps by means of which they had decoyed him from the mountains. He added that, since Dorothea would now be unable to carry on the masquerade, they must design some new trick by which the knight might be conveyed to his own house. Cardenio thereupon said that Lucinda would be happy to play the part of the damsel-errant, but Don Ferdinand would not hear of a change being made, and declared that Dorothea should continue for the present in the character of the Princess Micomicona.

The History of Don Quixote

“The jest must be carried out to the finish,” he cried, “if this honest knight does not live very far away.”

“Only two days’ journey,” was the reply; and the gentleman then said that he would willingly ride twice as far for the sake of so good and charitable a deed.

At this moment, while they were still discussing the question, Don Quixote himself entered. He was in full armour, with his shield on his arm and Mambrino’s helmet, in which was a great hole, on his head.

The knight’s appearance was so extraordinary, with his thin, yellow face and absurd armour, that Don Ferdinand and his friends, who had not seen him before, were struck dumb with astonishment. Don Quixote turned at once to Dorothea, and addressed her in these words:

“My squire tells me, fair lady, that your greatness has vanished, and that now, instead of a princess, you are but a private damsel. If it is the sorcery of your father that has thus transformed you, I consider that he is but an inferior magician. I, who am well versed in the wisdom of knight-errantry, could tell him that in every age there are champions to whom the killing of giants is but a trifle. Indeed, I encountered one myself not many hours ago.

“Some foolish and incredulous people may not believe me, but time will show that I am speaking the truth.”

“Stop!” cried the innkeeper; “it was with wine-

Don Quixote at the Inn

skins that you fought, Sir Knight, not with giants." Don Ferdinand immediately bade the man be silent, but Don Quixote went on speaking, without taking any notice of the interruption.

"Therefore, fair lady," he said, "if your father has bewitched you, do not be alarmed, for my sharp sword can cut a way through any difficulty, and in a few days your crown shall be restored to you."

Here the knight-errant paused for an answer, and Dorothea, understanding that Don Ferdinand wished the jest to be continued, put on a solemn face and replied: "Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance, whoever told you that I had changed was mistaken. True it is that unexpected good fortune has come to me, but I am still the Princess Micomicona, and look to you for assistance to regain my kingdom. Why should not we set forth on our journey tomorrow?"

On hearing these words and seeing that he had been deceived, Don Quixote turned upon Sancho Panza in a passion of rage. "Rascal!" he cried, "why did you tell me that the princess had been transformed into a simple damsel named Dorothea? And also that I had not slain a giant? How shall I punish you for daring to tell these lies to me, a knight-errant?"

"Good sir," cried the squire, frightened by his master's fury, "I may have been mistaken about the princess, but as to the giant, I spoke nothing but the truth. You need only go into your sleeping-room, and there you will see the spilt wine in a puddle on the

The History of Don Quixote

floor. It was good wine, too, I will take my oath of that, and if the innkeeper does not make you pay for it, he is a very civil and honest man."

"Sancho," said the knight, "I will pardon your fault. Let us say no more about the matter."

"Yes, let there be an end of it," put in Don Ferdinand. "We will obey the princess, and start off to-morrow on our travels, for we are all eager to see the exploits of the famous Don Quixote, of whose matchless courage and prowess we have heard."

"I shall be proud to serve you, sir," said Don Quixote, "and am obliged to you for your good opinion of me. To show myself worthy of it, I am ready to shed my last drop of blood."

Many other compliments were paid to the knight of La Mancha, and while this pleasant conversation was going on, another stranger arrived at the inn. His dress showed that he had lately come from Barbary, for he wore blue breeches, a blue cloth coat with short sleeves, and a blue cap. At his waist was slung a curved Turkish sword.

With him rode a woman in Moorish dress with her face veiled. The man was tall and sunburnt, about forty years of age, with a beard and a fiercely up-turned moustache.

The stranger entered the inn and called for a room, seeming annoyed when told that all were full. However, he helped the woman to alight. The other guests, interested in the newcomers, crowded round them, and Dorothea, thinking that the woman might be tired with the journey, spoke to her kindly,

Don Quixote at the Inn

and said: "Madam, it is ill luck that there is no room at your disposal, but it is often so at the country inns. Will you not share an apartment with me and this



"With him rode a woman in Moorish dress."

lady?" She pointed to Lucinda. "We will do our best to make you comfortable."

The unknown lady said nothing, but bowed, and by her demeanour showed that she knew no Spanish.

The History of Don Quixote

At this moment, however, her companion came back from the stable where he had been seeing to their animals, and said: "Ladies, I hope that you will excuse this gentlewoman, but she cannot speak your language."

"We are only asking her to share our room," said Lucinda. "We will indeed do our best for her, sir, and give her everything that the inn affords."

"I am grateful to you, madam," the other rejoined, "and thank you on this lady's behalf and on my own."

"Is the lady a Christian?" Lucinda then asked, and the man replied that she was a Moor by birth, who had been converted to Christianity and wished to be baptized. "There was no opportunity for this to be done before she left Algiers, which is her native town," he said, "but I hope soon to make arrangements for her christening."

These words made all the company desire the more to hear who the newcomers might be, and Dorothea, seating herself by the Moorish lady, begged her to take off her veil. On this request being translated into Arabic, she complied, and everyone present thought her the most lovely creature in the world.

Don Ferdinand then asked her name of the stranger, and he answered Zoraida, but the lady interrupted and said, "Not Zoraida, but Maria," this being the name that she intended to take at her baptism.

It was now getting late, and the innkeeper having at Don Ferdinand's command prepared the best supper that the place could afford, a cloth was spread on a long table and they all sat down. Don Quixote was given the place of honour at the head of the table,

Don Quixote at the Inn

and Dorothea, at his request, seated herself by his side.

There was much conversation during the meal, the chief speaker being the knight of La Mancha; and indeed he discoursed at such length on knight-errantry and other subjects that he neglected his food, although advised several times by Sancho Panza to attend to his meat, as there would be plenty of time for talk later on.

Supper being over at last, Don Ferdinand begged the stranger to give them an account of his life, saying that the story must needs be delightful and entertaining. The man answered that he was quite willing to do as they wished, so all the company seated themselves, and he began his tale in these words:

“I was born in the mountains of Leon and had two brothers. Our father, who had been a soldier, was wealthy but extravagant. When we grew to manhood, however, he told us that he intended to divide all his worldly goods into four parts, and taking one quarter for himself, would give us each a share so that we might go out and make our own way in the world. To this we agreed, my youngest brother choosing a learned profession, while the other decided to go to the Indies as a merchant. I, the eldest of the three, made up my mind to be a soldier, for, as our father often used to say, ‘the king’s chaff is better than the men’s corn.’

“Our shares of the fortune amounted to three thousand crowns apiece, but of this we refused to take more than one thousand each, giving the rest back to

The History of Don Quixote

our father. We then bade him farewell and left his house. That happened more than twenty years ago, but although I wrote to my father several times, I have never heard anything of either him or my brothers.

“I will not now delay to tell you of all my adventures. It is enough to say that I fought under the Duke of Alva in Flanders and entered the army of Don Juan of Austria. I was present with him at the great Battle of Lepanto against the Turks, but there, as luck would have it, I was taken prisoner and found myself that same night with manacled hands and with irons on my feet.

“After that I was carried away to Constantinople, and given as a slave to my captor, Vehali, a bold pirate and the King of Algiers. During the second year of my captivity, I took part as a galley slave in the Battle of Navarino, and was also present at the capture of Goletta, when more than twenty-five thousand of the pagans were slain.

“Among the Christians who were taken prisoners at this last battle was one, Don Pedro d’Aguilar, a very brave man and a poet.* I mention him because he rowed in the same galley as I did, and was chained to the same bench.”

When the name of Don Pedro d’Aguilar was mentioned, Don Ferdinand glanced at his companions and smiled. “What happened to that same Don Pedro?” asked one of the gentlemen, and the stranger replied that after being two years a captive he escaped disguised as a Dalmatian trooper.

Don Quixote at the Inn

The gentleman then said: "I can tell you, sir, what became of him later, for he reached Spain safely and is now rich and prosperous."

"Thank God for that," said the other, and then he repeated to the company some of the sonnets that the poet had written during his captivity.

CHAPTER XIV

“Continuation of the story of the Christian slave and Zoraida, the beautiful Algerian.”

THE sonnets of the captive poet were greatly admired by the company. When the applause with which they were greeted came to an end, the story was continued.

“Not long after the fight at Goletta,” said the slave, “my master, Vehali, died, and his three thousand captives were then divided. I fell to the share of a Venetian renegade named Azanaga, who now became King of Algiers. He took me with him to that city, and I was glad, for not only was it nearer to Spain than Constantinople, but there might be opportunities of escape. I had tried to run away again and again while in Turkey, but had never met with success.

“In Algiers I was lodged with the king’s slaves—that is to say, with those captives who are held for ransom—for, having discovered that I had been a captain in Don Juan’s army, the Turks believed me to be a person of wealth and quality, although I had often told them that this was not the case, and that I could never pay the large sum necessary to obtain my freedom. The king’s slaves were not, as a rule, required to work, but we were cruelly treated by our guards, and had to endure blows and hunger.

The Christian Slave

“Overlooking the courtyard of our prison there was a large house belonging to a rich Moor. It had, after the fashion of the country, very small windows, and these were furnished with lattices made of wood.

“One day I and three of my comrades were amusing ourselves in the yard by trying who could jump farthest in his chains, when, looking up, I chanced to see a long cane appear at one of the windows of this house. There was a piece of white linen at the end of the cane, and it was moved up and down, eluding my friends who tried to grasp it. When I approached, however, the cane fell at my feet. I picked it up, and, unwrapping the linen, found money, in value about two crowns.

“This adventure was very surprising, for we knew not who our benefactor could be, but on looking at the window again, we saw a white hand shutting the lattice, and therefore guessed that a woman had done us the favour. Thereupon we all bowed low after the Turkish manner to show our gratitude, and then saw at the window a little cross made of two pieces of cane bound together.

“We now felt sure that some Christian woman was a slave in that house, and resolved to watch the window diligently.

“Fourteen days passed away without further incident, and we were beginning to despair, when the cane appeared again, and this time it brought no less than forty crowns. With the money was a letter written in Arabic, and with a large cross marked at the top of the paper.

The History of Don Quixote

“None of us could read this language, but a renegade Spaniard translated the letter to me, and from it I learnt that the writer was a Moorish maiden who had been converted to Christianity by a Christian slave who had been in her service. The lady, it appeared, was young, handsome, and wealthy, and she longed to escape in order to reach Spain, where she might practise her new religion. She had chosen me to assist her in this enterprise, and said in the letter that, if I wished, she would marry me when we reached my own country. Attached to the cane was a thread, and she entreated me to write an answer and send it to her by this means.

“The renegade Spaniard promised to keep the matter a secret, and at my dictation he wrote an answer to the letter, in which I promised to observe the lady’s wishes in every way, to escape with her if it were possible, and to wed her when we arrived in Spain.

“Two days later the cane appeared again with some fifty crowns.

“That same evening the renegade visited us, and said that the house with the lattice windows belonged to a Moor named Agimorato, who had a beautiful daughter. The maid was called Zoraida, but now, being a Christian, she wished her name to be Maria.

“She was, so it was said, the fairest damsel in Barbary, and heiress to all her father’s riches.

“I then with my three friends and the renegade held a council together as to how we might escape

The Christian Slave

with the maid. The Spaniard promised to help us, and, indeed, declared that he would willingly risk his life in order to deliver us from captivity.

“ Four days after that I received another hundred crowns from Zoraida, together with a letter in these words:

“ ‘ I cannot tell you, sir, how we may contrive to escape to Spain, but I can furnish you with money. Pay your ransom and those of your friends with the gold, and do one of you go to Spain, buy a boat there, and come back to fetch the rest. As for me, I shall be found in my father’s garden outside the walls of the city, and near the sea. If you cannot trust one of your comrades to fetch the boat, pay your ransom and go yourself, for I know that you are a Christian and a gentleman.’

“ On reading this letter, we all offered to be the one to fetch the boat, but the renegade would not agree to this proposal. He said that it would be better for him to purchase the vessel in Barbary, which he could easily do with the assistance of a Moor, who would be his partner.

“ We agreed unwillingly to this scheme, for we wished to go to Spain for the boat as the lady had commanded. However, we feared that if we opposed the Spaniard in the matter, he might betray us all.

“ Later, Zoraida gave us another three thousand crowns, so we paid our ransoms and gave the renegade five hundred crowns with which to buy a boat as arranged.

“ About a fortnight after this a fine boat, large

The History of Don Quixote

enough to hold thirty people, was obtained, and in it the renegade made several voyages, and, in order that no suspicions might be aroused later, he often cast anchor near the garden where Zoraida was to meet us.

“As for me, I engaged twelve Spaniards, men who could easily get out of the city, to accompany us, and then turned my attention to considering how we might let Zoraida know of our plans.

“With this end in view, I went one day to her father’s garden, and asked permission to gather a few herbs for a salad. The Moor, Agimorato, willingly gave me leave to do this, and while we were talking together, his daughter Zoraida came out of a summer-house and saw me.

“Never in all my life had I beheld so fair a maiden, and her rich dress and costly jewels added to her charms. Her feet were bare, after the fashion of the country, and round each ankle was a massive bracelet of gold set with diamonds, while her neck and head were decked with fine pearls.

“When the lady came near to us, her father told her that I was a Christian slave, and then she, pretending not to know me, asked whether I had been ransomed. I replied that I had, and she then said: ‘When do you go home to Spain?’

“‘To-morrow night,’ I replied, and by this means managed to tell her of our arrangements without her father suspecting anything.

“The next evening our boat cast anchor near the garden, and, having by good fortune found the gate open, I and my companions entered and made our

The Christian Slave

way silently to the house. The Lady Zoraida was waiting, and when we had greeted her, she brought out of the building a box of gold, so heavy that she scarce could lift it.

“We were about to return to our vessel when, as luck would have it, the Moor, Agimorato, awoke, and looking out of a window, saw us and gave the alarm, crying, ‘Thieves! Christians! Thieves!’

“The cries terrified us, but the renegade rushed into the house with some of our company, seized the man, bound him hand and foot, and thrust a gag into his mouth. They then carried him down to the boat, and we embarked.

“When we were safely on board, we unbound the Moor. He was amazed to see his daughter with us, and his astonishment increased when he saw that she accompanied us of her own free will.

“Zoraida then told the whole story, saying that she was a Christian, and desired to escape to Spain. Her father was infuriated when he heard this, and flung himself into the sea. However, we rescued him, and later on set him ashore on the coast of his own country.

“This done, I consoled Zoraida as best I could, and we continued our voyage.

“The wind was now favourable and for a time everything went well, but about midnight, when we were making good speed under full sail, we saw a ship approaching us in the moonlight. It came nearer, and then the men on board hailed us, asking whence we came and whither we were going.

“They spoke in French, and the renegade forbade

The History of Don Quixote

us to answer, saying: ‘ Without doubt these are pirates from France.’

“ We kept silence, therefore, but it was of no avail, for the pirates pursued us, sunk us, and took us aboard their own vessel.

“ The renegade had time, unperceived, to fling



“ We set him ashore on the coast of his own country.”

Zoraida’s treasure into the sea, but the French robbers took the jewels that the lady was wearing, and plundered us of everything that we possessed.

“ At daybreak the pirate captain, not wishing to take us into the port of Rochelle, whither he was bound, put us into the long boat together with some water

The Christian Slave

and a little biscuit. He also, touched, I suppose, with remorse, presented Zoraida with forty crowns. We sailed away, thankful to escape with our lives.

“We journeyed all day, and at night managed to land on a sandy beach; and immediately all threw ourselves down and kissed the earth, giving thanks for our deliverance. When morning came we made our way inland. Before long we heard the sound of a flute, and came upon a young shepherd sitting under a cork-tree and tending his flock.

“We called to the boy, but he, seeing us in Moorish dress, thought that we were barbarians, and fled away, crying: ‘The Moors! Arm! Arm! The Moors have landed!’

“Soon after, the horse-guard of the coast appeared, summoned by the lad; but they, hearing that we were escaped slaves, welcomed us kindly, and accompanied us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half away.

“We remained in that place for a short time, and then our little company dispersed, each going his own way. With the forty crowns given to Zoraida by the pirate captain I bought an ass, and we are now on our way to my old home in order to see if my father is still alive, and to discover how my two brothers have fared.

“For my part, I have made no fortune, nor have I won renown, but I have Zoraida, who is more to me than any riches.

“And now, gentlemen, this is the end of my story, and I hope that you have not found it a tedious one.”

CHAPTER XV

“The story of some strange and unheard-of adventures that happened to Don Quixote at the inn which he believed to be a castle.”

WHEN the stranger had finished his story, Don Ferdinand thanked him in the name of the whole company, and said: “Truly, sir, your wonderful adventures and the manner in which you have related the history of them has delighted us, and we could willingly listen to it all again, even if the recital lasted until to-morrow morning.”

Cardenio and the others joined in the thanks and compliments, and then Don Ferdinand promised that when Zoraida was baptized, his brother, the marquis, should be her godfather.

While they were all thus conversing together, a coach accompanied by some horsemen drew up at the inn door. The travellers asked for accommodation, but were told by the hostess that the house had already as many guests as could be packed into it.

“Were it ten times as full as it is,” cried one of the horsemen, “you must needs find room for my Lord Judge, who is in the coach.”

“Sir, we have not one bed empty,” protested the innkeeper’s wife, “but, if his lordship has

Some Strange Adventures

brought a bed with him, he shall command my whole house."

By this time a gentleman wearing a long coat with hanging sleeves had alighted from the coach, and it was easy to see that he was a person of great importance. He led by the hand a young lady of about sixteen years of age, clad in a riding-suit, and she was so fair and charming that, had there not been many other beautiful ladies present, one would have said it would be difficult to find her match.

Don Quixote, seeing the newcomers at the door, advanced to meet them, and said: "Sir, I pray you enter this castle undismayed, for although it is small and ill-furnished, yet must it needs find accommodation for a man of your learning and for the lovely damsel with you. Not only would any castle in the world open its gates for her, but even the solid rocks would break asunder to make way for one so beautiful."

The judge was astonished, as was only natural, at our hero's garb and speech, and his wonder increased when he beheld the ladies who now came out of the inn to see the new arrivals.

However, when Cardenio and Don Ferdinand addressed him, he was convinced that he had to do with gentlemen of note, and arrangements were soon made for the night's lodging. It was agreed that all the ladies should share an apartment together, and that the innkeeper should turn out of his own chamber to make room for his lordship.

When the released slave—or the captain, to give him his old title—saw the judge, he at once felt con-

The History of Don Quixote

vinced that he was one of his brothers, and on questioning the servants, it appeared that this was indeed the case. He therefore called aside Cardenio and the priest, and consulted them as to what he should do, saying that his brother, Juan Perez de Viedma, had been made a judge of the Mexican Court, and now, after a visit to Spain, was on the way back to the Indies with his young daughter. The captain added that he was eager to discover himself to his brother, but hesitated, not knowing what kind of a reception he might receive.

“Why should you doubt that it will be a kind one?” asked the priest.

“Because I am only a poor man,” was the reply, “and would like to be certain of his affection for me. If he were ashamed to acknowledge me, I should be ashamed of having made myself known to him.”

“Leave the matter to me,” said the good priest. “I do not believe that your brother is a hard man, and I am sure that he will welcome you with love and joy. However, as you are anxious, I will test him.”

He therefore went up to the judge, who was at supper, and entered into conversation with him, in the course of which he remarked: “My lord, some years ago, when I was a prisoner in Constantinople, I became acquainted with a gentleman of your name who had been a captain in the Spanish infantry.”

“Pray tell me what was his name, sir,” inquired the judge eagerly.

“It was Ruy Perez de Viedma,” said the priest; and then he told the whole story of the captain’s

Some Strange Adventures

adventures, and of his escape from Barbary with the beautiful Moorish maiden, Zoraida.

All this time the captain himself stood in a corner of the room, unobserved, but listening to everything that was said, and watching his brother's face intently.

When the priest's tale came to an end the judge sighed and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "Oh, sir! what you say touches me deeply, for this captain is my eldest brother, of whom we have heard nothing for many years. My father is still alive, but grieves always for his lost son, and longs to see him again before he dies. If only we had known that my brother was a captive, he need not have waited to be delivered from slavery by this Algerian lady. We would willingly have paid whatever ransom was required. But, sir, how can I discover where my brother is now, so that we may welcome him and the beautiful Zoraida?"

The priest, seeing that everything was satisfactory, went to the ladies' room and returned leading Zoraida by the hand. "This is your brother's deliverer," he said, "and here is Captain Viedma himself." The captain then came forward, and the delight of both him and his brother may be imagined. The whole company rejoiced with them, and it was arranged that they should all go to the city of Seville together, when the baptism and marriage of Zoraida could take place; and it was hoped that the old father would be able to travel to the city in order to witness the ceremonies.

Afterwards the judge and his daughter would continue their journey, for the Spanish ships were already at Seville waiting to sail for the Indies.

The History of Don Quixote

As it was now very late, all the company betook themselves to their beds, with the exception of Don Quixote, who believed that it was his duty to guard the castle by night, in case some giant or dragon should attack it. He therefore mounted Rosinante and stationed himself in front of the building.

The travellers all thanked the knight for his care of them, and the judge, being informed of the matter, was amused and pleased. Only Sancho Panza felt uneasy, for he knew that his master, standing sentinel in the yard of the inn, might meet with many unfortunate adventures, as was his wont. However, as he could do nothing in the matter, he retired to the stable, and settled himself comfortably for the night, with his head pillowed against the pack-saddle of his ass.

There was now a deep silence through the inn, but the host's daughter and the serving-maid were still awake, and they watched Don Quixote through the window of a loft, as he kept guard over the house which he still believed to be a castle. Every now and then he sighed deeply, or called on the name of his lady, saying: "Oh, my beloved Dulcinea del Torboso, how are you employed at this moment? May I hope that you are thinking of your knight-errant, who has endured so many hardships and braved so many dangers for your sweet sake?"

The two girls at the loft window, hearing this grand speech, made up their minds to have a little fun at the knight's expense; so, having fetched the halter of Sancho Panza's ass from the stable, they leaned out of the window and called to him. Don Quixote came

Some Strange Adventures

near, and then they declared that they were fair ladies of the castle, who, having heard of the famous hero of La Mancha and of his marvellous exploits, begged him now to reach up his hand to the window that they might have the honour of kissing it.

Don Quixote was gratified by this flattery, and coming close to the wall of the house, he climbed on to the saddle and stood upright so that he might the better be able to reach the window with his hand. "Here, madam," he said, "take this hand of mine, which is the executioner of all evildoers. I do not only hold it up that you may kiss it, but also that you may see its strength and know how mighty is the arm to which it is joined."

"We shall see about that soon," said the maid; and then she slipped one end of the halter in which she had made a noose over the knight's wrist, pulled it tight, and tied the other end to the door-key. Don Quixote was thus made prisoner, and the two girls, almost dying with laughter, ran away well pleased with the success of their escapade.

Our hero, left in this dangerous position—for he knew that if Rosinante moved but a step or two he should be hanging by his arm from the window—concluded that he had been bewitched, and began to bewail his hard fate and to call loudly to his squire for help. Sancho Panza, however, was sleeping soundly in the stable, and when dawn came his master was still standing on his horse's back with his arm securely fastened.

Before long, however, and while it was still twilight.

The History of Don Quixote

the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and four men rode up to the inn gate and began to knock loudly.

Don Quixote, seeing them, shouted in a loud voice: "Knights or squires, or whatever you may be, it is useless for you to attempt to enter this castle now.



"He was left hanging in mid-air."

Retire until it is clear day, and see then if they will admit you."

"Why, what place is this?" asked one of the horsemen. "If you are the innkeeper, open the door for us. We are in a hurry."

Some Strange Adventures

“Gentleman,” cried Don Quixote angrily, “what are you saying? Do I look like an innkeeper?”

“I don’t know what you are,” retorted the man, “but you talk like a lunatic if you call this place a castle.” With that he began to knock more violently than before, and the innkeeper, awakened by the noise, got up and came to the door. At this instant, too, as it happened, Rosinante moved away, and, Don Quixote’s feet slipping from the saddle, he was left hanging in mid-air and shouting lustily for assistance.

His outcries were soon heard by the host’s daughter and by the serving-maid, and they, thinking that it was time for the joke to end, ran back to the loft and cut the halter. The knight fell heavily to the ground, but he was not injured, and before anyone could go to his help he sprang up, mounted his horse, brandished his spear, and declared that he was ready to fight whosoever dared to say that he had been justly bewitched. The newcomers were amazed at this extraordinary conduct, but on hearing from the innkeeper that the knight was mad, they took no further notice of his antics.

CHAPTER XVI

“The controversy about the helmet of Mambrino, and how Don Quixote was arrested by an officer of the law.”

DON QUIXOTE was very much annoyed to find that his threats and challenges were alike disregarded, but at this moment another traveller arrived at the inn, and who should it prove to be but the barber from whom the knight had taken the basin which he called Mambrino's helmet.

The man led his ass into the stable, and there he caught sight of Sancho Panza, whom he recognised at once.

“Thief! Rogue!” he shouted at the top of his voice, and then, when everyone came running to see what was the matter, he cried: “Gentlemen, help me to get back my property, for this villain and his master robbed me on the king's highway, and took from me a special new basin that had cost me a crown.”

“That is a lie,” yelled Sancho; “it was not robbery, but lawful plunder, won by my lord, Don Quixote, on the field of battle.”

The knight himself now arrived upon the scene, and greatly approved his squire's behaviour. He thrust himself between the two men and, turning to the company, said: “Sirs, that you may know how

How Don Quixote was arrested

foolish is this claim against me, let me tell you that this thing which he degrades by the name of a barber's basin is nothing less than the famous golden helmet of Mambrino, which I won from him by force of arms. To show you that what I say is true, do you, Sancho, run and produce the helmet."

"Upon my word, sir!" cried Sancho, alarmed, "if this is to be the proof of our innocence, the helmet will show itself as arrant a basin as ever was seen."

"Obey me, sir," commanded Don Quixote; "it is not possible that everything in this castle is bewitched."

Sancho then fetched the basin, which his master held up in his hand, saying: "How can anyone dare say that this is a basin and not a helmet? I swear by my knighthood that it is the same head-piece that I won from this man."

"Indeed, it is that," said Sancho, "and since he won it my master has fought in but one battle, and then it is certain that his brains would have been dashed out by the stones of the galley slaves if it had not been for this same helmet-basin, which saved his life."

The barber then turned to the onlookers, and said to them: "Good gentlemen, let us have your opinions of the matter. I suppose you will not deny that this is nothing but a basin."

"He that dares to affirm such a thing," interrupted Don Quixote, "must know that he is telling a lie: a plain lie if he is a knight, and an abominable one if he is a mere squire."

The History of Don Quixote

The priest, Cardenio, and Don Ferdinand, were amused with this foolish parley, and to humour the knight pretended that they believed the brass basin to be really a helmet, whereupon the barber, completely bewildered, flew into a rage and declared that, come what might, he would have his property returned to him.

Just at this moment, three other travellers arrived, and, as luck would have it, they were officers of the Crown. They listened to the controversy, and when it was asserted that the basin was a gold helmet, one of them cried: "What foolishness is this? He that calls this thing a helmet is either a madman or a fool."

"You lie, unmannerly rogue!" exclaimed Don Quixote, when he heard this speech; and then he rushed forward, and had the man not leaped aside quickly, would have killed him. As it was, the lance was broken into pieces against the wall of the house. All was now confusion. The other officers ran forward to help their fellow, the innkeeper hurried to fetch his sword, the ladies were terrified, and Sancho Panza struggled fiercely with the barber for the possession of the brass basin.

Don Quixote, seeing that his spear was broken, now drew his sword; but in the middle of the turmoil he suddenly remembered his old stories of knight-errantry, and called out in such a loud voice that it seemed to shake the whole house: "Sirs, sheath your weapons, for this castle is enchanted, and within it are some legions of demons. Can you not see them now? And, behold, we ourselves do not know how or why we

How Don Quixote was arrested

fight. As to this dispute of the helmet, let my Lord Judge and his reverence the priest arrange the matter."

These words were Greek to the officers, and now another difficulty arose, for one of them produced a warrant and arrested Don Quixote for the crime of having freed the galley slaves. "You are the king's prisoner," he said, and with that he laid his hand on the knight's collar.

Our hero was enraged at this rough treatment, but he would assuredly have been carried off to prison had not the priest interposed and told the officers that the poor gentleman was mad – which, indeed, was easily seen to be the case.

At first the man that had the warrant refused to listen to this excuse, saying that it was no business of his, and that he must obey orders; but at last he allowed himself to be persuaded, and not only freed the knight, but offered to settle the controversy between Sancho Panza and the barber. This matter was at last decided by the priest offering to pay eight shillings for the basin, so that Don Quixote was at liberty to call it a helmet, if he wished, till Doomsday.

Everyone was now satisfied except the innkeeper, who, as the barber had received money, clamoured for the payment of his bill.

Don Quixote, as before, refused to pay him anything, saying that this was the custom of knights-errant. The host then declared that if this was the case he would keep Rosinante and Sancho's ass, but he was at last appeased on Don Ferdinand offering to settle the account.

The History of Don Quixote

Our hero, being now free from all his difficulties, thought that it was high time for him to set out once more on his journey, so he went up to Dorothea, and fell on his knees in front of her.

“Most beautiful lady,” he said, “a proverb tells us that diligence is the mother of success, and that, in warfare, it is always best to force a victory before an assault is expected by the enemy. This castle, dear princess, is a dangerous place, and, besides, if we linger, the giant who has invaded your kingdom may hear of our plans and shut himself up in some strong fortress. Let us therefore, madam, depart hence without delay.”

Here he stopped, and the lady replied gravely in these words:

“Sir Knight,” she said, “the great desire that you show to right wrongs and help the injured makes you worthy of the praise and thanks of the whole world. As to the time of our departure, that I leave to you, having given myself and my affairs entirely into your hands.”

“Then we will go at once,” declared Don Quixote, rising to his feet. “Fly, Sancho, saddle Rosinante, harness your ass, and make ready the lady’s mule. Let us take leave of the governor of the castle and of these lords and ladies without delay.”

Sancho Panza shook his head sadly when he heard this command. “Master,” he said, “certain it is that this same lady here, who calls herself the Princess Micomicona, is no more a queen than my grandmother. I think, sir, that instead of starting off again,



“‘Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance,’ she said.”

How Don Quixote was arrested

we had better stay where we are and leave adventures alone.”

At these words Don Quixote flew into a fury, as was his wont. He trembled with rage, his voice shook, and his eyes blazed. “You villain!” he cried. “How dare you say these things? Away with you, and never let me see your face again.”

All that poor Sancho could do now was to slink out of his master’s presence, but Dorothea did her best to calm the infuriated gentleman.

“Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance,” she said gently, “it is below your dignity to be angered with your squire in this fashion. Most likely he is himself under some strange spell, for enchantments of all sorts seem to be at work in this castle.”

“Why, truly you are right,” cried Don Quixote, completely pacified by these words; “that is the key to the whole matter. Doubtless the poor wretch is bewitched and is in the power of some sorcerer.”

The priest and Don Ferdinand then begged him to pardon Sancho, and the squire was brought back. He still trembled at the memory of his master’s wrath, and was quite ready to make a humble acknowledgment of his fault.

Don Quixote forgave his servant very graciously, and said: “Now, Sancho, my friend, will you not for the future believe what I have told you again and again? Everything in this castle is ruled by enchantment.”

“Indeed, master,” cried the penitent Sancho, “I will believe that everything here is a delusion—everything, that is, except my tossing in the blanket.

The History of Don Quixote

That was real enough, and happened in the ordinary course of things."

"Do not say that," quoth the other; "you are wrong indeed, for, if it had been a real happening, I should long ago have revenged myself on those who treated you so cruelly."

The rest of the company now desired to know about the business in question, and the innkeeper gave them so true an account of Sancho's tossing that they all laughed heartily. The squire would have been angry at their amusement, if his master had not assured him that it, like everything else, was a delusion. Sancho did not believe this statement, but, remembering his master's fiery temper, was wise enough to hold his tongue.

CHAPTER XVII

“The story of Don Quixote’s enchantment, together with the rare adventure of the procession of pilgrims.”

WHEN the company had passed two days at the inn, it was decided that an attempt should be made to take Don Quixote home without Dorothea and Don Ferdinand having to be put to further trouble in the matter.

The priest and Master Nicholas the barber agreed, therefore, that this time force as well as cunning should be employed; so they arranged for a wooden cage to be made, so large that in it a person could either sit up or lie down in comfort. This cage was to be drawn along the road by a waggoner with a team of oxen.

These plans being complete, the whole company of gentlemen disguised themselves as so many demons, and painted their faces or covered them with masks. They entered the knight’s room while he was asleep, and seized his arms and legs so that he could not move, and on waking could only stare in bewilderment at the strange figures that stood round his bed, which he took to be the imps of the enchanted castle.

Only Sancho Panza was in his right shape and character, and he did nothing to undeceive his master, but watched patiently, resolved to see the matter through.

The History of Don Quixote

Don Quixote likewise kept silence, for he firmly believed that he was under some terrible spell, and he submitted patiently when the demons lifted him from his bed and placed him in the cage. Then one of them, who was really the barber, said in a loud, dreadful voice: "Oh, Knight of the Doleful Countenance, be not angered at your imprisonment, which is surely ordered by Fate. The lion of La Mancha shall soon be united to the white dove of Torboso, and you shall find yourself ennobled and rewarded beyond your greatest dreams. Farewell, knight, for now I return—I know not whither."

During this speech the barber managed his voice so skilfully that even those who were in the plot might have imagined it to be supernatural.

Don Quixote was much comforted by the demon's utterances, for he took it to mean that he would soon be married to the fair Lady Dulcinea. He therefore said in reply: "Sir, whoever you may be, I thank you for your happy prophecy, and beg you to implore the great magician, in whose power I am, to protect me. As to my squire, I know him to be an honest man, and doubt not that he will be faithful to me now; even if Fate should make me unable to give him the island that I have promised him as a reward for his services, he shall at least receive his wages in full."

Sancho Panza, hearing this, bowed respectfully and kissed his master's hands. The cage was then hoisted on to the waggon and everything was made ready for departure. Rosinante was saddled and Don Quixote's shield and helmet were fastened to the

Don Quixote's Enchantment

pommels, Sancho mounted his ass, the knight bade farewell to the innkeeper and his wife, and two officers with carbines placed themselves on either side of the prisoner.



“Then the strange procession started.”

The priest and the barber, meanwhile, took leave of the rest of the company, and then the strange procession started, Don Quixote sitting upright in his cage

The History of Don Quixote

as silent and as motionless as if he had been a statue instead of a man.

The party had not travelled more than six miles in a slow and leisurely fashion, when they saw approaching a number of horsemen. These travellers proved to be churchmen, one of them a canon of the cathedral of Toledo, and when they saw the cage and its inmate they questioned the guard. Don Quixote, overhearing the conversation, explained that he was, by profession, a knight-errant, and that he had been enchanted by some powerful wizard.

The priest and the barber gravely confirmed this story, and the canon was so amazed that he decided to join company with the party in order to hear more of the matter. They all therefore journeyed on together, and the hours passed pleasantly enough in conversations on knight-errantry and other interesting subjects.

Later in the day a halt was made for rest and refreshment, and the prisoner, having given his word of honour not to escape, was allowed to come out of the cage and stretch his cramped limbs.

They all sat down on the grass to enjoy a meal, and while they were thus engaged a procession of pilgrims was seen, consisting of a number of men and women wearing white hoods. They were on their way to a shrine in the neighbourhood, and carried with them a large image of a saint.

Don Quixote, as was his habit, immediately believed that here was an adventure, and he mistook the image for some unfortunate lady whom miscreant knights were carrying away against her will.

Don Quixote's Enchantment

He therefore rose hastily, ran to Rosinante, who was grazing at a little distance, mounted her, and, drawing his sword, galloped towards the pilgrims at a good pace.

The priest and the barber tried to stop their foolish friend, but in vain; and Sancho shouted at the top of his voice: "Master, master, are you crazy? This is a party of holy pilgrims. Stop! or men will say that you have lost your wits."

Sancho Panza, however, might have spared his breath, for the knight took no notice of him whatever, but rode up to the pilgrims and ordered them to halt instantly, crying: "I charge you, villains, release immediately the beautiful lady whom you have carried away by violence. This do without delay, or I, who was born to prevent such outrages, will not allow you to advance a single step."

This speech only made the pilgrims laugh heartily, and then Don Quixote, losing his temper, attacked the men who carried the image with great fury. The fellows, however, resisted the assault, and that with such success that in a few minutes the knight was struck down to the ground, where he lay motionless as if dead.

Sancho Panza and the others now hurried to the scene of the encounter, and then the poor squire, seeing his master, as he thought, a dead man, threw himself on to his knees and lamented his loss in no measured terms. "Oh, flower of knighthood!" he cried, "what an unlucky end thou hast come to! Thou who wast the glory of La Mancha and of the whole world, which now, without thee, will be desolate and overrun with robbers and miscreants."

The History of Don Quixote

The woeful voice of his servant roused Don Quixote from his swoon, and he then said: "Oh, Sancho, help me once more, I pray you, into the enchanted car, for I am now in no condition to mount Rosinante."

"With all my heart, sir," cried Sancho, overjoyed to see that his master was still alive, "and would it not be well for us now to go back to our own village with these gentlemen, your friends? At home we will think of some new journey, which perchance will be more fortunate and profitable than this one has been."

"It shall be as you say, my friend," replied the knight; and then Don Quixote was lifted up and placed on a truss of hay in the waggon, after which the procession started off once more.

In about six days' time the knight's native village was reached, and there, as it was a Sunday, all the people were assembled together in the market-place. Their amazement when they saw the travellers knew no bounds, and while they were gaping and chattering, a little boy ran off to Don Quixote's house and told the housekeeper and the niece that their master was returning, looking lean and frightful, and lying in a waggon drawn by oxen.

The two poor women were horrified when they heard this sad news, but they received the knight with many tears, and, putting him to bed, set to work to cure him of his injuries.

The priest then had a conversation with Don Quixote's niece, and charged her to be very tender and careful with her uncle, and also to keep a sharp watch lest he should make plans for another journey.

Don Quixote's Enchantment

He informed her, at the same time, of the great trouble and expense that he and the barber had been put to in getting him home. The young woman began to weep afresh when she heard this, and protested that it was all the fault of the books on knight-errantry, and that she had no doubt at all that her uncle would want to be off again as soon as he had recovered. This, indeed, soon proved to be the case.

Sancho Panza, meanwhile, had gone to his own home. He was greeted by his wife with the words, "Is the ass well?" And when she heard that the animal had never been better in its life, she asked him whether he had brought her home a new dress, a petticoat, or perhaps some shoes for the children, as a result of his squiring.

"In truth, dear wife," answered Sancho, "I have brought none of these things. But rest satisfied, for sure it is that we shall sally forth once more in search of new adventures. Then I shall return an earl or the governor of some island, for, although we have had many blows and unlucky mishaps, it is indeed a fine thing for a man to be the squire of a knight-errant."

CHAPTER XVIII

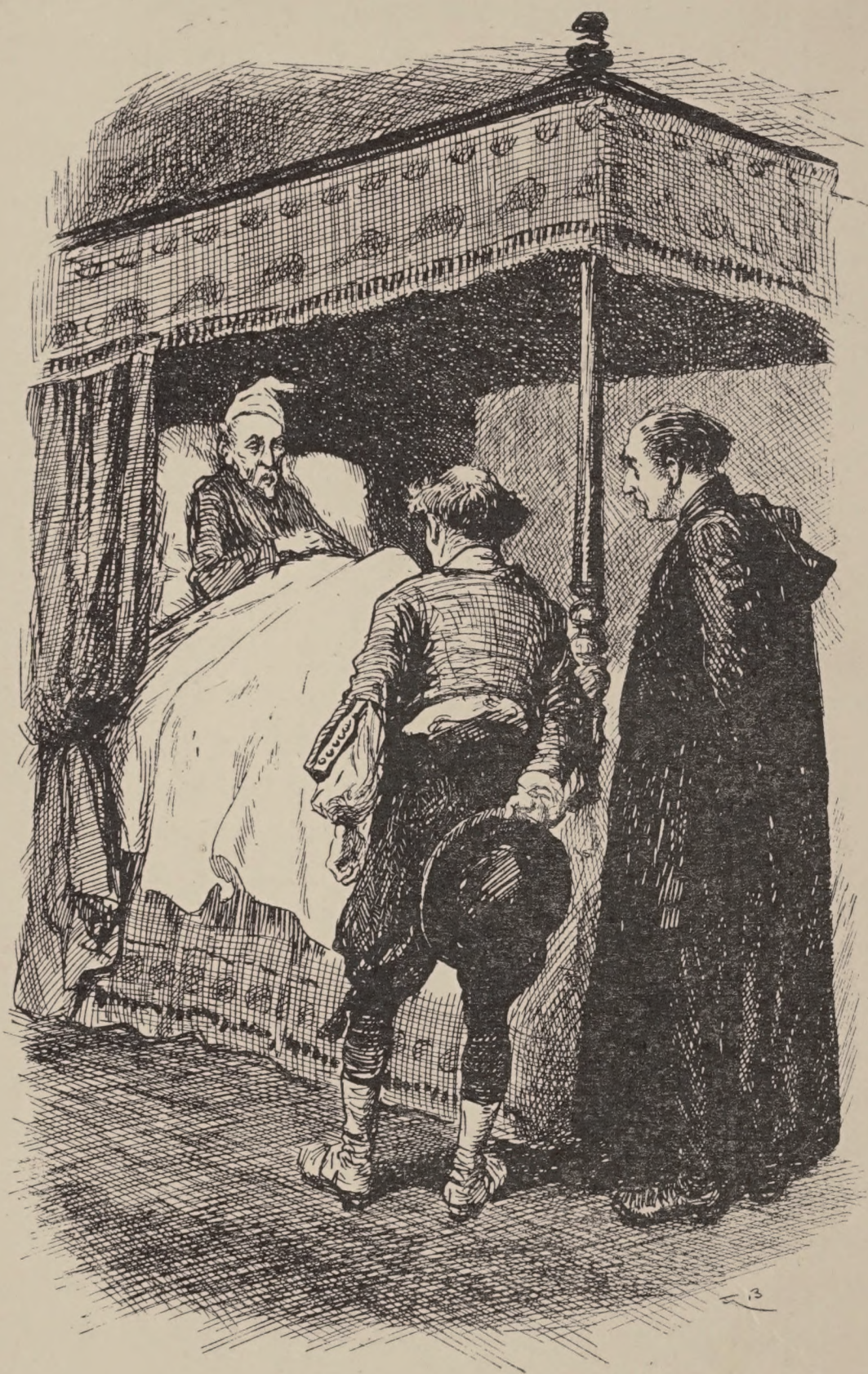
“How Don Quixote became acquainted with the scholar, Samson Carrasco, and started off once more on a journey in search of adventures, together with an account of his visit to the city of Torboso.”

FOR more than a month our hero, Don Quixote, lay in bed recovering from his injuries, and during all that time his old friends, the priest and the barber, did not once pay him a visit, although every day they saw his niece and the housekeeper and gave them directions as to the treatment and diet of the patient.

The truth was that the two men were afraid that the sight of them might remind Don Quixote of his past foolishness, and make him long to start out again in search of adventures. At last, however, on hearing that he seemed to be in his right senses, they arranged to see him, and agreed together beforehand that not one word should be spoken on the subject of knight-errantry.

They therefore went to the knight's house, and found him sitting up in bed, wearing a green jacket and with a red night-cap on his head.

He looked very thin, and as much withered as some Egyptian mummy, but he received his guests



"They found him sitting up in bed."

The Journey to Torboso

politely, and they conversed about such safe subjects as politics, laws, and governments.

The housekeeper and the niece were present during the conversation, and they rejoiced to hear their master talk so discreetly.

Before long, however, disappointment came, for when the priest happened to mention that the Sultan of Turkey intended to invade Europe with a large force, Don Quixote declared that one Christian champion might well be a match for the whole of the pagan army, and that he, for his part, would remain a knight-errant until the end of his life.

The priest and Master Nicholas did their best to divert Don Quixote's attention to other matters, and met with some success, but before long they were disturbed by a loud noise coming from the back-yard below. Looking out of the window, they discovered that Sancho Panza was trying to force his way into the house.

The two women endeavoured to keep the man out, declaring that he was the cause of all their master's troubles, but Sancho, remembering the island which had been promised to him, made such a turmoil that Don Quixote heard it and gave orders that he was to be admitted. When the barber and the priest had departed, the foolish squire and the still more foolish knight had a long conversation together, and made up their minds that in four days' time they would start out on their travels again.

During their interview Sancho Panza told his master that a certain scholar named Samson Carrasco,

The History of Don Quixote

having heard of his exploits, desired to meet him. The knight granted this request, and the scholar, who proved to be a stout young man with a wide mouth and a flat nose, paid him a visit. Carrasco professed to take a great interest in the adventures of our hero, and advised him on his next journey to go to Saragossa, where a great tournament was to be held, and where, by vanquishing all other warriors present, Don Quixote might prove himself the champion of the whole world.

As may be imagined, the housekeeper and the niece were in despair when they heard of their master's plans, but nothing that they could say or do was of any avail, and all preparations were made for departure.

Don Quixote, on this occasion, was determined to have a complete helmet, and a second-hand one was procured by Sancho, which, although tarnished and very rusty, would serve the purpose well.

With this helmet on his head, therefore, and mounted on Rosinante, the knight set out once more on his travels, accompanied by Sancho Panza, who rode his ass, Dapple, and carried a purse full of money and a wallet well stocked with provisions.

The two adventurers first took the road to Torboso, for Don Quixote was intent on paying a visit to the Lady Dulcinea, and before they had gone very far Rosinante began to neigh and the ass to bray. This was taken to be a good omen, and as the noise made by the donkey was the louder, Sancho felt certain that his good fortune would excel that of his master. The squire was a firm believer in omens and portents,

The Journey to Torboso

and often, when his ass stumbled or fell, declared that the accident most likely foretold broken bones or bruises. From this it will be seen that Sancho Panza had some sense after all.

As they rode along, Don Quixote summoned his squire to his side and said to him: "Friend, I find that it is getting late and that night will have fallen before we can reach Torboso, where, before starting on this expedition, I intend to pay my vows to the peerless Dulcinea, to receive her blessing, and to bid her farewell. There is nothing in the wide world that gives a knight so much courage as the smile of his lady-love."

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Sancho, "but I do not see how she will give you her blessing unless she throws it to you over the mud wall, as she threw my bread and cheese when I went to tell her of your mad antics in the Black Mountain."

"Mud wall!" cried Don Quixote; "what can you be talking about? There was no mud wall except in your dull imagination. The princess was doubtless walking in some courtyard or gallery of the stately royal palace when you saw her."

"It may be so," quoth Sancho, "but for my part it seemed to me nothing better nor worse than a mud wall."

"It is no matter," said the knight, "let us go thither; I only long to see my fair Dulcinea, and do not care whether I behold her bright eyes over a mud wall, through the palings of a garden, or at a lattice window."

"Truly, sir," cried Sancho, "when I saw that lady,

The History of Don Quixote

methinks her eyes did not sparkle so brightly as you say, but that may have been because the corn that she was winnowing raised a cloud about her, and made her look somewhat dull."

"I tell you, idiot," said the knight, "it is you and your fancy that are dull. When will you cease to say that the Lady Dulcinea was winnowing grain? Are such things ever done by persons of her quality? Doubtless she was seated on the grass, working at some rich embroidery in which gold and pearls were cunningly interwoven. That was how my princess was employed when you saw her, but mayhap the envious spite of some magician distorted your vision."

"No doubt you are correct," said the squire; "but why should a magician be envious of me? I never said an ill word of one of them in all my life. The truth is, I have my own roguish tricks now and then, although folks do say that I am more fool than knave. However, what does it matter? Let them say what they like; it's all the same to me."

Thus conversing together, the two travellers arrived, towards evening, at Torboso. The sight of the city cheered Don Quixote, but it had quite a different effect on Sancho Panza, who had no idea where the Lady Dulcinea lived, and feared that his master would soon discover the trick that had been played upon him.

However, he had a short respite, for Don Quixote having decided that they would not enter the town until nightfall, they spent some time among a grove of oak-trees at a little distance, and refreshed themselves with food and repose.

The Journey to Torboso

It was midnight when at last the knight and his squire left their resting-place, and, descending a hill, made their way into the town of Torboso.

It was a clear night; indeed, Sancho Panza wished that it had been much darker, so that his own folly and that of his master might more easily have been concealed. Everybody seemed to be asleep, and a deep silence reigned over the whole city, broken only by such sounds as the barking of dogs, the squealing of pigs, the mewling of cats, and the braying of donkeys.

As they drew near to the town, Don Quixote turned to his squire and addressed him in these words: "My friend, show me at once the palace of the Lady Dulcinea; it is late, but perchance we may still find her awake."

"Palace!" cried Sancho; "what are you talking about, sir? When I saw the lady, she was in a miserable little hovel."

"It is quite possible," answered the knight, "that she was then in some corner of the great palace, amusing herself with her ladies, as great dames and princesses often do."

"Well, master, that may be so," returned the other, "but be sure this is not a good time to pay visits. Everyone will be asleep, and if we thunder at the door to rouse them, the whole city will be disturbed."

"That is no matter," answered the knight loftily. "Find the palace and then I will tell you what to do. But stay! surely that tall, gloomy building must be Dulcinea's residence."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, shrugging his shoulders,

The History of Don Quixote

“lead on, sir; but for my part I shall not believe in the palace even if I see it with my own eyes and touch it with all my ten fingers.”

Don Quixote therefore rode on, and after about one hundred paces came to the great building, which, however, proved to be the cathedral.

“We are mistaken, Sancho,” he said; “this is a church, I find.”

“It is,” replied Sancho Panza, “and how came you, sir, to make such a blunder, when I have told you all the time that the Lady Dulcinea’s house is in a small blind alley?”

“Have you entirely lost your wits, man?” was the knight’s angry response. “Surely you must have known that royal palaces are never found in blind alleys.”

“Every country has its own habits and customs,” said the other, “and for all that we know, in Torboso they may build their great edifices in such places. Therefore, your worship, let me go alone and hunt about in the alleys and by-ways. Perhaps, then, in some hole or corner, I may chance upon this same palace. But indeed, sir, I cannot see why you trust to me for guidance. I have been only once to this dame’s house, and you must have visited it a thousand times.”

“Sancho, you anger me,” said Don Quixote impatiently; “have I not told you over and over again that I have never seen the peerless Dulcinea or her palace? I love her only by hearsay, and from having been told of her beauty and rare accomplishments.”

The Journey to Torboso

“Ah, well, if that is all,” said Sancho, “let me tell you that I have never seen her either, for, to speak the honest truth, my visit to her was hearsay, and the answer to your letter was hearsay, and I know the Lady Dulcinea no more than I know the man in the moon.”

“Sancho, Sancho,” said Quixote gravely, “this is no time for mirth and foolish jests. Why, because I say that I have never set eyes on my dear lady, do you declare that you also have not seen her? You know full well that you are not speaking the truth.”

Here the conversation between the knight and his squire was interrupted by the sound of singing, and a countryman came by, driving mules and chanting so doleful a ditty that Don Quixote took it to be a bad omen. However, he addressed the fellow and said: “Good-morrow, honest friend, can you direct me to the palace of the Lady Dulcinea of Torboso?”

“Sir, I am a stranger here,” was the man’s reply, “but I have never heard tell of a princess dwelling in this city. There may be one, for all I know.” Then he whipped up his mules and went on.

Don Quixote was discouraged at this want of success in his inquiries, and Sancho, seeing this, hastened to put in a word.

“Sir,” he said, “daybreak is at hand, and we do not want to stay here and be stared at by the folks in the street. Let us go out to some wood, where we can rest awhile, and then I will return alone and search the whole town. It is certain that, in the long run, I shall find the lady’s palace. Then will I talk to her

The History of Don Quixote

and tell her that you are at hand awaiting her commands and longing to see her.”

Don Quixote approved this plan of his squire's, so they rode out of the city and returned to the grove of oak-trees where they had stayed before. Later in the day, Sancho, as he had proposed, returned to the search, his master bidding him farewell in these words:

“Go, my child, and be happy in your errand, for I am sending you to the palace of the Queen of Beauty. When you find it, observe well everything that happens: mark if the lady blushes at the mention of my name, whether she appears to be kind or disdainful, and whether she is standing, or seated on her throne. Read her thoughts, note her gestures, treasure in your memory every word that she utters. Now go, my faithful squire, and may good fortune attend you!”

“Aye, I'll be off at once, sir,” said Sancho in reply, “and, in the meantime, cheer up. I will be back again in a trice. Do not be downhearted, and remember the old proverb: ‘Faint heart never won fair lady.’”

With that the man whipped up his ass and rode away, leaving his master seated on horseback, with his head full of melancholy thoughts and confused fancies.

CHAPTER XIX

“How Sancho Panza found a way to enchant the Lady Dulcinea of Torboso, together with the stupendous adventure of the play-actors.”

AFTER parting from his master, Sancho Panza rode on a little way in the direction of Torboso, but as soon as he was well out of sight of the oak-grove he stopped, dismounted, and, throwing himself on to the ground under a tree, began to make plans for the future and to wonder how he might best trick the knight again.

“Friend Sancho, what is to be done now?” he said to himself, “for it is quite certain that one might as well hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay as search for this same Lady Dulcinea in Torboso. However, my master is crazy—so crazy that he mistakes black for white, windmills for giants, and flocks of harmless sheep for great armies. Why, then, should he not mistake a simple country girl for his peerless princess? And, besides, if he will not believe it, I will swear that it is so. If he swear again, I will out-swear him. If he be positive, I will be more positive still, and for sure it will be easy enough to persuade him that one of his rascally wizards has enchanted the lady.”

Having come to this decision, Sancho Panza

The History of Don Quixote

mounted his ass once more and rode on towards the town.

He had not gone far before he caught sight of three peasant girls coming along the track riding donkeys; and then, as it seemed to him that these maidens would admirably serve his purpose, he turned and hurried back to Don Quixote with all speed.

“Sir,” he cried, “come at once, and do not delay for a moment. You have but to ride down into the fields, and there you will see the Lady Dulcinea herself, attended by two of her damsels, coming from her palace to meet your worship.”

“What are you saying?” exclaimed the knight, amazed at this good news. “Are you sure that it is true? Do not, I pray you, deceive me with false tidings.”

“Why should I deceive you, sir?” was the squire’s reply. “But, come! Seeing is believing, and you shall behold the lady princess herself, together with her maidens, all one sparkle of gold, decked out with pearls, rubies, and diamonds, and with their long hair straying and waving in the wind like so many sunbeams. They are mounted on ambling nags, and true it is that I have never set eyes on three more lovely creatures in all my born days.”

“Let us start at once,” cried Don Quixote, never doubting that the man was speaking the truth, “and as a reward for your good service, Sancho, I will bestow upon you all the spoils of our next adventure and also the three finest colts in my stable at home.”

“Thank you for the colts, master,” said Sancho,



“The Lady Dulcinea, attended by two of her damsels.”

The Lady Dulcinea

“but as for the spoils, I’m not sure that they are likely to be worth anything at all.”

[By this time the two riders had reached the outskirts of the wood and could see the three country girls on their asses quite near at hand. Don Quixote paid no heed to them, but, turning to his squire, asked him whether the Princess Dulcinea and her ladies had yet left Torboso.

“Left Torboso!” echoed Sancho in feigned amazement; “why, sir, where are your eyes? Cannot you see them?—there, in front of us, shining as brightly as the sun at noonday.”

“I see nothing,” answered the knight, “except three country maids on three asses.”

“Now this is indeed a marvel!” cried Sancho Panza, pretending to be overcome with astonishment. “Is it possible that your worship can mistake three palfries, white as driven snow, for three common donkeys?”

“Friend,” replied the knight, “those are donkeys as surely as I am Don Quixote de la Mancha—or so, at least, they appear to me.”

“Come, come, sir!” cried the other, “do not talk like that; but hasten! Pay your homage to the lady.”

With that he jumped off Dapple, and, running forward, seized one of the other asses by its halter. Falling on his knees in front of it, he exclaimed in a humble voice: “Princess and Queen of Beauty, here is your true knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, he who is known to the world as the ‘Knight of the Doleful Countenance’; and I am his squire, Sancho Panza.”

Don Quixote had by this time also dismounted

The History of Don Quixote

and placed himself upon his knees beside Sancho, but when he saw that the Lady Dulcinea was nothing but a peasant girl, and a plain one at that, he was so taken aback that he could not say a single word.

The damsels themselves were as much amazed as the knight, but at last the one whom Sancho had addressed found her tongue and cried roughly: "Come, sirs, get out of our way, for we have business and are in a hurry."

"Oh, princess!" exclaimed Sancho; "oh, great Lady of Torboso! Why does not your heart melt when you see the devotion of this your champion?"

"Lackaday!" cried another of the girls, "it is a fine thing for a grand gentleman to make fun of poor country girls. Go, mind your own affairs, sir, and let us mind ours. Be off with you, and good-day."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, when he heard these words, "certain it is that ill-luck still attends us, and that I am once more persecuted by a wicked magician."

"Get away, sir, and let us pass," demanded the imaginary Lady Dulcinea; and then she hit her ass soundly with a stick that she had in her hand, and scoured away across the plain at a great pace. However, the beast was enraged at the rough treatment it had received, and soon began to kick so violently that the rider was thrown to the ground.

Don Quixote hurried up to help the girl, and would have lifted her into the saddle, but she would have none of his assistance, and, instead, jumped nimbly on to the animal and rode away, her two companions following as quickly as they could.

The Lady Dulcinea

Don Quixote stared after the riders until they were out of sight, and then turned sadly to his squire. "Sancho," he said, "what think you of this matter? Are not these enchanters cruel and ruthless? Not content with bringing misfortune upon me at every turn, they have now transformed my beautiful Dulcinea into a rough and homely country girl. In truth, I am the most unhappy man in the whole world."

The mischievous Sancho could hardly help laughing when he heard his master talk in this melancholy fashion, but he did not undeceive him, and, mounting their steeds once more, they rode away in the direction of Saragossa.

Poor Don Quixote was downcast for a long time after his distressing meeting with the supposed Lady Dulcinea, and he rode on his way carelessly, giving Rosinante a free rein and allowing her to stop and graze as she pleased.

Sancho tried his best to cheer the knight, but it was in vain, and the mood continued until at last he was aroused by a strange sight that appeared coming along the road.

It was an open waggon, driven by a hideous imp, and containing the most motley party of travellers that ever was seen. There was a ghost among them an angel with large, brightly coloured wings, a Cupid armed with bows and arrows, an emperor wearing a golden crown, and many others.

Sancho Panza was terrified out of his wits when he saw this amazing company, and even Don Quixote was taken aback. However, he quickly came to the

The History of Don Quixote

conclusion that this was only some new adventure, so he rode boldly forward and placed himself in front of the waggon ready to confront any danger.

“Carter, coachman, or demon,” he cried in a loud voice, “tell me instantly who you are, whence you come, whither you go, and what is the meaning of the strange figures in your carriage.”

“Good sir,” answered the imp very politely, “we are only play-actors, strolling mountebanks that belong to Anguelo’s company. We have acted a play in one town this morning, and shall perform it in another this afternoon, and so, to save ourselves trouble, we travel in our players’ dresses from place to place.”

“Now, by my faith!” exclaimed the knight, “it is true that we must not always judge by appearances. I could have sworn that this was some great adventure. However, I wish you well, good folks, and believe me I shall be always ready to do you service.”

All seemed going well, but, unluckily, just at this moment another strange figure appeared upon the scene. This was the fool of the company, and he came up jingling his bells and flourishing three large bladders that were fastened to a stick. After the manner of jesters he at once began to play antics and to bounce the bladders against the ground, and this so frightened Rosinante that she pranced and capered. Don Quixote tried to control the horse, but in vain, and, getting the bit between her teeth, Rosinante set off at a gallop and careered wildly up and down.

Sancho, seeing his master’s danger, dismounted

The Lady Dulcinea

and ran to his assistance, and then the fool sprang on to Dapple's back and rode away towards the town.

At the same moment Rosinante made a false step and fell heavily, so there was poor Sancho between



“This so frightened Rosinante that he pranced and capered.”

two stools, and uncertain whether to rescue his ass or his master.

However, like a good servant, he chose the latter course, and when he had helped Don Quixote to his

The History of Don Quixote

feet, he exclaimed: "Oh! sir, some demon in cap and bells has run away with my Dapple."

"Some demon?" exclaimed the knight. "No matter, Sancho. I will bring him back to you, even though he be carried away to the deepest caverns of the nether regions. In the meantime, let us attack the waggon and take the mules in exchange for your ass."

"There is no hurry now, sir," quoth the squire, "for the demon has left Dapple already, and gone on his way."

This was true. The ass had thrown the play-actor, and was now trotting back to his own master.

Sancho Panza was now all for leaving well alone, but Don Quixote would not hear of such a course, and rode after the waggon, determined to punish the play-actors for their insolence.

"Stop! rascals," he cried. "Halt! I will teach you to be more civil to the beast that belongs to the squire of a knight-errant."

On hearing these words the mountebanks waited for no more, but hurriedly alighted from the waggon, and, snatching up stones, prepared to meet their assailant with a shower of missiles.

Don Quixote, nothing daunted, would have attacked the whole company, but Sancho Panza hurried up and implored him to beware.

"Are you mad, master?" he shouted. "It is not courage but rash foolhardiness for one man to fight an army; besides, there is not a single knight among this rabble. It is not seemly that you should engage in battle with them."

The Lady Dulcinea

“There is truth in what you say,” said Don Quixote, somewhat appeased. “For, indeed, I am bound not to combat with any below the order of knighthood. Besides, this is your affair, for the ass was yours. You, then, shall do battle with the rogues, and I will stand aside and assist you with advice and encouragement.”

“No, thank you, sir,” replied Sancho; “I hate revenge, and am willing to forget and forgive. As for Dapple, he will leave the matter to me, and only wants to live quietly and peaceably.”

On hearing this, Don Quixote agreed to pardon the play-actors, and he rode away followed by his squire. Thus the adventure ended more happily than might have been expected.

CHAPTER XX

“The valiant Don Quixote’s strange adventure with the bold Knight of the Mirrors.”

WHEN night came, after the encounter of Don Quixote and his squire with the play-actors, a halt was made under some trees. The two adventurers seated themselves comfortably on the grass and enjoyed a good meal, having brought plenty of provisions with them from the inn.

After supper they talked together for a while, and then fell asleep, but before very long the knight was awakened by the sound of voices near at hand. He got up, looked through the trees, and saw two men, one of whom was just alighting from his horse.

“Dismount, friend,” this man said to his companion, “and unsaddle your beast, for there seems to be plenty of pasture in this place, and the silence and solitude will give me time for thought.”

As he spoke he threw himself down on to the grass, and there was such a clash of armour that Don Quixote felt certain that the newcomer must be a knight-errant. He therefore awoke Sancho Panza and whispered to him: “Man, rouse yourself, here is an adventure.”

“Heaven send it be a fortunate one!” was the squire’s answer, as he got up from his resting-place.

“I will not promise you that it is actually an

The Knight of the Mirrors

adventure,” said Don Quixote, “but it is as good a beginning of one as ever was. A knight-errant is here, over yonder, and he seems to be in a very sorrowful case.”

“Hark! he is tuning some instrument.”

“You are right, sir,” said Sancho, peering through the trees; “it is even as you say. For my part, I fancy that he must be in love.”

“All knights-errant are in love,” asserted Don Quixote, and then they both listened while the unknown warrior sang a pitiful love-song. When it came to an end the man sighed deeply and cried in a mournful voice: “Oh, most beautiful and most ungrateful of women! Oh, fair Casildea de Vandalia! How can you suffer a knight who worships you to wander over the earth, disconsolate and weary? Have I not caused you to be acclaimed the Queen of Beauty by all the champions of Navarre and Castile—indeed, by all the knights of La Mancha?”

“Not so,” exclaimed Don Quixote in a loud voice, “for I myself am a knight of La Mancha, and I have never acknowledged any Queen of Beauty save my own Lady Dulcinea. Sancho, it is plain that this man has lost his wits.”

At that the other, overhearing, rose to his feet and cried: “Who is there? What are you?”

“A knight-errant,” was the reply, “and although I have my own sorrows, I can always sympathise with others who are likewise unfortunate. As I gather from your grievous complaints, sir, you have a lady, and she treats you with disdain.”

The History of Don Quixote

“That is true,” answered the unknown; and then the two knights sat down on the grass side by side and conversed together, while their squires, having withdrawn to a little distance, made merry with food and drink.

The unknown knight related his unhappy love-story to Don Quixote, and described how his lady, the peerless Casildea, had sent him forth again and again on dangerous quests, promising each time that if he were successful she would be his bride, but always, on his return, breaking her word and putting him to some new trial.

“I never know which of the commands will be the last,” he said sadly, “for ever she sets me new labours and enjoins new exploits. Now she has bidden me travel throughout the length and breadth of Spain and challenge to mortal combat any knight who refuses to confess that she is the most beautiful lady in the world. Already I have journeyed far and overcome many warriors, among them the famous Don Quixote, whom I forced to acknowledge that my Casildea is superior to his Dulcinea of Torboso.”

Don Quixote was naturally amazed when he heard this, but he managed to control his rage, and said with apparent calm: “Sir Knight, I will admit that your victories have extended all over Spain, perhaps, even, over the whole world, but that you have vanquished Don Quixote I beg leave to doubt. You may have fought with someone who resembles him, although there are few like him in appearance.”

“What do you mean, sir?” cried the other. “I

The Knight of the Mirrors

swear that I fought with Don Quixote himself and conquered him. He is a tall, lanky fellow with a hawk nose and long moustaches. He has taken the title of the 'Knight of the Doleful Countenance,' and he has as squire a man named Sancho Panza."

"Pray, sir, not so fast," put in the other; "this same Don Quixote is a dear friend of mine. I love him as much as I love myself. You cannot have fought with him; but this I will allow: many enchanters are foes of this knight, and one of them may have assumed his shape and battled with you. To prove the truth of my words, behold, here is Don Quixote himself, and he will fight with you now, either on horseback or on foot, as you will." As he said this, the speaker sprang up and drew his sword from its scabbard.

The other knight rose too, and addressed our hero in these words: "Sir," he said, "I that have fought Don Quixote when transformed do not fear him in his own shape; but let us wait till morning, and then we will engage in mortal combat."

"Agreed," said Don Quixote; and this matter being arranged, they went to rouse their squires—who were sleeping soundly—and to bid them prepare, dawn being by this time close at hand.

Sancho Panza was thunderstruck when he heard the news, for the servant of the unknown knight had told him great things of his master's prowess and courage. The two fellows talked together now as they saddled the horses.

"Friend," said the newcomer, "as our masters are to fight, we will have a tussle together as well, for

The History of Don Quixote

in my country of Andalusia it is never the way for the seconds to stand idle during a battle."

"It may be a custom in your country," retorted Sancho, "but it is a very bad one, and I will not obey it, that's flat, sir. Besides, I have no sword, so how could we fight?"

"I have two linen bags here," said the other; "you take one, and we will use them as weapons."

"With all my heart," cried Sancho, delighted at the prospect of a bloodless combat; "that will dust our jackets for us and do no harm."

"Not so," quoth the other squire, "for we will each put half a dozen sharp stones into the bag to give it weight."

"In that case," answered Sancho, "and on second thoughts, I am in no humour for a fight. Why should we risk our lives needlessly? I am not angry with you, and it would be foolish to attack you in cold blood. Let our masters fight if they wish, it is nothing to us."

"As you will," said the other. "Dawn is breaking; then we can see what is to be done."

And now the sun rose, and a thousand pretty birds began to sing. The woods were cheered and the flowers gave out their fragrance. There was a pleasant murmur of rippling brooks, and dewdrops sparkled on every leaf and blade of grass.

As soon as it was light Don Quixote turned to his opponent, and saw him to be strong-limbed, although not tall. His visor was down, so that his face could not be seen. A great plume of yellow, green, and

The Knight of the Mirrors

white feathers waved above his helm, and over his armour he wore a coat of cloth of gold set with pieces of looking-glass cut into half moons, which glistened and made a great show. He had a long, thick spear with a steel head nearly a foot in length.

As for the squire, he was seen to be an amazing fellow, for his nose was of such a monstrous size that



“He was seen to be an amazing fellow.”

it seemed to overshadow his whole body. He looked like a hobgoblin, and both Sancho and Don Quixote stared at him horrified.

Our hero then turned to the other warrior and said: “Sir Knight of the Mirrors, lift your visor so that I may see your face before we begin our battle.”

“I cannot yet satisfy your curiosity, sir,” was the

The History of Don Quixote

answer, "for every moment of delay is a wrong done to my Lady Casildea. But when the combat is over, whether you are vanquished or victorious, I will surely show you my countenance."

This said, they mounted their horses without further parley, and prepared for the fray, which, however, quickly came to an end. They first drew apart a little distance, and then Don Quixote rode forward at a great pace. The Knight of the Mirrors prepared to meet him, but was encumbered with his lance, which he did not seem to know how to use. While in confusion, therefore, he was attacked by our hero with great fury, and hurled to the ground, where he lay motionless, silent, and without a sign of life.

Sancho Panza now rushed forward to help his master, who had dismounted and was unlacing the helmet of the fallen knight in order to give him air. They lifted the visor, and there, to their amazement, was the face of the scholar, Samson Carrasco.

Don Quixote raised his sword and was about to slay the man forthwith, thinking that this was some new enchantment, but at this moment the other squire rushed up. He was without his nose, which had been a false one, used as a disguise; and now, who should he prove to be but Thomas Cecial, a neighbour and old friend of Sancho's!

"Heaven defend us! who is this?" cried Sancho. "Thomas, is it indeed you?"

"It is," said the other, "and soon I will tell you by what tricks we were brought here. Meanwhile, let not your master slay this Knight of the Mirrors,

The Knight of the Mirrors

for sure it is that he is Samson Carrasco, and no one else.”

The fallen man now began to revive, and then Don Quixote, who did not believe the squire’s testimony, set the point of his sword to his throat, and said: “Knight, you die instantly, unless you confess that the Lady Dulcinea exceeds Casildea in beauty; and you must also confess that the knight whom you formerly vanquished was not, nor could have been, Don Quixote de la Mancha. It was some magician in his likeness, even as you, who appear to be the scholar Carrasco, are not really he, as I know full well.”

“I will confess and allow and believe anything you like,” cried the fallen man, and then Don Quixote raised him to his feet and bade him farewell.

Our hero and his squire rode away in the direction of Saragossa, while the Knight of the Mirrors, in a very bad temper, together with Thomas Cecial, made their way as best they could in the direction of some town where ointments and plasters for broken ribs might be procured.

And now this is the truth of the whole matter.

When the scholar Carrasco advised Don Quixote to travel to Saragossa, it was as the result of a conference held with the priest and the barber, their object being, as before, to cure our hero of his taste for knight-errantry.

They thought that if Don Quixote met another warrior and were vanquished by him, he would easily be persuaded to return quietly to his home and village. Carrasco undertook to act the part of the conquering

The History of Don Quixote

knight, and it was agreed that Thomas Cecial should be his squire.

The pair followed closely behind Don Quixote when he set out on his journey, and they overtook him in the wood where the battle was fought.

As we have seen, the affray ended in disaster for Samson Carrasco, and he now refused to listen when his squire suggested that it was high time for them to return home.

“You can do what you like,” he said, “but I will never return until I have paid out that mad knight for the broken bones he has given me. I will fight him again, and next time it will not be that he may recover his wits, but for pure revenge. Truly, the pain in my limbs has taken all charity out of me.”

CHAPTER XXI

“An account of the incredible valour of Don Quixote, with the successful issue of the adventure of the lions.”

AFTER his victorious encounter with the Knight of the Mirrors, Don Quixote rode on his way rejoicing, and all his past misfortunes, such as the stones of the shepherds and the ingratitude of the galley slaves, were forgotten. It only now remained to free Dulcinea from her enchantment, and then, so he told himself, he would be the happiest man in the whole world.

While he was thus busy with pleasant thoughts, a traveller rode up behind, mounted on a fine horse and dressed all in green. He saluted very politely, and then Don Quixote called to him and said: “Sir, if you are not in too much haste, we should be glad of your company on the road.”

The other agreed to this proposal, and so they journeyed on side by side, conversing together on literature, knight-errantry, and many other subjects.

The newcomer's name proved to be Don Diego de Miranda, and he invited Don Quixote to be his guest, as he lived in a village not far away.

In this manner the time passed very agreeably, but, before long, there appeared in the distance a large

The History of Don Quixote

waggon decked with little flags that displayed the king's colours. Don Quixote, making certain that this was some adventure, called to the squire telling him to bring his helmet without delay.

Now, Sancho Panza, who carried the knight's helmet at his saddle-bow, had loitered behind to buy milk from some shepherds. He had just purchased a quantity of curds, and when his master called, not wishing to waste the dainties, he clapped them into the helmet. He then obeyed the summons.

"Give me my helmet, sir," cried the knight, as Sancho rode up, "for, if I know anything of adventures, I spy one yonder. I have many enemies and can never tell how or in what guise they will attack me."

With this he snatched the helmet from his squire and clapped it on to his head, and immediately the whey from the curds began to trickle down over his face and neck.

"Why, what is this?" he cried in alarm. "Have I broken my skull, or are my brains melting?"

He then took off the helmet, and, discovering the curds, turned upon Sancho and rebuked him soundly.

"Vile traitor!" he exclaimed. "Unmannerly rascal! How dare you put curds into my helmet? Give me a cloth instantly so that I may wipe my face."

"Why, sir," cried Sancho, "how could I have played so detestable a trick? Certain it is that some demon must have put them there. I, like you, have foes among the wizards, and one of them it is who has done this in order to rouse your anger against me. Had I any curds, master, should I not have put

The Adventure of the Lions

them into my own mouth rather than into your helmet?"

"That may well be so," said the knight, appeased by this explanation; and then, having drawn his sword, he awaited the arrival of the waggon.

When it approached, coming slowly along the road, he advanced saying: "What waggon is this? And what does it contain? What are the meaning of these flags?"

"The waggon is mine," answered the man who was driving it, "and in it are two brave lions that the General of Oran is sending to the king. These colours are to let folks know whose property the animals are."

Don Quixote was much interested in this information. "Are the lions large?" he inquired; and then another man, who was sitting on the front of the waggon, replied: "Yes, sir, very large. There are none bigger in Africa. I am their keeper. In one cage is a lion and in the other a lioness, and as they have eaten nothing to-day, they are cruel hungry. Therefore, sir, pray get out of the way, for we must hasten on to the place where they may be fed."

"What!" cried Don Quixote scornfully. "Why should I ride away? What are lions to me? I will show you whether I am afraid of them. Sir, since you are the keeper, open the cages and let them both out. In spite of all the enchanters, who have doubtless sent these creatures to test my courage, I will show here, in this very field, what sort of a man Don Quixote of La Mancha is."

Sancho, hearing these words, rushed up to Don Diego

The History of Don Quixote

in terror, and cried: "Oh, sir, hinder my master from attacking these lions, for certain it is that we shall all be torn to pieces."

"Why," said the gentleman in surprise, "is your master crazy, then, that you think he will really fight these savage beasts?"

"He is not mad, sir, but mightily venturesome," was the answer, and, hearing that, Don Diego advanced to our hero, who was urging the keeper to open the door of one of the cages, and said: "Sir, knights-errant do well to engage in dangerous enterprises, but not in those that are entirely desperate. Foolhardiness is more like to madness than to true courage. Besides, these lions belong to the king. It is not for us to detain them or to stop the waggon."

"Pray, sweet sir," was Don Quixote's reply, "go and amuse yourself and leave me to my own business. This affair is mine, and I know full well that these worthy lions have been sent against me." Then, turning to the keeper, he cried: "Sirrah, either open those doors immediately or I will pierce you through with my lance."

"Good master," begged the waggoner, hearing these words, "for mercy's sake let me and my mules get out of the way first, for if the lions once set upon the poor beasts and slay them, I am ruined for life."

Don Quixote gave the man permission to withdraw, but, as for himself, he was set upon the mad enterprise, and would pay no heed to the arguments of Don Diego or to the entreaties of Sancho Panza, although the squire prayed him again and again not to expose himself

The Adventure of the Lions

to so great a danger. "Master," he begged, "have a care. This is no enchantment, but a real lion and a vast one. I have looked into the cage, and I saw a claw so large that the beast must be as big as a mountain."

"My poor friend," was the knight's reply, "your terror will make him as huge as half the world. Leave me now, and remember, if mishap should come, go to Dulcinea and tell her what has befallen."

Sancho then departed, weeping, to a safe distance, and Don Diego followed him, while Don Quixote once more ordered the keeper to open the cage without further delay.

When at last the man saw that it was quite useless to reason any longer with the mad knight, he began to unfasten the door of the foremost cage.

Don Quixote, meanwhile, considered whether he should fight the savage animals on foot or on horseback, and as he feared that Rosinante, not being accustomed to lions, might be alarmed, he decided to make the attack on foot. He therefore dismounted, laid aside his lance, and, sword in hand, advanced slowly and placed himself immediately in front of the cage.

The keeper now drew back the fastenings and opened the door of the cage where the lion lay. Indeed, he seemed to be a monster in size, and of a most hideous, frightful aspect. He rolled himself round and turned in his cage, and then he stretched out one of his paws in a manner terrible to behold, and, rousing himself, gaped and showed all his dreadful

The History of Don Quixote

teeth. Having done this, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round with eyes that looked like coals of living fire.

It was truly a sight to strike dismay into the hearts



“He thrust his head out of the cage.”

of the bravest, but Don Quixote only looked at the animal attentively, wishing that it would come out, so that he might show his courage and slay it forthwith—to this height of folly had our hero risen—but, in spite of his challenges and mad antics, the lion, more

The Adventure of the Lions

gentle than arrogant, took no notice of the knight, but turned round again and laid himself down in the cage.

Don Quixote then commanded the keeper to stir the beast up with his pole and force him to come out, but this the man would not do, and said: "Sir, if I provoke him, certain it is that he will turn upon me and tear me in pieces. I pray you be content with your day's work. The door is open. The lion is at liberty. He can come out if he wishes. You, moreover, are prepared to meet him, but, as you see, he dare not look you in the face. You have shown your valour; for what man can do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him on the field of battle?"

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "come, friend, shut the cage door and give me a certificate saying what you have seen me perform, and how the lion would not meet me. Shut the door, I say, and I will summon back my friends and give them an account of my exploit."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote tied his handkerchief to his lance and waved it in the air until Sancho Panza, Don Diego, and the waggoner, observing the signal, returned to the place.

"What has become of the lions?" asked Sancho in amazement, when he reached his master's side. "Sir, are they dead or alive?"

Then the keeper related the story of Don Quixote's courage, not without exaggeration, and told how the lion, terrified at the champion's demeanour, refused to stir from the cage, and how, at last, Don Quixote was prevailed upon to allow the cage door to be shut.

The History of Don Quixote

“Well, Sancho,” said the knight, when the story was finished, “what think you of this? Enchanters cannot prevail against true courage.”

He then gave presents of money to the keeper and the waggoner, and bade the former describe to the king what had happened. “And if His Majesty should ask you who did this deed,” he said, “tell him that it was the ‘Knight of the Lions,’ for by that name will I be known in the future.”

The waggon with the flag-decked cages then started off once more on its journey, and Don Quixote, together with the gentleman in green and Sancho Panza, rode away talking together about the strange adventure which they had just encountered.

CHAPTER XXII

“An account of the great adventure of Montesinos’ Cave, and the wonderful things that Don Quixote declared that he saw there.”

AT about two o’clock in the afternoon, on the day of the adventure of the lions, our travellers arrived at the house of Don Diego de Miranda, where, as had been arranged, they were to stay for a short time.

The mansion was a large and handsome one, built after the fashion of the country, with the arms of the family in stone over the doorway and a porch round which were set a number of jars of a kind that is made in Torboso. These reminded Don Quixote of his enchanted lady-love, and when he saw them, he exclaimed in a melancholy voice: “Oh, urns of Torboso! How you awaken in my mind thoughts of love and of sorrow!”

The lady of the house and her son, who had come to the door to meet the guests, wondered who this doleful knight in armour could be, but he was soon introduced to them by Don Diego himself in these words: “Madam, this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest and most valiant knight-errant in the whole world.”

Don Quixote then alighted from his horse and

The History of Don Quixote

kissed the lady's hand. He was given a hearty welcome, and four days passed in happiness and great comfort; but, at the end of that time, he thanked his host and hostess for their hospitality and said that he must continue his journey without further delay. It was the knight's intention to reach Saragossa in time for the tournaments and festivals that were to be held in that place, and on the way he wished to visit and explore a great cavern called Montesinos' Cave, about which many wonderful stories were told.

Don Diego and his son commended this plan, and, after having bidden farewell to the lady and paid her many compliments, our hero and his squire took to the road once more, a young student who knew the country well engaging to show them the way to the caves.

That night they stayed at a little village, where Don Quixote purchased a long rope, and the next day they went on again, arriving at the entrance to the cave about midday.

The famous cavern proved to be a dark pit overgrown with a tangle of brambles, bushes, and wild fig-trees, but our hero was not alarmed at its gloomy appearance, and prepared to make the descent at once, declaring that he would reach the bottom however deep it might be. He then, with the help of the guide and his squire, tied one end of the rope round his waist; Sancho Panza, meanwhile, bewailing the foolhardiness of the venture and begging his master again and again to be careful.

"Look before you leap, sweet sir," he cried, "and

Montesinos' Cave

beware lest you be buried alive. Why should you go into this horrible and dark pit? Alack, master, surely it is none of your business to pry into such a place."

"Silence, coward!" said Don Quixote. "And tie the rope firmly, for I am certain that this is a great enterprise which has been reserved for me alone. There is one thing which we have forgotten," he added, "and that is a little bell which I might have rung to tell you that I was still alive, or that I needed more rope."

Then, having prayed for the protection of Heaven, and called, as was his wont, on the name of the Lady Dulcinea, the knight advanced to the mouth of the pit and began, with his sword, to cut away the thicket with which it was encumbered.

Immediately a great number of rooks, jackdaws, and other birds flew out of the dark entrance and almost overwhelmed the brave explorer, but he did not care, as there were no owls or birds of ill-omen among them. He then bade farewell to his squire and was let down, calling for more rope when he reached the bottom of the hole. He began at once to search the cave and the dark passages which led out of it, and the two men above heard his voice gradually die away in the distance.

Sancho Panza and the student resolved that after half an hour had passed they would draw up the rope; and this they did, but it seemed to them at first that there was no weight attached to it.

Sancho was terrified, thinking that his master was lost for ever, but, after a while, as they strained their

The History of Don Quixote

eyes and stared into the darkness, they descried the figure of the knight.

“Welcome! welcome!” cried Sancho, overjoyed, but there was no answer; and when, at last, Don



“His eyes were closed and he appeared to be asleep.”

Quixote was drawn to the surface, his eyes were closed and he appeared to be asleep.

The two men laid him on the grass and untied the rope, but for a long time he showed no sign of life. At last, however, he stretched his limbs, and, rousing himself, stared round wildly.

“Heaven forgive you, my friends!” he exclaimed,

Montesinos' Cave

“for you have brought me back from the sweetest life ever led by mortal man.”

The others begged him to tell them what had happened, and this he promised to do when he had had some food, saying that he was prodigiously hungry.

The student then spread his saddle-cloth on the grass, and sitting down they all enjoyed a hearty meal. When it was finished, Don Quixote said: “Let no man stir, but listen to me with attention, and I will tell you what befell me in the Cave of Montesinos.”

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and as the sun was hidden behind a cloud, the air was cool and pleasant. The two listeners drew near to Don Quixote, and he began the story of his strange experiences.

“About eighty feet down the pit,” he said, “there is a large recess, and when I reached this place, I entered it, being tired of hanging to the rope, and sat down to rest. I fell asleep, and when I awoke, found that I was in the most sweet and delightful meadow that ever was seen. Thinking that it might be only a dream, I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself soundly. By this it was proved that I was wide awake, and as clear-headed as ever I am now.

“I rose and walked on, and presently came to a marvellous palace which had walls and battlements of clear crystal. The gates swung open as I approached, and an old man came out. He had a long white beard and wore dark, scholarly garments.

The History of Don Quixote

“ This old man welcomed me with great courtesy, and said: ‘ Most renowned knight, we who dwell here in this enchanted cave have longed for your coming. Enter my castle, then, that you may tell the world of the wonders that it contains. I am Montesinos, from whom the cavern takes its name.’

“ Thereupon we entered the castle together, and came to a room made all of alabaster. In the centre was a great tomb, and upon it lay, not a marble effigy, as might have been expected, but a living knight.

“ ‘ This is the valiant warrior Duradante,’ said Montesinos, ‘ who, together with me and many others, is enchanted by the great British wizard Merlin; and, although he seems to be dead, oftentimes he cries aloud, and complains bitterly.’

“ Scarcely had these words been spoken, when the knight began to sigh and make great moan, and then Montesinos fell on his knees by the tomb, and said: ‘ Duradante, dearest of my kinsmen, know you that we, together with Belerma, your lady-love, and many others, have been imprisoned here for nigh on eight hundred years; and also your squire, Guadiana, was transformed into the river that bears his name? But now I have good tidings for you: Don Quixote de la Mancha has come to this cave, and by his power we believe that the spell will be dissolved.’

“ After this, I heard piteous groans and crying, and, looking round, saw through the crystal walls a most mournful procession of beautiful maidens clad all in black. Behind them came a tall and stately lady, also wearing mourning garments. She was

Montesinos' Cave

swarthy, beetle-browed, and had a flat nose and a wide mouth.

“Montesinos informed me that this lady was Belerma, who, with her damsels, wept constantly at the bier of Duradante. He added that misfortunes had impaired Belerma's beauty, but that, before her enchantment, even the peerless Dulcinea of Torboso was not her equal.

“‘Say no more, Señor,’ I said, ‘for comparisons are odious. The Lady Dulcinea is what she is and the Lady Belerma is what she is.’”

“‘Pardon, sir,’ said Montesinos; ‘I might have known that you were the Lady Dulcinea's knight.’”

“On my faith!” interrupted Sancho Panza, “I wonder that you did not give the old rascal a good thrashing for his insolence; but tell us, master, how could you see and hear so many strange things in so short a time?”

“Why,” inquired Don Quixote, “how long do you reckon that I was in the cave?”

“How long?” repeated Sancho. “A little above an hour, to be sure.”

“Nay,” cried his master, “that is clearly impossible, for I have seen three sunsets and three sunrises, so that I must needs have been away three days.”

“Well, well, sir,” was the squire's reply, “clearly you have only spoken the truth when you talked aforetime about magicians and spells. It is some enchantment that has made an hour seem like three days. But, master, if you would have me speak my mind plainly, let me tell you that I don't believe a single word of this story of yours.”

The History of Don Quixote

“What can you mean, friend?” cried the student. “Do you accuse the noble Don Quixote of telling lies?”

“No, I don’t say that, neither,” said Sancho, “but I do believe that some wizard has crammed all this nonsense into his head.”

“That may indeed be so,” said the knight, “and yet I am positive that I saw all these things with my own eyes. Moreover, soon afterwards, I beheld three young country girls dancing and capering together in one of these pleasant meadows, and instantly I knew them to be the Lady Dulcinea and her two companions, the same that we met with outside the city of Torboso. I asked Montesinos if he recognised them, and he told me that they were three enchanted ladies who had newly come to the place.”

At that Sancho Panza was like to have burst out laughing, for he knew well that he himself had been the wizard in the matter of the enchanting of the Lady Dulcinea. However, he managed to keep his countenance, and said: “Pray, sir, how did you know that it was your lady? Did you speak to her? And what did she say?”

“I knew her,” answered Don Quixote, “by her clothes, which were the same as when we saw her before, and I spoke to her, but immediately she turned and ran away like the wind. However, later on, while I was talking to Montesinos, one of the damsels came up and addressed herself to me.

“‘Sir,’ she said, ‘the Lady Dulcinea sends her service to you, and as she has no money, she desires you to lend her some.’”

Montesinos' Cave

“These words amazed me, and turning to Montesinos I cried: ‘Is it possible that persons of quality, when enchanted, can be in need?’ He told me that such was indeed the case, and thereupon I gave the girl all the money I had with me, which was but little, and bade her tell her mistress that I would never cease from wandering through the world until I had freed her from her enchantment.”

“Now, Heaven defend us!” exclaimed Sancho. “Who would have believed that my poor master could be so bewitched? Rouse yourself, sir, and clear your head of these foolish whimsies. What will the world think of you?”

“Ah! Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I cannot be angry with you, for you mean well. Some day, however, you will know that everything happened as I have described.”

This, then, is the knight's account of his wonderful experiences in the Cave of Montesinos, and at the time he may well have believed that he was speaking the truth. Certain it is, however, that before his death he confessed that the whole marvellous story was a fable, and that he invented it, partly for his own amusement, and partly, also, because it was like the adventures of which he had often read in the old romances.

CHAPTER XXIII

“An account of the Braying Adventure, that of the Puppet-player, and the wonderful divining of the Fortune-telling Ape.”

AS the travellers went on their way, after the adventure of Montesinos' Cave, they were overtaken by a man on foot, who walked at a great pace and led a mule laden with lances and halberts.

“Stay, honest fellow,” cried Don Quixote, seeing that he was about to pass them by; “make no more haste than is consistent with good speed.”

“I cannot wait, sir,” was the reply, “for these weapons have to be used to-morrow. However, I lodge to-night at the inn beyond the hermitage, and if you chance to go that way, and we meet, I will tell you a good story.” He then hurried on once more and was soon out of sight.

Our hero and his companions followed more leisurely along the same road, and at nightfall the inn was reached.

The man with the lances and halberts was found to be in the stable dressing down his mule, but Don Quixote was so impatient for the story that, after reminding him of his promise, he helped him to clean out the beast's manger and sift the barley. Then

The Brayng Adventure

they repaired to the inn parlour, and with all the company gathered round as audience, the man began his tale in this manner:

A little while ago, in a town not more than twelve miles from here, it happened that one of the aldermen lost his ass, and, although he hunted high and low, the beast could not be found. When it had been missing fourteen days, another alderman, meeting the owner of the lost beast, said to him: "Friend, if you pay me well, I will bring you news of your ass."

"Agreed," was the reply; and then the other said: "This morning, in the mountains, I met your ass without pack-saddle or harness and looking so thin and woebegone that it made my heart ache to see him. I tried to catch him, but he ran away and disappeared into a thicket. Now, if you wish, we will both go and look for him together."

"Truly, sir," cried the first alderman, "I am mightily grateful and will do as much for you another time."

Well, the two men started off together for the mountains, and trudged uphill and down dale, but no ass could be found. At last the second alderman said to the first: "Sir, I have a plan, and if we carry it out, sure it is that your beast will be recovered. I, you must know, can bray like an ass, most excellently well, and, if you can bray but a little, the scheme will succeed."

"A little !" cried the other. "Why, sir, I can bray as well as any ass or alderman either in the whole world."

The History of Don Quixote

“Well, well,” was the reply, “we shall see. You go one side of the hill, and I will go the other. Sometimes you shall bray, and sometimes I will, and your ass is certain to answer and bray again.”

At that they parted company, and when they were far enough apart they started braying so perfectly that it would have done your heart good to hear them, and each thought that the other was the lost ass.

“Is it possible, friend,” the owner said, when they met again, “that it was not my ass that brayed?”

“No, it was not,” said the second alderman, “it was I.”

“Well, sir,” was the reply, “there is no difference between you and an ass in the matter of braying.”

“Oh, fie!” quoth the other, “I am nothing to you, for your voice is lofty and of great compass. Besides, you keep most excellent time.”

They then went braying again, but it was of no avail, and this was not wonderful, seeing that the ass had been eaten by wolves many days before—but this they did not know until afterwards.

Well, the aldermen at last went home, very hoarse, and on arriving at the town they told the story; and soon the idle fellows got hold of it, so that the whole town was a-braying.

Other towns heard of this, and started braying too, whenever they saw any of our folk. A quarrel arose on the matter, and soon from words it came to blows. Now the jest has been carried so far that to-morrow there will be a battle between our men, the brayers, and those of another town about six

The Brayng Adventure

miles away who are always jeering at us. It is for this battle that I bring the weapons, and that is the whole story.

Just as the man had finished speaking, and before the listeners could thank him, in came a man dressed all in leather, who shouted in a loud voice: "Landlord, have you any lodgings? For here come the puppet-players and the fortune-telling ape."

"My faith!" cried the innkeeper. "Is it you, Master Peter? We shall indeed have a merry night. But where is the ape? And where is the puppet-show? I don't see them."

"They will be here directly," said the man in leather, who, I had forgotten to say, wore a green patch over one eye; "I only came on ahead to see if you had room." This said, he hurried out of the inn.

Don Quixote then inquired who this Master Peter might be, and learned that he strolled the country with a fine puppet-show and an ape.

"Bless us, sir!" continued the man. "It is such an ape! The like has never been seen before. Ask him any question: he will listen, and, leaping on to his master's shoulder, will whisper in his ear. Peter then tells you the answer; it may be of the past, the present, or the future. The ape is seldom wrong, and the price is low into the bargain."

By this time Master Peter had returned with his puppet-show and the ape in a cart. It was a sturdy ape, with a short tail, and yet not very ugly either. Don Quixote no sooner saw the creature than he bade

The History of Don Quixote

Sancho pay the fee, and said: "Master fortune-teller, will you be pleased to tell us how we shall prosper and what will become of us?"

Thereupon the ape skipped on to its master's shoulder and made as though it whispered into his



"The ape skipped on to its master's shoulders."

ear, and then Peter ran to Don Quixote and fell down on to his knees in front of him.

"Oh, glorious restorer of knight-errantry!" he cried. "Oh, great Don Quixote de la Mancha! You who are the consoler of drooping hearts and the helper of the weak and down-trodden!"

The Braying Adventure

At these words Don Quixote was amazed, and said: "I am indeed the Don Quixote mentioned by this ingenious animal, although I am not worthy of the good character he has given me. However, I strive always to help all men and harm none."

The rest of the company then asked questions, which were answered very discreetly, and afterwards Don Quixote, who was positive that there was magic in the business, inquired whether the things that had happened to him in Montesinos' Cave were dreams or realities.

"Some of them were true and some were false," was the reply; and then Master Peter declared that the ape's wisdom had departed from him, and that he would not be able to answer any more questions for several days.

The company now repaired to the room where the puppet-show had been made ready, and there it stood, very gay and glittering, with a number of little wax candles set round it.

Master Peter was behind, for he it was that moved the puppets, and a boy stood outside to tell what they said and to explain the mystery of the performance.

All the audience took their places, Don Quixote and Sancho being in the front as honoured guests, and then the play began.

"Gentlemen," the boy cried, raising his voice, "we present to you a true history from the Chronicles of France. It is the story of how Don Gayferos rescued his wife, the fair Melisandra, from the Moors of Saragossa. Sirs, cast your eyes up to that tower.

The History of Don Quixote

The lady on the balcony is fair Melisandra. And now, wrapped in a Gascoyne cloak, comes Don Gayferos himself. She takes him for a stranger, but he quickly makes himself known, as you may see by the joy that she shows."

Thus the play went on, the puppets, moved by Master Peter, acting their parts, and the boy explaining the story. Don Quixote interrupted several times, and grew more and more excited, for to his disordered fancy it seemed that the acting was a reality.

At last, when the escaping husband and wife were chased by savage Moors, the knight became beside himself with rage, and starting up, he drew his sword and attacked the harmless puppets with prodigious fury.

Some of the dolls he overthrew, some he beheaded, and some he cut in pieces. Only a lucky chance prevented him from killing Master Peter, who was hidden behind the little stage.

"Stop, stop! sir," cried the man, terrified at our hero's anger and at his own narrow escape. "Hold! for pity's sake. These are no wild Moors, but puppets made of pasteboard. Stop! for if you destroy them, my means of livelihood is gone and I am ruined for ever."

Don Quixote, however, would not listen, but slashed right and left more vehemently than before. The whole audience was in consternation, the ape scampered away to the roof of the house, and even Sancho was alarmed, for he had never seen his master in such a passion before.

At last, when, as he thought, all the pagans were

The Braying Adventure

defeated, Don Quixote's fury began to abate, and then he listened to the explanation of Master Peter and the rest of the company.

"Well," said the knight, when these came to an end, "now am I more convinced than ever that I am persecuted by wicked magicians. First they delude me into dangerous adventures, and then change the appearances of things as they please. Truly, gentlemen, I vow and protest that all that took place here seemed to me reality, and I acted according to my duty, which obliged me to take the injured side. Now I am sorry for the mischance, and will condemn myself to pay all costs."

With that he ordered Sancho to give money to Master Peter for the damage done to the puppets, and also for the loss of the ape; and then, everyone being appeased, they went to supper.

And now this was the secret of the fortune-telling ape: Master Peter, its owner, was none other than Gines de Passamonte—he who had been the ringleader of the escaped galley slaves and had afterwards stolen Sancho Panza's ass. He had purchased the ape from some Christians escaped from Barbary, and had taught it the trick of climbing on to his shoulder and of putting its mouth to his ear. Being a clever fellow, Gines informed himself of the lives and habits of the people in those towns that he visited, and, in his fortune-telling, used the information thus gained.

Disguised as he was with the green patch over his eye, Don Quixote and Sancho did not know the rascal, but he recognised them as soon as he entered the inn,

The History of Don Quixote

and put his knowledge to good account. Now that his puppets were destroyed, he wished to have no more dealings with the knight, so at daybreak next morning, having recovered his ape and picked up the ruins of his show, he started off once more to seek his fortune.

Later in the morning Don Quixote and Sancho Panza also left the inn and proceeded on their journey, but before they had gone far they turned aside from the high road, as the knight wished to have a sight of the River Ebro.

For two days they travelled without incident, and then, as they were ascending a hill, a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns came to their ears.

It seemed as if a regiment of soldiers must be passing through the valley on the other side, but when the summit of the hill was reached, Don Quixote saw below only a rabble of about two hundred men armed with lances, halberts, pikes, and carbines. There were banners, too, and on one of these was a picture of a little ass stretching out its neck and braying lustily.

It was evident then that these were the men of the braying-town prepared to do battle with their enemies, and, seeing this, Don Quixote lifted his visor and rode forward till he reached the standard.

Sancho followed his master with a bad grace, for warlike adventures were not to his taste; and as for the people, they crowded round the knight, thinking that some great champion had come to their assistance.

Don Quixote then, seeing that he was received civilly and in silence by the inhabitants of the braying-town, lifted up his voice and began a long discourse,

The Braying Adventure

in which he bade them not go to war for a trifle, but forgive the foolish insults of their neighbours and never take up arms again save in some noble and worthy cause.

“Upon my word!” quoth Sancho to himself as he listened, “this master of mine should have been a parson instead of a knight-errant;” and then, when Don Quixote paused to take breath, he addressed the company in his turn.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “my master, called formerly the ‘Knight of the Doleful Countenance’ and now the ‘Knight of the Lions,’ is a learned scholar, and you would do well to follow his counsel. And, indeed, it is a silly thing to be ashamed of being heard to bray. When I was a boy, I brayed whenever I liked, and I did it right well, too. Without vanity I can say that all the asses in the place would fall a-braying when they heard me. And if you do not believe this, then listen, for braying, like swimming, is an art that can never be forgotten.”

With that he clapped both hands to his mouth and brayed so loudly that all the hills and valley echoed to the sound.

When they heard this, the people, instead of being moved to admiration, thought that he was mocking them, and one fellow gave the poor squire such a blow with a staff that he fell senseless to the ground.

Don Quixote, on seeing this, threatened the rabble with his lance, meaning to take revenge for the insult and rescue Sancho, but the crowd thrust themselves between, and snatching up stones greeted the knight with such a shower that he, thinking discretion the

The History of Don Quixote

better part of valour, turned about and rode away as fast as Rosinante's four legs would carry him.

The countrymen, seeing Don Quixote fly from them in this manner, did not trouble to molest him further, but set Sancho on his ass and suffered him also to depart. The poor man was still dazed, but Dapple followed Rosinante of his own accord, and the knight, having reached a place of safety, waited for his squire to come up.

As for the men of the braying-town, they waited until it grew dark, and then, as their enemies had not appeared, made their way home, well pleased to have been able to show their courage without running into any danger.

CHAPTER XXIV

“The famous adventure of the enchanted bark, together with an account of how Don Quixote and Sancho Panza arrived at the Duke’s castle.”

SANCHO PANZA was in an evil humour when he joined his master after the affray with the men of the braying-town, and he complained grievously because Don Quixote had ridden away and left him. The knight also was enraged, and declared that Sancho, by his ill-timed display of braying, had interrupted his own peaceful discourse and set the listeners by the ears.

“So you must needs bray, must you, sirrah?” he cried. “Well, then, what could you expect for your pains? You may think yourself fortunate that the blow dealt you was given with a quarter-staff and not with a cutlass.”

“I have no breath to answer you at present,” replied the squire. “Pray let us get away from this vile place, and yet I cannot help saying, sir, that it amazed me to see a brave knight-errant take refuge in flight.”

“A retreat is not a flight,” was Don Quixote’s reply, “and in retiring I did but follow the example of many valiant men. History is full of such cases, but I have no time to relate them now.”

The History of Don Quixote

Sancho did not receive this explanation in very good part, but after a time the knight and the squire made up their differences.

They continued the journey, arriving at last on the bank of the River Ebro.

Here Don Quixote spied a small boat moored to the stump of a tree, and dismounting, he ordered Sancho to do the same and to tether their steeds to some willows that grew near at hand.

The squire asked the meaning of this, and his master answered that doubtless the boat was a magic craft, put into that place for the convenience of any knight-errant who might desire to cross the stream.

“It is as clear as day, Sancho,” he said, “and embark I will, whatever happens.”

“Well, well,” said the other, “if I must, I must; but, all the same, sir, I tell you plainly that I can see with half an eye that this is no enchanted bark, but only the boat of some poor fisherman.”

Don Quixote, however, paid no heed to these remarks, and, the two beasts being securely tied to a tree, he and Sancho entered the boat and cut its moorings. It immediately began to drift down the stream, for there was a strong current.

Before long, two great water-mills were seen in the middle of the river, and Don Quixote pointed them out to his squire.

“See, my Sancho,” he said, “there is a city or a castle yonder. No doubt some knight in distress lies there, or a fair princess to whose succour I am being conveyed.”

The Enchanted Bark

“What do you mean?” was the reply. “Those are water-mills, and that is as plain as the nose on your face.”

“Silence!” said the other. “They may look like water-mills, but that is because some magician has transformed them. Have you forgotten the enchantment of the Princess Dulcinea?”

The boat now being in the middle of the stream, sped along more quickly, and the men at the mills, seeing that it was adrift, ran with long poles and tried to stop it before the mill-race should be reached.

“Hi! sir, look out!” they shouted. “You will be drowned or chopped to pieces by the mill-wheels.”

Don Quixote, however, took these men to be hobgoblins, and, standing up in the boat, threatened them with his drawn sword. The millers, however, paid no heed to his antics. They succeeded at last in stopping the boat, but, at the same time, it was upset and the knight and his squire were thrown into the water. Luckily, Don Quixote could swim, although he was sadly impeded by his armour; and soon he and his squire were dragged ashore, exhausted and drenched to the skin. No sooner had they been rescued than the fisherman who owned the boat appeared on the scene and demanded compensation for its loss.

“Well, well,” said Don Quixote, “it is very evident that in this case two wizards have been in conflict. The one provided me with the boat, and the other overwhelmed me in it. There is truly nothing but plotting and counter-plotting in this world.”

The History of Don Quixote

He then ordered Sancho to pay the money to the fisherman, and, this matter having been settled, the knight and his squire returned to the place where Dapple and Rosinante had been left.

Thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark, and the travellers went on their way with wet clothes and melancholy minds.

The next day, at about sunset, as they were coming out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes round and, at a little distance, saw a company engaged in hawking. Among them was a lady, so richly dressed in green that nothing could be finer. She was riding on a white palfrey that had green trappings and a saddle-cloth of silver cloth.

Don Quixote saw at once that she must be a person of quality and great importance, so he called to his squire and said: "Sancho, my son, go and tell that lady that the 'Knight of the Lions' salutes her, that he begs for the honour of kissing her hand, and would be proud to obey her commands."

Sancho obeyed his master without delay. He forced Dapple from his usual slow pace into a gallop, and rode up to the hawking party in grand style.

"Honest squire," said the lady, who was a duchess, though I do not know her particular title, "is not this master of yours the same renowned Don Quixote of whose exploits we have all heard, whose lady-love is the beautiful Dulcinea of Torboso? And are not you his squire, Sancho Panza?"

"That is indeed so," answered Sancho, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her courtesy; and



"Is not this master of yours the same renowned
Don Quixote?"

The Enchanted Bark

then she said: "Go, my friend, tell the knight that he is welcome to our country, and that I and the Duke, my husband, desire him to honour us with his company in our castle hard by, so that we may entertain him in a fashion worthy of his great renown."

The squire departed on his errand, and the Duchess then sent for her husband and told him what had happened. They awaited the coming of their guest with pleasant impatience, for they had heard of his exploits, and they determined while he was with them to humour him in all ways, and to treat him with the forms and ceremonies suitable to a knight-errant of renown.

And now Don Quixote drew near and was welcomed with great civility. They then set off for the castle, Don Quixote riding at the lady's side. Sancho, however, crowded between them, to the delight of the Duchess, who found the roguish squire and his proverbs much to her taste.

On his arrival at the castle our hero was treated with the utmost ceremony, for the Duke had ridden on to instruct his servants in their behaviour. At the gate, therefore, two lacqueys met the knight-errant, and in the courtyard were beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of rich scarlet stuff about his shoulders. Moreover, the galleries round were thronged with men and women, who sprinkled perfumes and cried: "Welcome, welcome! thou flower of knights and mirror of chivalry."

Don Quixote and Sancho were transported with delight at this princely reception, and our hero was

The History of Don Quixote

convinced that now he was a knight-errant in very truth and not only in his own imagination. Later on there was a great supper in the banqueting-hall of the mansion. Don Quixote was the guest of honour, while Sancho Panza stood behind his chair and, as was his wont, joined in the conversation again and again. The knight was in consequence ill at ease during the meal, thinking that Sancho would offend with his impertinences, but instead both the Duke and Duchess were amused with him, and the Duke, knowing of Don Quixote's promise, assured the squire that he should be made governor of one of his own islands.

When supper was drawing to an end, the Duchess turned to our hero, who was seated beside her, and inquired what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea.

"Alas! madam," was the answer, "I fear that my misfortunes will never have an end, for my dear lady is enchanted, and has been transformed into the ugliest country girl you could wish to see."

The Duchess expressed great concern at this bad tidings, and later on she heard the whole story of what had happened at Torboso from the lips of Sancho Panza, who described how he had deceived his master in the matter.

Both the Duke and the Duchess were diverted with the humours of their guests, and resolved to carry out a design which should have the appearance of a marvellous adventure. They did not anticipate that this would be difficult to arrange, for it was evident that the foolish Sancho really believed now that the

The Enchanted Bark

Lady Dulcinea was under a spell, although in the first place he himself had invented the whole business.

A few days later, therefore, a hunting party was arranged, and the whole company sallied out to a forest which was situated between two high mountains. Here a fierce wild boar was chased and killed, and the time passed pleasantly enough until nightfall, when suddenly blazing torches were seen through the trees, and there was a terrible turmoil of drums, trumpets, and battle-cries. The din was so hideous that even the Duke and Duchess who had planned the jest were amazed, and as for Sancho Panza, he trembled like a leaf.

Presently a strange figure appeared, dressed like a demon, and stopping in front of the assembled company, he said: "I go in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and behind me there are six bands of magicians, who conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Torboso, enchanted, in a triumphal chariot."

This said, the demon blew his horn again and rode away.

The night now grew darker and more fearsome, and soon was heard a noise that sounded like the rumbling of heavy waggons. Sundry carts then came by, in each of which was an old man attired like a necromancer, and after these appeared a stately chariot, drawn by six mules.

In this chariot was a throne, on which sat a lovely maiden arrayed in robes of silver stuff that glittered with spangles. Her face was covered with a gauze veil, but through it her features could be seen.

The History of Don Quixote

Close by this beautiful lady stood a figure all in black, and when the car stopped he began to speak, and announced that he was Merlin, the mighty wizard of Britain, and that the nymph was Dulcinea herself, permitted for a little while to resume her natural shape. She was, however, still bewitched, and there was only one way by which the dread spell could be removed, and this was for Sancho Panza, the squire of Don Quixote, to give himself three thousand and three hundred lashes. If this was done, the lady would be delivered from her enchantment.

“By my faith!” cried Sancho. “Three thousand lashes! If that is the only remedy, then the Lady Dulcinea may stay bewitched until her dying day.”

“How now, rascal!” exclaimed Don Quixote. “What villainy is this? I will myself tie you to a tree, and give you, not three thousand, but six thousand lashes.”

“Nay, sir,” interrupted Merlin, “the stripes inflicted on honest Sancho must needs be voluntary and self-inflicted. They may, however, be administered when he thinks fit, for no time is fixed for the penance.”

“Never will there be any such penance,” was Sancho’s retort; “or, if my master wishes the Lady Dulcinea to be disenchanted, he can whip himself and free her at his own cost.”

No sooner had the squire thus spoken than the nymph at Merlin’s side rose from her throne, and in a harsh voice, that accorded ill with her beautiful face, rated Sancho soundly. At last the man re-

The Enchanted Bark

lented, and agreed to undertake the punishment as decreed.

“Needs must where the devil drives,” he said. “I yield to my hard luck, and will undertake to do the penance.”

And now, this matter being arranged, the chariot moved on and the masquerade came to an end. It had all been planned and carried out by the Duke’s steward, a man of a merry wit and a nice fancy; he it was who acted the part of Merlin, while that of the Lady Dulcinea had been undertaken by a young page. Now, at his master’s bidding, the steward prepared another adventure, which, as you shall hear, proved to be both surprising and entertaining.

CHAPTER XXV

“The amazing and wonderful adventure of the Disconsolate Lady.”

THE next morning the Duchess summoned Sancho Panza and inquired whether he had yet begun the penance for the deliverance of Lady Dulcinea del Torboso, as had been arranged with the magician Merlin.

“Aye, that I have,” was the reply; “I have already given myself five good lashes with the palm of my hand.”

“With the palm of your hand!” cried the other. “I doubt whether Merlin will be satisfied with such a weapon as that. The disenchantment of the lady cannot be purchased so easily. No, you must lash yourself with something that will make you smart, my good fellow. A cat-o’-nine-tails would suffice, or a friar’s scourge.”

“As you wish, madam,” quoth Sancho, not best pleased with this decree; “and will your Grace then provide me with a whip? It must not be too cruel a one, however, for though I may be only a common fellow, yet my skin is as tender as that of any fine gentleman.”

That day dinner was served for the Duke and his guests in the garden of the castle, and hardly

The Disconsolate Lady

had the meal come to an end, when there was heard the sound of fife and drums. All the company appeared to be alarmed at this discordant din, and Sancho crouched in terror behind the chair of the Duchess.

While the consternation was at its height, three men appeared, dressed in black garments and playing on musical instruments. Behind them came a person of gigantic stature, also attired in black and with a huge scimitar slung to his belt. Over this man's face was a veil of some thin stuff through which his features and a long white beard could be seen.

This man advanced at a slow, majestic pace until he reached the Duke's chair, and then he threw himself down on to his knees and began to speak in a loud, deep voice.

"Most mighty lord," he said, "I am Trifaldin of the White Beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi who is called the Disconsolate Lady. I come to your Grace from her, to relate the sad history of the misfortunes which have befallen her. But first she begs to know whether the valiant knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, is with you, for it is to see him that my mistress has travelled all the way from the kingdom of Candaya to this place. She is even now at the castle gate, waiting your permission to enter."

"Honest squire," answered the Duke, "we heard long ago of the sad misfortunes of the Countess Trifaldi, and how they were brought about by the wiles of a wicked magician. Therefore, bid her enter without delay, and tell her that Don Quixote de la

The History of Don Quixote

Mancha is present here, and will doubtless take it upon himself to redress her wrongs."

Trifaldin thereupon bowed low, and then he and the musicians marched out in the same order as that in which they had come.

The Duke then turned to Don Quixote and said: "Behold, sir, how the tidings of your arrival here have reached to the uttermost parts of the world. The fame of your exploits has spread abroad, and there is no one that has not heard tell of your invincible bravery."

"My lord," answered our hero, "as for me, I thank Heaven a thousand times that I was created a knight-errant. Let this lady make known her request, and both my arm and my sword shall be at her service."

The Duke and Duchess were mightily pleased to hear Don Quixote talk in this fashion, and soon there was heard once more the sound of drums and fife. Then twelve elderly dames entered the garden walking two and two. They were attired in black dresses, and on their heads were white veils of some thick stuff which completely hid their faces and reached almost to the ground. Behind came the Countess Trifaldi herself, conducted by her squire. She, like the others, wore black, but her gown was of fine cloth and it had a long train that was cut into three points. These were carried by three sable-clad pages, and from this triangular shape of her cloak the name Trifaldi, which means threefold, was doubtless taken.

The procession approached slowly, and, when they

The Disconsolate Lady

came near the Duke and Duchess, all the waiting-women stood apart, and thus made a lane through which the Countess Trifaldi advanced.

The Duke, his wife, and Don Quixote rose from their seats and came forward to welcome the lady, who immediately flung herself on to her knees in front of them.

“May it please your highnesses,” she cried—and her voice was strangely harsh and deep—“to spare yourselves the trouble of greeting with such ceremony a man—a woman, I mean—who is one of your most humble servants.”

The Duke answered the lady kindly, and, raising her to her feet, led her to a chair which was placed beside that of the Duchess. Don Quixote then came forward and made himself known in these words:

“I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose profession it is to help all those who are weak and distressed. Pray, madam, give me then an account of your misfortunes, so that I may know what means should be employed for their relief.”

The Countess, hearing this speech, threw herself on to the ground and tried to embrace the knight's feet. “Invincible hero!” she exclaimed, “whose achievements surpass those of all the champions of ancient times.” Then, turning to Sancho Panza, she cried: “Oh! loyal squire, may I implore you to use your wondrous eloquence on my behalf, that the favour of your valiant master may be extended to me?”

At this the Duke and Duchess were hardly able to conceal their merriment. Then, without more

The History of Don Quixote

delay, the Disconsolate Lady rose to her feet, seated herself, and began her story.

“The great kingdom of Candaya,” she began, “which is situated beyond Cape Cormorin, had for its sovereign the Lady Maguntia, her husband, the King Archipelo, being dead, and their daughter, the Princess Antonomasia, was heiress to the throne. This maiden was reared and educated by me, I being chief lady-in-waiting to the queen, her mother.

“Time went on, and the princess, growing up, became the most beautiful, the most learned, and the most discreet lady in the whole world. It was not surprising, then, when a young knight who resided at the Court was audacious enough to fall in love with her.

“This gentleman, Clavijo by name, was both handsome and clever, so that he quickly won my goodwill and I influenced the princess in his favour. The maiden and the knight, therefore, became betrothed; but when the queen heard what had happened, she was astounded at the knight’s presumption and straightway died of grief and anger.

“This seemed to me a sad pity, for the gentleman was both comely and courteous; but, indeed, had the Lady Antonomasia declared her intention of wedding a common footman, her majesty could not have made more commotion.

“Well, the queen being dead, she was buried, and on the day of the funeral, who should appear but her cousin, the giant Malambruno, mounted on a wooden horse and with a very savage and dreadful aspect. He declared that he intended to punish both Don Clavijo

The Disconsolate Lady

and the princess for what they had done and for having caused the death of the Lady Maguntia.

“Now, Malambruno was not only a giant, but a wizard, and a cruel one at that, so he enchanted the lovers upon the tomb itself, transforming Antonomasia into a brass monkey and the young knight into a most hideous metal crocodile. Between them was an inscription in the Syriac language, which since has been translated and runs as follows:

“‘These two persons shall never recover their natural shapes until the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha appears to encounter me in single combat. By the unchangeable decrees of Fate, this adventure is reserved for him alone.’

“The giant then drew his sword, and seizing me by the hair, threatened to cut off my head as a punishment for my share in the unhappy business. Terrified, I wept and implored for mercy, and at last he relented and yielded to my prayers. However, although my life and the lives of my waiting-women were spared, we did not escape entirely.

“‘I will not slay you,’ said the giant, ‘but I will inflict upon you a punishment that shall be an eternal mortification.’

“As he said these strange words we all felt a sensation like the pricking of pins and needles in our chins, and now I will show you what happened.”

With that the Disconsolate Lady and her companions threw off their veils, and it was seen that they all had beards.

“Thus has the wicked enchanter Malambruno

The History of Don Quixote

served us," cried the Countess Trifaldi, and then she fell to the ground in a swoon. Everyone showed concern at this sad ending to the story, but before long the lady recovered, and then once more she begged Don Quixote to help her.

"I will not hesitate, madam," was the knight's reply, "only show me what I can do, and you shall soon be convinced of my goodwill."

"You must know, sir," said the lady then, "that the kingdom of Candaya is about fifteen thousand miles away from here—that is, travelling by land and sea. However, as the crow flies it is only a matter of some ten thousand miles. Now, the wizard Malambruno told me that when the knight who is to disenchant us should appear, a famous steed would be provided to carry him to the spot where the encounter is to take place. This is a wooden horse, the same that once was ridden by the brave hero, Peter of Provence.

"The horse is managed, not by bit and bridle, but by a wooden peg in the forehead, and he can fly so quickly that he may be here to-day, in France to-morrow, and in America the next day. His name is Clavilino, and he can carry two riders."

"That may very well be," remarked Sancho Panza, "but my old Dapple is good enough for me. For my part, I have no desire to mount this famous horse. Besides, squires need have no share in the adventures of their masters, and these ladies and their beards are nothing to me."

"My honest Sancho," said the Duchess, "you must needs go with your lord, and it would look ill if,

The Disconsolate Lady

through your cowardice, these poor gentlewomen had to continue with beards to the end of their lives."

The Disconsolate Lady added her entreaties to those of the Duchess, and, at last, Sancho promised to take part in the coming adventure.

It was now night, and as the hour appointed for the arrival of the magic steed drew near, Don Quixote began to be impatient, thinking that perhaps he was to be disappointed of the combat with the giant. However, four men in the guise of savages suddenly entered the garden, and on their shoulders they carried a large wooden horse.

This was set down on its legs before the assembled company, and one of the men then cried in a loud voice: "Now let him who has courage mount this steed."

"I have no courage," quoth Sancho; but the savage continued: "Let the knight who undertakes this adventure carry his squire behind him. Their eyes must be blindfolded, lest the dazzling and amazing height of the altitude at which they fly should make them giddy, and the neighing of the horse will inform them when the kingdom of Candaya is reached."

The Disconsolate Lady then urged Don Quixote to mount the horse without delay, but the knight first drew Sancho aside for a moment.

"My friend," he said solemnly, "you are going for a long journey, and who knows whether we shall ever return. Let me beg you, then, go to your apartment before we venture out on this enterprise,

The History of Don Quixote

and give yourself some five hundred or so of the lashes promised for the disenchantment of the Lady Dulcinea. It will soon be over, and a business well begun is, as folk say, already half finished."

"Are you mad, sir?" was the squire's reply to this request. "I am going to ride this dangerous horse, and now you want me to half kill myself before we start. Come, come! master, one thing at a time. When we have freed these gentlewomen from their unsightly beards, then it will be time enough to return to the Lady Dulcinea de Torboso and her affairs."

"Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I must take your word for it, and doubtless you will not fail to keep your promise. Truly, I believe that you are more fool than knave."

"I am what I am, sir," answered Sancho, "and I will keep my word, never fear."

The two men then returned to the rest of the company, and having been blindfolded, took their places on the wooden horse. Don Quixote turned the peg in its forehead, and immediately all the folk who were gathered round lifted up their voices and cried: "Farewell, brave knight and intrepid squire. Now you fly aloft! Ah, see how they mount and soar! Sit fast, dauntless Sancho! Have a care! Should you fall to the ground now from the dizzy height, surely you would be dashed to pieces."

Sancho heard all this as he sat behind his master, clinging desperately to his waist, and he said: "It is strange, sir, that we can hear the voices of those below so clearly, since already we are high above the earth."

The Disconsolate Lady

Truly, one would think that those people were still close at hand."

"There is nothing strange in that," answered



"I never rode so easily in all my life."

Don Quixote, "for in these marvellous flights it is likely that the hearing of the flyers would be marvellous too. But what makes you tremble, my friend? I

The History of Don Quixote

never rode so easily in all my life. The horse goes as smoothly as if it were not moving at all.”

This conversation was very amusing to the Duke, the Duchess, and their friends, but now the time came for the adventure to be brought to an end. A servant, therefore, set fire to the tail of the wooden horse, and, as it was stuffed full of squibs and other fireworks, it exploded with a tremendous noise, and the knight and squire, both somewhat scorched, were thrown with great violence to the ground.

The Disconsolate Lady, meanwhile, withdrew with all her attendants, and when Don Quixote and Sancho recovered enough to stagger to their feet, they discovered a long spear stuck into the ground with a white parchment fastened to it. On the parchment were inscribed these words: “The famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi by attempting it. The giant Malambruno is satisfied, the ladies have lost their beards, and Clavijo and Antonomasia are restored to their former shapes. Also, when the penance of the squire is accomplished, the disenchantment of the peerless Dulcinea of Torboso will be complete. This is the decree of Merlin, the enchanter of enchanter.”

The Duchess then questioned Sancho Panza as to his experiences during his flight through the air, and he answered her in this fashion:

“Truly, most noble madam,” he said, “I have seen marvellous things, for I pushed aside a corner of the handkerchief with which I was hoodwinked, and looked down to the earth. It appeared to be no bigger

The Disconsolate Lady

than a mustard seed from that stupendous height, and the men walking about seemed the size of hazelnuts."

"Have a care! friend," cried the Duchess. "How could men be as big as hazelnuts if the world itself were no greater than a mustard seed?"

"I cannot tell you that," said the other, "but I only saw it all with a side glance, and as we flew by enchantment, doubtless we saw also by enchantment. Then we went on until we were at such a height that the sky was only a span above my head. There around us were the stars, those that are called the Seven Young Goats, and they played and gambolled for near an hour. Two of the goats were green, two were carnation colour, two were blue, and one was piebald."

The company after that did not ask Sancho any more questions, for such was his mood that he would willingly have described all the wonders of the heavens, although in truth he had never left the Duke's garden.

Thus ended the adventure of the Disconsolate Lady, which mightily pleased the Duke and the Duchess. However, when Don Quixote was alone with Sancho, he whispered a few words into his ear.

"Sancho, my son," he said, "if you want us to believe your stories of the skies, you must needs accept my account of what I saw in the Cavern of Montesinos."

CHAPTER XXVI

“How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his island, in what manner he ruled, and the toilsome end and conclusion of his government.”

THE success of the adventure of the Disconsolate Lady pleased the Duke and Duchess so much that they lost no time in arranging another pleasant project. The next day, therefore, the Duke, having given the necessary instructions to his servants, bade Sancho Panza prepare to leave for his promised island.

Sancho bowed low and thanked his benefactor in a humble voice.

“Sir,” he said, “since I came down from the skies the earth seems so small that I am no longer very eager to be a governor. However, if you think fit to give me an island, I will do my best to rule it with success; for surely it is a fine thing to govern, even if one only has dominion over a flock of sheep.”

“Sancho,” said the Duke, “I hope you will prove as good a governor as your wisdom promises. Tomorrow you may set out for your island, and you shall be furnished with dress and equipage suited to your high position.”

“You may dress me as you will, sir,” was the squire’s reply, “I shall still be the same Sancho Panza.”

Don Quixote now came up, and hearing that



“He was so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany.”

The Island of Sancho Panza

Sancho was to leave on the following day, he took him aside and gave him much good counsel as to his duties and demeanour; for the knight was not to accompany his servant, but had consented to remain for a while in the castle, as the honoured guest of the Duke and the Duchess.

All arrangements now having been made for the departure of Sancho Panza, and the Duke and Duchess being eager to carry out their new jest, the squire was despatched with a fine equipage to his dominions.

The management of the affair was entrusted to the Duke's steward, and when everything was ready, Sancho set out with a great train of followers. He was attired in a long coat of silk and a cap of the same stuff, and rode on a mule, while behind came Dapple, his favourite ass, bridled and saddled like a horse of state and with fine trappings. This circumstance delighted the squire above everything, and he turned round continually to look at the animal, and was so happy that he would not have changed places even with the Emperor of Germany himself.

After travelling some distance the cavalcade arrived at a town of about one thousand inhabitants, and this Sancho was told was his government, the island of Barataria. When they reached the gates, for it was a walled town, the chief officers came out and the bells of all the churches were rung in welcome.

There then followed sundry absurd ceremonies, in which the keys of the place were delivered to Sancho Panza and he was hailed as the new ruler. Those people who knew nothing of the jest were amazed at

The History of Don Quixote

the short, stout figure of the governor, and even those in the plot were a little surprised.

After all the ceremonies of his state welcome had come to an end, Sancho was taken to the Court of Justice, and the Duke's steward said to him: "Sir, it is an ancient custom here that every new ruler should answer some curious and difficult questions; by his replies the people may judge whether he is a man of ability and understanding, and whether they ought to be glad or sorry at his coming."

Sancho Panza was then placed on a high seat in the court, and two men were brought before him. One seemed to be a farmer, and the other was a tailor, for he carried a large pair of shears in his hand.

"If it pleases you, my Lord Governor," the tailor began, "I and this countryman have come here before your worship so that you may judge our case. Yesterday this honest fellow came to my shop and brought me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' said he, 'is there enough stuff here to make me a new cap?'"

"I measured the cloth and answered, 'Yes,' and then he, thinking that I meant to steal some of his cloth, said: 'Pray, is there not enough for two caps?'"

"I, seeing his meaning, and that he suspected my honesty, determined how to deal with him, and said that there was. Thereupon he asked whether it would make three caps, then four, and, at last, five. I, resolved to humour the fellow, said that it might, and we struck a bargain. Now he has come for his caps, and, having seen them, he refuses to pay me and asks for his cloth again."

The Island of Sancho Panza

"Is this true?" demanded Sancho of the farmer.

"Yes, if it pleases you, sir," was the reply, "but let him show you the five caps that he has made me."

"With all my heart!" answered the tailor; and with



"You see the five caps."

that he took from under his cloak five tiny caps, so small that they fitted on to his fingers and thumb.

"There," quoth he, "you see the five caps that this good man asked me to make him, and I swear that I have not cheated him out of a scrap of his cloth."

The sight of the little caps set all the company

The History of Don Quixote

laughing, but Sancho Panza considered the question gravely.

“Methinks,” he said at last, “this matter may be quickly decided, and therefore my judgment is that the farmer lose his cloth and the tailor lose his money, and that the caps be given to poor prisoners. Thus there is an end of the whole business.”

The people in the court were amused at this decree, but decided that Sancho had answered discreetly. Many other cases were heard, and at the end of the day nobody was certain whether the new governor were a wise man or a fool.

After the trials Sancho was conducted from the Law Courts to a fine palace, and there he found a cloth spread and a grand banquet prepared. Trumpets were sounded when he entered the hall, and four pages were in attendance. The governor sat down at the upper end of the table, and behind his chair was stationed a person who proved to be a doctor, and who carried a small wand in his hand. One page then said grace, a second tied a lace-edged bib round Sancho's neck, and a servant placed a large dish of fruit on the table.

The feast then began, but hardly had Sancho put one morsel into his mouth than the doctor touched the dish with his wand, and it was instantly removed by a page. Another was clapped into its place, but the same thing happened again, and at last the new governor asked the meaning of these strange proceedings.

“My lord,” answered the doctor, “you must eat

The Island of Sancho Panza

after the manner of governors, and your health is in my charge. It is my duty to attend at all your meals, and to prevent you eating anything that is unwholesome. I ordered the fruit to be taken away because it is too cold, and the next dish was hot and over-seasoned with spices."

"Well, then," cried Sancho, "this plate of roasted partridges can do me no manner of harm."

"Stay," cried the doctor, "you must not eat that, and you shall not while I am here to prevent it. Partridges are the most deadly food of all."

"If that is so," said Sancho Panza, "tell me which food is wholesome, and I will eat my fill of that, for I am dying of hunger, and to forbid me to eat is not to lengthen my life, but to shorten it."

"True, my lord," said the other. "However, you ought not to devour rabbits nor any furry food, nor yet veal nor any dish that is a mixture of meats. In my opinion, some thin wafers are the safest diet for a governor, together with a little marmalade. I know what I am saying, your worship, for my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio di Aguera, and I was educated in the University of Osuna."

"Hark you then, sir," cried Sancho, who was now getting very angry. "Get you out of my presence, for, if I cannot eat, I will give up my government. An office that starves a man is not worth two beans."

The doctor was alarmed at the governor's demeanour, and would have slunk out of the hall, but at this moment there was heard the sound of a bugle in the street below. The steward, running to the

The History of Don Quixote

window, looked out and said that it was a messenger from the Duke, doubtless with some despatch of great importance.

A few moments later the post-boy entered the hall, and delivered to Sancho a packet on which was this direction:

“To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria. To be delivered into his own hands, or to those of his secretary.”

“Who is my secretary?” asked Sancho, and on one of the men standing by saying that it was he, the letter was given to him. He opened it and read as follows:

“I have heard, my Lord Don Sancho Panza, that some of our enemies mean to attack your island with great fury, and also that in your town there are villains in disguise who plot to murder you. Take heed, therefore, speak to no strangers, and eat nothing that is set before you. I rely on your prudence.

“Your friend,

“THE DUKE.”

Sancho was horrified when he heard this bad news, and then, remembering his hunger, he turned to the steward and said: “Sir, the Duke is right. Clap this doctor into prison, for, if anyone has a mind to murder me, it is he; and that with starving, which is the worst of all deaths. And now let me have a lunch of raisins and bread, for there can be no poison in that. In short, I cannot live without eating, and it seems that we must be in readiness for battles.”

The Island of Sancho Panza

Several days passed away, but Sancho did not find his life as the governor of an island as easy as he had expected, for the food given to him was scanty and plain, and he had to spend many hours in the Court of Justice trying difficult and perplexing cases.

At last, on the seventh night, when the poor squire was asleep after a day of hunger and hard work, he was aroused by a terrible outcry and noise of trumpets, drums, and ringing bells. It was as if the whole island were sinking, and when Sancho opened the door of his room, he saw twenty men with drawn swords and blazing torches running down the corridor.

“Arm, my lord, arm!” they cried. “A host of enemies are in the island, and we are lost unless you can save us.”

“Why should I arm?” quoth Sancho. “I am no fighting man. If you want a leader, send for my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha. He will defeat all your enemies in a trice.”

“For shame, my lord,” was the answer; “what cowardice is this? See, we will bring you your arms. Come, march to the market-place and show yourself as our captain and leader.”

“Well, then, arm me,” said Sancho, seeing that there was nothing else to be done. “And good luck attend it.”

The men then brought two large shields, and these were tied on to Sancho, the one in front and the other over his back, while a lance was put into his hand. Thus equipped, the governor set out for the market-place with his followers, but he had not gone far when

The History of Don Quixote

he fell down and lay on his face like a huge tortoise, unable to move or to get on to his feet.

It would have been supposed that now his companions would have had pity on the fallen man, and have hastened to his assistance, but instead they were bent on the Duke's jest, and, putting out their torches, they clattered with their swords and made a great din, striking the poor governor and trampling on him as he lay on the ground encased in shields. While they did these things they shouted warlike orders such as, "There, boys, shut that gate! Intrench yourselves! Down with those scaling ladders! Bring grenades, fire-balls, burning pitch! Barricade the streets!"

Sancho was convinced that a great battle was going on above him, and he said to himself: "Oh that this wretched island were conquered, or that I were dead and out of all the turmoil and trouble!" At last he heard shouts of "Victory! Victory! The day is ours! Come, my lord, and divide the spoils that you have taken from your foes."

"Help me up," said Sancho then; "I have beaten no enemies and I desire no spoil, but, if I have one friend here, let him give me a draught of wine, for I am nearly dead."

Thereupon he fainted, and the men took off the shields and carried him to his bed. They began to repent, thinking that perhaps the joke had been carried too far, but before long Sancho recovered his senses and they recovered their spirits.

"What time is it?" asked the governor; and when he heard that it was break of day, he said nothing more,

The Island of Sancho Panza

but got up and began to dress himself. This done, he went to the stable, followed by all the company, and, going up to the ass Dapple, he kissed the beast's forehead and then put the saddle on to its back. He then climbed into the saddle with no little difficulty, for he was exhausted and covered with bruises.

When he was ready he turned to his followers and said: "Make way, gentlemen, and let me return to my old liberty. I was not born to be a governor nor to defend islands against enemies. Without a penny I came to this place, and without a penny I leave it—contrary to the habits of most governors. I go now to the Duke, and to him I will give a fair and square account of what I have done. Truly it seems to me that I have governed like an angel."

Thereupon they all agreed to let him go, and Sancho, having provided himself with some bread and cheese and some corn for Dapple, started off on his journey, determined to have done with islands and to join his old master, Don Quixote, once more.

CHAPTER XXVII

“How Don Quixote and Sancho Panza left the Duke’s castle, together with an account of the adventures of the nets and of the wild bulls.”

SANCHO PANZA, although very stiff and sore, was delighted to find himself once more on Dapple’s back, and on his way to his master, Don Quixote, whose company he valued more than all the islands in the world.

He rode on, therefore, all day cheerfully enough, and would have reached the Duke’s castle before night-fall if he had not chanced to meet with an old friend and neighbour named Ricote, whom he had not met for many years. The two men halted by the wayside, shared their food, and spent so much time talking together and relating their past experiences that when darkness came Sancho was still more than a mile from his destination.

As it was summer-time and quite warm, the squire was not uneasy at this delay, but determined that, instead of pushing on, he would turn aside out of the road and wait until dawn before continuing his journey.

There were, as it happened, some old ruined buildings near at hand, in which it seemed likely that a comfortable resting-place might be found. Sancho

Strange Adventures

made his way through them, and then, suddenly, in the darkness, he and Dapple fell into a deep pit. It seemed as if they would go on falling for ever, but, after eighteen feet or so, the bottom was reached, and the man found himself still on his donkey's back and quite uninjured. He felt his limbs carefully to make sure that no bones were broken, and then began to



“The two shared their food.”

grope about in the pit in hopes of finding some way of escape. To his dismay he soon discovered that this was impossible, for the walls of his prison were so steep and smooth that there was no foothold. To add to the melancholy of the position, Dapple lifted up his voice and brayed in the most dismal fashion, and soon Sancho joined with the poor beast in its lament.

The History of Don Quixote

“Oh, woe is me!” he cried. “What terrible mischance has come upon us now? Here we are in this miserable cave and like to die of hunger and grief. My master, Don Quixote, found good food and pleasant company in the cavern of Montesinos, but here there are nothing but toads and snakes. Oh, unhappy creatures that we are! Nothing is left for us but death.”

In this doleful mood poor Sancho passed the night, and when morning came it brought no comfort, for the light only showed plainly that it would be quite impossible to escape from the hole without assistance. The man shared the remains of the bread in his wallet with the ass, and then sat down and began to bewail and despair again.

Now, on that same morning, as luck would have it, Don Quixote sallied forth from the Duke's castle to exercise himself and his horse, and he had not ridden far when suddenly Rosinante stopped short on the very brink of a pit. The knight was nearly thrown; and then, wishing to examine more closely the danger from which he had escaped, he peered down into the dark cavern wondering what might be concealed in its depths.

All at once he heard a sound coming from the hole, and, listening intently, was soon able to distinguish the strains of a human voice.

“Ho, above there!” it cried in most dismal tones. “Is there no good Christian or knight or charitable gentleman that will have pity on a miserable creature buried alive, a poor governor without a government?”

To his unbounded amazement, Don Quixote recog-

Strange Adventures

nised the voice of his squire, and, leaning over the pit, he called: "Who is there? Who is that complaining?"

"Who should it be," was the reply, "but Sancho



"He lifted up his voice and cried, "I conjure thee to tell me who thou art."

Panza, the wretched governor of the island of Barataria, and formerly squire to his highness the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha?"

The History of Don Quixote

At this Don Quixote's astonishment increased a hundredfold, but not able to believe that it was really Sancho, he imagined that it was his ghost.

He therefore lifted up his voice and cried: "I conjure thee tell me who thou art, for it is my profession to assist not only those who are afflicted in this world, but also all unhappy spirits who cannot help themselves."

"Why, surely, sir," shouted Sancho, on hearing this speech, "you must be my master, Don Quixote himself."

"My name is Don Quixote," replied the other, "and it is my mission to help not only the living, but the dead."

"Why, then," cried the voice from the pit, "I am your squire, Sancho Panza, and I never was dead yet in all my life. I have left my island for reasons that I cannot explain now, and last night I and Dapple fell into this terrible cave."

At that moment, as if to prove the truth of his master's words, the ass began to bray so loudly that all the corners of the cavern re-echoed to the noise.

"A worthy witness," cried Don Quixote, now convinced that Sancho was really alive. "I know that bray as well as I know my own voice. Stay, therefore, in patience for awhile, Sancho, and I will go to the castle and summon assistance."

"Make haste, I pray you, master," entreated Sancho, "for I can no longer endure to be buried alive, and I am nearly dead with fear and hunger."

Don Quixote hurried away, and soon returned with

Strange Adventures

men and ropes. When Sancho had been rescued, taken to the castle and comforted with food and drink, he related his experiences to the Duke and Duchess. They commended his conduct, and orders were given that he should want for nothing, as he was still sadly bruised and sore after all his unlucky adventures.

Don Quixote, now that his squire had returned, determined that it was high time for him to sally out once more on his career of knight-errantry, so he told the Duke of his desire and begged permission to depart. Both the Duke and Duchess were grieved at this decision and tried to persuade their guest to remain with them, but at last, seeing that his mind was made up, they gave way to his entreaties.

One morning, therefore, our hero appeared in the courtyard of the castle in full armour, mounted on Rosinante and with Sancho in attendance. The squire was in a brisk and cheerful mood, for the Duke's steward had just given him a purse with two hundred crowns in it to defray the expenses of the journey.

Everyone was assembled in the galleries and round about the court to witness the departure of the travellers and to bid them farewell. Don Quixote bowed low to the Duke and Duchess, and then he and Sancho rode out and took the direction of Saragossa.

The knight no sooner breathed the air of the open country than his spirits rose and he felt that he was once more in his own element. He turned to Sancho Panza and exclaimed: "Liberty, my friend, is one of the greatest of blessings, and not all the treasures of the world or the sea can be compared to it. I tell you,

The History of Don Quixote

Sancho, that although we had good cheer and delicious banquets in the castle I did not enjoy them as I should have done had they been my own. It is better to feed on a dry crust and be under no obligation than to eat costly meats at the expense of another."

"Those are fine words indeed, master," quoth Sancho, "but all the same it is well to be grateful. I have here a little purse with two hundred golden crowns in it, and they are likely to be very useful to us before we come to our journey's end."

Thus conversing together, the knight and his squire rode on their way, and at last turned into a wood, when, suddenly, Don Quixote found himself entangled in a network of green threads which were spread out from tree to tree.

"Sancho," he cried, not able to imagine what this meant, "here we have a marvellous thing. This adventure of the nets is doubtless the stratagem of some wicked enchanter, but I will let him know that even if these threads were chains of iron I could easily break them asunder."

Thus saying, he prepared to make an effort to escape, but just at this moment two most beautiful maidens appeared from among the trees. They were very young, not more than sixteen or seventeen, and their flowing hair hung like sunbeams about their shoulders. They were attired like shepherdesses, but their garments, instead of being made of common stuffs, were fashioned of gold brocade, and they wore garlands of leaves and red flowers on their heads.

Don Quixote was amazed when he saw the ladies,

Strange Adventures

but before he could say anything, one of them cried: "Oh, sir, pray do not tear those nets. We did not mean to offend you and will explain everything."

She then related how a number of young men and maidens from a village near by had resolved to set up a new Arcadia in the forest, and had come there to dwell in tents, to study poetry, and to live in happiness and simplicity.

"The nets were intended to catch little birds," she continued; "and now, sir, if you will give us your company, you shall be welcomed and handsomely entertained."

"Truly, fair lady," answered Don Quixote, "I thank you for your kindness, and, if it lies in my power to do you a service, I am at your command. He who makes this promise is Don Quixote de la Mancha, but I do not know whether this name has ever reached your ears."

"Oh, my dear!" cried one of the other shepherdesses, "what good fortune is this? We have all heard of this gentleman, who is the most valiant knight in the world, and of his lady, whom men call the peerless Dulcinea del Torboso. We have heard, too, of his squire, a comical fellow named Sancho Panza."

"I am that comical fellow," interrupted Sancho, "and this is indeed my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha."

A young man, the brother of one of the maidens, now appeared, and having heard that the stranger was none other than the renowned Don Quixote, he

The History of Don Quixote

saluted him very civilly and begged him to join the rest of the company in the tents.

Our hero, nothing loath, complied with this request, and a number of little birds having been caught in the green nets, they all went to the tents, where about thirty persons, all dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, were gathered together. Don Quixote and his squire were made very welcome, and after they had had a good meal, the knight thanked the company heartily for their hospitality. He declared, moreover, that to show his gratitude he should take his stand for two days in the middle of the Saragossa road, and there oblige all passers-by to confess that the ladies disguised as shepherdesses were the fairest maidens in the whole world, excepting only the peerless princess Dulcinea del Torboso.

With that he bade Sancho bring Rosinante, so that he might immediately carry out his intention.

The young men and maidens were all dismayed at the knight's recklessness, and begged him not to expose himself to unnecessary danger, declaring that they were convinced of his courtesy and valour without any such proof. Our hero, however, would not be dissuaded, and, mounting his horse, he posted himself in the centre of the highway, lance in hand, and proclaimed his challenge in a loud, ringing voice.

"Knights and squires, on foot or on horseback," he cried, "know that Don Quixote de la Mancha stands here to assert that the ladies who dwell in this forest surpass in beauty the maidens of all the world,

Strange Adventures

only excepting the sovereign of my soul, Dulcinea del Torboso."

Twice he repeated these words, but no adventurer came to answer or contest them. At last, however, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance coming along the road, and through it could be descried men on horseback with lances in their hands.

The shepherds and shepherdesses took refuge in the wood when they saw the advancing cavalcade, and Sancho tried to shelter behind Rosinante, but Don Quixote kept his position undaunted.

When the horsemen drew near, one of them shouted: "Get out of the way! Stand off! The bulls will trample you to pieces." And then it was seen that the approaching company was a great herd of wild bulls with their drovers.

"Go to, rascals!" cried Don Quixote. "Your bulls are nothing to me, though they be the fiercest in Spain. Answer my challenge! Acknowledge the truth of my assertion, or else stand and do battle with me."

The herdsmen had no time to answer these words, nor had the crazy knight any time to get out of the way, for the bulls rushed violently along the road, bearing all before them, and horse, rider, squire, and ass were overthrown and trampled under foot.

When the herd had passed, Don Quixote lay stunned upon the ground, and Sancho was not in much better case; but, in spite of his injuries, our hero had no sooner recovered consciousness than he struggled to his feet and stumbled along the road

The History of Don Quixote

behind the drovers, crying: "Stop, stop! A single knight defies you all. Stop, scoundrels and cowards that you are!"

The herd was soon out of sight, however, and then Don Quixote, seeing that no heed was paid to his challenge, sank down exhausted, and was obliged to wait until Sancho joined him with Rosinante and Dapple.

The squire and the knight then mounted their steeds, and went sadly on their way, not even waiting to bid farewell to their friends of the new Arcadia.

CHAPTER XXVIII

“What happened to Don Quixote on the road to Barcelona, and an account of his entry into the city.”

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza rode on, and before long came to a clear pool of water under some tall, green trees. Here they sat down to rest and refresh themselves after the disastrous encounter with the bulls, for they were covered with dust and severely bruised.

When they had washed their hands and faces in the cool water, Sancho opened his wallet and spread out a meal, but his master was too dejected to eat. The squire, for his part, was too polite to begin first, so there they sat, hungry and silent, until, Sancho's appetite getting the better of his good manners, he helped himself to a large slice of bread and cheese.

Don Quixote looked at the man sadly.

“Eat, my friend,” he said, “and sustain life, but leave me alone to my sorrows and misfortunes. Here I am, a knight-errant, famous in history, renowned for my exploits, and honoured by princes. Here I am, I say, trampled and trodden under foot by vile beasts. The memory of it is terrible to me, and I am almost resolved to starve myself, even though to die of hunger is the most cruel of all deaths.”

The History of Don Quixote

“Well, master, every man to his taste,” retorted Sancho, “but I am not so foolish as to kill myself.



“‘Well, master, every man to his taste,’ retorted Sancho.”

I would rather lengthen my life than shorten it by starving, and, in truth, it is folly to despair. Take my advice, sir, eat, drink, and then have a nap on this soft

The Road to Barcelona

grass. When you wake up again, believe me, you will feel a new man."

The knight at last consented to follow this good advice, and then a new idea came into his head: "Ah, Sancho," he exclaimed, "there is something that you could do for me that would indeed ease my cares. It is only this: while I am resting, do you take the reins of Rosinante's bridle and give yourself some three or four hundred smart lashes as part of the three thousand which you are to receive for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. It is indeed a crying shame that the poor lady should remain under a spell this long time because of your carelessness and neglect."

"Nay, nay, sir," quoth Sancho Panza; "although there is doubtless much in what you say, still it is no small thing for a man to chastise himself in cold blood, especially when he is as weak and sore as I am at present. Let my Lady Dulcinea only have a little patience, and some day my promise shall be made good."

Don Quixote said nothing more, and then the pair betook themselves to slumber, while Rosinante and Dapple grazed in the green meadow close at hand.

It was late in the day when our travellers took to the road once more, and then they went on at a leisurely pace until they reached an inn, which, strangely enough, Don Quixote called an inn, and not a castle, as was his wont.

Here they were well entertained, and as the knight heard that a great tournament was to be held at Barcelona, he decided to go there instead of to Saragossa. After a good night's rest, therefore, they started off

The History of Don Quixote

in this new direction; but before long trouble overtook them and they were set upon by a band of robbers.

The disaster occurred at dawn upon the second morning, when the knight and his squire had not yet mounted their steeds. They were therefore taken at a disadvantage, and the thieves quickly made them prisoners and rifled their baggage. The Duke's gold was, however, not discovered, for it was hidden in a girdle that was round Sancho Panza's waist.

The captain of the brigands was a dark, stalwart man of about thirty-four years of age. He was mounted on a strong horse, wore a coat of mail, and carried no less than four pistols. This person, in spite of his formidable appearance, was not a ruffian, and, seeing Don Quixote's downcast face, he went up to him and said: "Be not sad, good sir, for you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel captain, but of Roque Guinart, a man compassionate rather than stern."

"I am not sorrowful because I am your captive, valiant Roque," answered Don Quixote, "but because I, a knight-errant, have allowed myself to be taken by surprise, unarmed and with my horse unbridled. Let me tell you, sir, that had your men found me mounted and with lance in hand, it would have been no easy matter for them to overcome me. I am that Don Quixote de la Mancha whose exploits are famous throughout the world."

On hearing these words Roque realised that this was indeed the mad knight of whom he had often heard, and he was overjoyed to meet him and to judge for

The Road to Barcelona

himself whether the entertaining stories were really true.

“ Brave champion,” he said, “ vex not yourself about what has happened, for this adventure may prove to be to your advantage.”

He then commanded his men to restore the goods that they had stolen from our travellers, and when this had been done the rest of the booty taken since their last enterprise was brought before him and divided among the band.

“ Well,” quoth Sancho Panza, when the distribution had been made to the satisfaction of all concerned, “ it seems that the old proverb is true which says, ‘ There is honour among thieves.’ ”

One of the brigands, overhearing this remark, immediately levelled his gun at the speaker, and would have fired had not Roque intervened. The squire was struck dumb with terror at this occurrence, and resolved not to speak another word while he was in such dangerous company.

At this moment a scout came up and told the captain that a great company of travellers was passing along the road. “ Away, my boys!” cried Roque. “ Bring them hither, and see that none escape.”

The robbers obeyed the command, and Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho were left alone. The captain then turned to his knightly prisoner and said: “ Sir, doubtless our life appears to you a perilous and wretched one, but you must know that I was forced into this career by cruel injuries which were done to me. Now that I am involved in it, I must needs go

The History of Don Quixote

on, but I hope that some day all my misfortunes will come to an end."

"Señor Roque," replied our hero, "when a man knows that he is in the wrong, he has taken the first step towards amendment. If you wish for peace and happiness, then give up this fatal profession and join me as a brother knight-errant. Thus will you soon expiate your offences and attain to honour and felicity."

Roque smiled at the knight's serious words, but said nothing, and soon afterwards the robber band returned with their prisoners. These included two gentlemen on horseback, some pilgrims, a coachful of women, and sundry servants and muleteers. All the folk were brought before the chief, but he treated them with civility, and although he took money from the rich members of the company, he did not rob the poor, and finally all the travellers were allowed to continue their journey in safety.

Roque detained Don Quixote and his squire, but he treated the knight as a guest, and wrote a letter on his behalf to a friend of his, Don Antonio Moreno, who lived in Barcelona. In this he stated that three days hence, on Midsummer Day, the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, would be found mounted and armed on the seashore outside the city. He added that the crazy knight was a most pleasant person, who would give much entertainment to Don Antonio and his friends. This letter was carried into the city of Barcelona by one of the brigands, who, for the occasion, disguised himself as a simple countryman.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza stayed two days.

The Road to Barcelona

with the robbers, travelling with them from place to place, and at length, on Midsummer Eve, they reached the seashore near Barcelona. Here Roque bade his guests farewell and departed, they remaining on the beach until dawn.

They had not been there very long when the sun began to rise, and the knight and his squire, looking round, saw the sea, which they had never beheld in their lives before. It seemed to them to have a noble and spacious appearance, and to be far larger than the Lake Ruydera, which is situated in La Mancha. They had not, however, gazed their full at the wonderful sight, when there came to their ears the joyful sounds of hautboys and kettle-drums, and a merry company of gentlemen rode out of the city gates. They were well equipped and attired in handsome raiment, while bells jingled on the harness of their horses.

Three riders galloped up to Don Quixote and greeted him with acclamations and shouts of welcome. "Hail, brave Don Quixote de la Mancha!" they cried, "thou who art the mirror of chivalry and the bright star of knighthood."

"These gentlemen seem to know us well," said our hero, turning to his squire in amazement; and then one of the riders, who was Don Antonio Moreno, addressed the knight in these words:

"Noble Don Quixote," he said, "we are all your servants, and the friends of Roque Guinart; therefore we pray you to bear us company and to accept our hospitality."

"Sir," answered the knight, "your courtesy is

The History of Don Quixote

like that of the brave and generous Roque. I will therefore accompany you wherever you please to command."

They all then rode on and entered the city in great state, to the sound of noble music, after which the travellers were escorted to the house of Don Antonio, who proved to be a gentleman of wealth, intellect, and position.

CHAPTER XXIX

“The combat of Don Quixote de la Mancha with the Knight of the White Moon.”

NOW it happened one morning, after Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had been staying for some time with Don Antonio Moreno and his lady in the city of Barcelona, and had been well entertained, that our hero went abroad on the seashore to take the air. He was armed at all points, as was his custom, and mounted on his horse Rosinante. Before he had gone very far on his way he beheld another warrior, also fully equipped, and with a white moon blazoned on his shield.

When the stranger came within hearing he stopped, and cried out with a loud voice: “Illustrious knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, and it may be that you have heard of my exploits. Lo, I have come here now to enter into combat with you, and, by force of arms, to compel you to acknowledge my lady—whatever she may be called—to be incomparably more beautiful than the fair Dulcinea del Torboso. If you confess this freely, you will escape from certain death, and will save me the trouble of slaying you. If not, then these are the conditions of the battle: I being the victor, you must immediately forsake your career of

The History of Don Quixote

knight-errantry, promising to live at home in peace for a whole year, seeking during that time to improve your estate, and never taking sword in hand. If, however, you defeat me in the encounter, then my life is at your mercy. Consider what to do, and give me your answer, for the matter must needs be decided this very day.”

When Don Quixote heard this challenge, he was amazed at its arrogance, and replied in a grave and courteous manner, saying:

“Sir Knight of the White Moon, whose exploits and renown have not, as yet, come to my knowledge, it is evident that you have never seen the Lady Dulcinea, for, had you beheld her beauty, you would assuredly have been convinced that no other maiden, past, present, or future, could be her equal. Therefore, sir, not wishing to give you the lie direct, I will only tell you that you are grievously mistaken, and I will accept your challenge. Now, since it seems that you have but little time at your disposal, choose your ground, and we will begin the combat without delay.”

While the two warriors were arranging the preliminaries of the encounter, news of the coming of the stranger knight was brought to the Viceroy of Barcelona. He hastened at once to the scene of the conflict, accompanied by Don Antonio and other gentlemen, and arrived just as the affray was about to begin.

The Viceroy entered into conversation with the Knight of the White Moon, and learned that the

The Knight of the White Moon

dispute was about a lady. He then spoke to Don Antonio, inquiring whether he knew the stranger, and whether the affair were merely some mimic adventure arranged at the expense of Don Quixote.

Don Antonio answered that he had no knowledge of the matter, and this troubled his Highness, for he knew not whether to forbid the combat. However, he persuaded himself that there must be some merry jest at the bottom of the affair, so he decided to let the business take its course, and thus addressed the knights:

“ Brave warriors,” he said, “ if you cannot settle this dispute of yours without a battle, there is no more to be said. The field is free, and may Heaven prosper you both.”

The two combatants then thanked the Viceroy for this gracious speech, and Don Quixote immediately began the battle, without waiting for trumpet-call or signal.

His antagonist, however, was no less eager for the fray, and, setting spurs to his horse, he rode forward at a great pace and met our hero with such violence that both he and Rosinante were overthrown and lay upon the ground as if dead.

The Knight of the White Moon then dismounted hurriedly, and, standing over Don Quixote, who, although sorely bruised, was not stunned, he held his lance to his throat and cried: “ You are vanquished, Knight of La Mancha; fulfil the conditions of the battle this instant or you are a dead man.”

Don Quixote, injured and dismayed as he was, did

The History of Don Quixote

not hesitate, but replied in a low, weak voice: "Dulcinea del Torboso is the most beautiful lady in the world, and I am the most unfortunate of knights. She shall not suffer even if I, her champion, am vanquished. Pierce me with your lance, Sir Knight, and then my life and my honour will expire together."

"Nay, I will not be so harsh," was the reply; "Dulcinea shall still remain the fairest of ladies if the brave Don Quixote will but consent to return home for a full year, as agreed."

The Viceroy and the other gentlemen listened to this proposal, and Don Quixote then answered that, if nothing were demanded to the prejudice of the Lady Dulcinea, he would satisfy all the other conditions of the battle.

This matter being arranged, the Knight of the White Moon rode away in the direction of the city, and Don Antonio Moreno followed him at the Viceroy's request, for his Highness had a great curiosity to know who this strange warrior might be.

Don Quixote was then lifted up, and when his helmet was removed it was seen that his face was pale and very sorrowful.

Rosinante, too, was in a woeful plight; and as for Sancho Panza, he knew not what to say or what to do. It seemed to him, indeed, that he must be either dreaming or bewitched, for here was his master, whom he had reckoned invincible, forced to lay down his arms and live peaceably for a year.

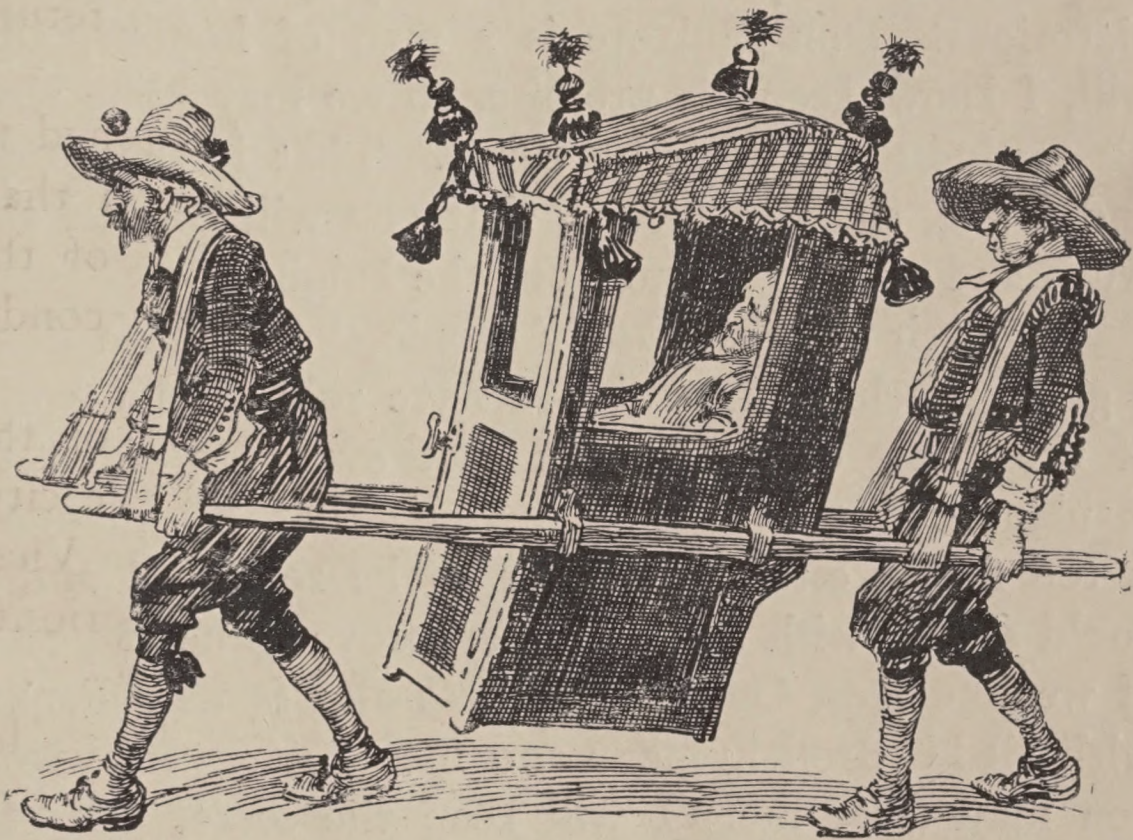
The injured knight was now put into a chair, which had been brought for the purpose, and was

The Knight of the White Moon

conveyed into the city, accompanied by the Viceroy and his train.

Don Antonio, meanwhile, followed the Knight of the White Moon to his inn, and declared that he would not go away until he discovered who he was.

“Sir,” said the other, “I have no need to conceal my name from you; so, if you will listen, I will relate



“The injured knight was put into a chair.”

the whole story. You must know, then, that I am a neighbour of Don Quixote, called Samson Carrasco, and I, together with sundry others of his friends, sought means by which the madness of the knight might be cured.

“It seemed to us that rest and comfort at home would be the best remedy, and I therefore planned

The History of Don Quixote

a means to induce him to give up his career of warfare. About three months ago, under the title of the Knight of the Mirrors, I met him in combat, under conditions the same as those of to-day. That time Fortune was, however, on the side of Don Quixote. He unhorsed me, and I returned home injured and discomfited. Wishing to retrieve my character for bravery, I returned to the quest, and now, as you see, have been victorious. Don Quixote is a man of honour, and will, I know, keep his promise, so we may hope that his madness will soon be cured. That is the story, and I beg, sir, as a favour, that you will conceal the truth and also my name from the knight."

"Oh, sir!" cried Don Antonio, "you have done a great mischief, in that you have robbed the world of the finest entertainment that ever was given to mankind. But I believe, myself, that his madness is too firmly established ever to be removed, and I could almost wish that this may prove to be the case. If we lose Don Quixote, we lose also Sancho Panza, with all his droll humour and merry wit. However, you may trust me. I will keep the secret and say nothing about the matter."

Carrasco then took leave of Don Antonio and started for home, riding his war-horse, and with his armour packed on to the back of a mule.

Don Antonio gave an account of the affair to the Viceroy, who was sadly vexed to hear that they were like to lose the company of the mad knight.

We must now return to Don Quixote, who lay in bed for six days, very dejected and sullen. His

The Knight of the White Moon

squire, meanwhile, did his best to administer consolation.

“My dear master,” he said, “cheer up and be thankful that things are no worse. Why, you might have had your neck broken with the fall, and, as it is, you have not even cracked a rib! One cannot always expect to be victorious in battle, so let us go home comfortably, and think no more of knights-errant and of adventures. Indeed, if anyone has cause to complain, it is me, for although I soon tired of being a governor, I had not given up hopes of becoming an earl, and now, if you miss your kingship, where is my earldom?”

“Say no more, Sancho,” answered the knight; “I have only agreed to lay aside my sword for a year. Then I shall return to my old profession. Undeniably, I shall be a king, and you shall be an earl.”

“Heaven grant I may,” remarked Sancho piously; “and, as the old proverb says, ‘All things come to him who waits long enough.’”

A few days later, Don Quixote, being somewhat recovered, bade farewell to his kind host, Don Antonio, and started off on his homeward journey. As he had discarded his armour for the time, this was packed on to Dapple’s back, and so poor Sancho Panza was obliged to trudge behind his master on foot.

The knight was very downcast as he left the city of Barcelona, and on coming to the spot where the encounter with the stranger had taken place, he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground and his mind full of melancholy thoughts.

The History of Don Quixote

“This is where Fate robbed me of all my triumphs,” he said. “Here fickle Fortune turned against me, here my glory was eclipsed, and here my happiness was destroyed for ever.”

Sancho, seeing his master in this woebegone mood, as usual hastened to comfort him.

“Good sir,” he said, “it is well to have patience, even when things go badly. Look at me. When I governed an island I was merry enough, but now that I am only a poor squire again, I do not despair.”

“You are a wise man,” said Don Quixote, “but for my part I believe that everyone is master of his fate. I should have been more prudent, and have remembered that poor old Rosinante was too weak and old to withstand the huge and powerful horse of the Knight of the White Moon. However, it was the fortune of war. I did my best and I was defeated. Let us trudge on, Sancho, and get home quickly. In our year of retirement we will rest, and, at the end of it, return with new vigour to our profession of arms.”

“Sir,” said Sancho, “these long marches on foot are no pleasure to me; therefore, let us hang this heavy armour of yours on to a tree and leave it until we come back. When I am mounted on Dapple’s back once more, we will travel as speedily as you like.”

“You are right, my friend,” was the other’s reply. “I will hang up my arms as a trophy, and beneath them on the bark of the tree I will cut an inscription, saying that whoever touches them does so at his peril.”

“Good!” quoth Sancho. “And if it were not that

The Knight of the White Moon

we shall need him on our journey, it were well to hang old Rosinante up to the tree with the armour."

"On second thoughts," said Don Quixote then, "neither the armour nor the horse shall be left behind. Both have served us well, and good services must needs be rewarded."

CHAPTER XXX

“The adventure of the hogs, and an account of the disenchanting of the Lady Dulcinea del Torboso by Sancho Panza.”

FOR some days Don Quixote and his squire travelled on slowly, and at last they reached the place where the unlucky encounter with the wild bulls had taken place. The remembrance of that adventure turned our hero's thoughts into a new channel, and he made up his mind that, having for a time abandoned the profession of knight-errantry, he would become a shepherd, after the fashion of the young men and maidens of the new Arcadia.

“I will buy myself a flock of sheep, Sancho,” he said, “and everything else that is necessary for a pastoral life. My name shall be the Shepherd Quixotis, and with you at my side I will wander over the hills and valleys, singing and making poetry. Water from the sparkling brooks shall be our only drink, the trees will give us shelter and their nuts will be our food. The green meadows shall serve as carpets for our feet, and in the hours of darkness the moon and the stars will serve as tapers.”

“Upon my faith,” cried Sancho, “that kind of life will suit me down to the ground, and if the scholar

Disenchantment of Lady Dulcinea

Carrasco and Master Nicholas the barber hear of it, doubtless they will turn shepherds too. What a merry time we will have ! What gay garlands and pretty fancies I will contrive ! What feasts of curds and whey we shall enjoy !”

“ It grows late,” said Don Quixote, interrupting his squire’s discourse, “ so no more talk at present; let us leave the road and encamp ourselves in the fields. To-morrow a new day will begin.”

They betook themselves, therefore, to the meadows that bordered the highway, and made a slender meal, which suited Sancho as little as did the hard ground for a resting-place. At last, however, he fell asleep and dreamed of the comfort and luxuries which he had enjoyed at the Duke’s castle and in the houses of Don Diego and of Don Antonio Moreno.

It was a dark night and there was no moon, but our hero could not sleep peacefully. After a time he got up and roused Sancho Panza from his slumber. “ My friend,” he said, “ I am amazed at your sluggish temper. When I am awake, you sleep; when I mourn, you rejoice. A good servant should always share the sorrows of his master. It is a still, calm night; we are in a solitary place. Surely it is a disgrace to waste such an opportunity. Arise, then, and with a cheerful heart give yourself some three or four hundred of those lashes owing for the disenchanting of my Lady Dulcinea. I earnestly request you to do this, and when the penance is finished, we will pass the rest of the night in chanting ballads, and so begin our pastoral life.”

The History of Don Quixote

“Sir,” cried Sancho, in a very ill humour at being thus disturbed, “do you take me for a monk that you ask me to rise and scourge myself in the middle of the night? Does it seem a simple matter to endure torture one moment and start singing the next?”

“Oh, wicked squire! Oh, faithless servant!” exclaimed Don Quixote. “Is this my reward for having secured you a government and promised you an earldom?”

The knight and his squire were thus disputing when suddenly they heard a loud, grunting noise that seemed to come from all the hills and valleys around. The knight started up and seized his sword, while Sancho, discreet as usual, entrenched himself behind the pile of armour.

Every moment the strange sounds seemed to grow louder and the amazement of the listeners increased, but at last the cause of the turmoil appeared.

It was a great herd of some six hundred hogs, which were being driven to a fair in a neighbouring town.

Don Quixote and Sancho were almost stunned with the horrible noise, and so, instead of retreating, they remained directly in the way of the beasts, which thronged up in a solid mass, and, overthrowing both master and man, trampled them in a dreadful fashion. Sancho was the first to recover from the onslaught, and, scrambling to his feet, he shouted to his master, asking him to lend his sword so that at least half a dozen of the grunting creatures might be despatched.

“No, my friend,” was the knight’s reply; “Providence has doubtless sent this disgrace. It is onl

Disenchantment of Lady Dulcinea

fitting that dogs should bite and pigs should trample a vanquished warrior."

Sancho grumbled not a little at this decision of his master.

"And belike Providence sends flies to sting and hunger to famish us poor squires of those same conquered knights," he muttered. "But enough; let us lie down and sleep through what remains of the night."

When day came, the travellers set out once more on their homeward journey, but Don Quixote did not forget his lady-love, and before long he called upon Sancho to make good his promise. This time, however, he offered his squire a reward for the service, saying: "You may set what price you like on the lashes, and it shall be paid out of the money of mine which you have in your charge."

Sancho Panza was well pleased with this arrangement, and decreed that each stripe should cost three halfpence.

"Three thousand halfpence," he said, "is fifteen hundred pence, and there will be three hundred halfpence besides. Truly a goodly sum, and I shall reckon myself well paid for my pains, although, doubtless, I shall be well whipped. However, he cannot catch fish who fears to wet his feet, master. I need say no more."

"Heaven well reward you, good Sancho," cried the knight, also well satisfied to have the matter decided; and then Sancho promised that he would begin his scourging that same night.

The History of Don Quixote

When twilight came, therefore, they took up their quarters in a shady wood, and Sancho Panza, having made himself a strong whip out of Dapple's halter, retired to a little distance among the trees.

Don Quixote, seeing the man's resolution, felt some misgivings, and called to him: "Dear friend, do not punish yourself too cruelly, I pray you. Do not cut yourself to pieces. Go gently to work. I will count the strokes, but, indeed, I would not have you kill yourself."

"I will give myself an honest thrashing, master," replied the squire, "but I do not mean to kill myself, never fear;" and then, without further ado, he began to lash his bare shoulders with the halter.

Before he had given himself seven strokes, however, Sancho repented of his bargain, and wondered whether the stripes were not too cheap at three halfpence each. Seeing that he hesitated, Don Quixote, fearing that his plan would be frustrated, called to him, saying: "Go on, my friend, do not delay; take courage, and I will double the payment."

"Well said," quoth the other. "I will lay on the lashes thick and fast."

With that came the sound of the whip again, but this time the cunning Sancho, instead of flogging his own back, was striking the trees around with all his strength. At the same time he groaned so dismally that at last the tender-hearted knight could bear it no longer, for he feared that the man would kill himself before the penance was accomplished.

"Hold!" he cried. "Stop, my poor friend! No

Disenchantment of Lady Dulcinea

more of it now. Come, I say; enough is as good as a feast. Rome was not built in a day. If I have counted rightly, you have already dealt yourself at least a thousand lashes. That is sufficient for one thrashing. Drive not the willing horse to death."

"No, no!" was the squire's reply. "It shall never



"At last the tender-hearted knight could bear it no longer."

be said of me that I did not do my duty. Stand off, sir, I pray you. Get out of the way of my whip. I will lay on another thousand lashes. Then we shall have made a good beginning, and another thrashing bout will finish the whole business."

"Very well," said Don Quixote; "since you are in the humour for it, proceed, and may Heaven reward you."

The History of Don Quixote

With that Sancho fell to again, and struck the trees so unmercifully with his whip that the bark on them was cut to pieces.

All the time he continued to cry out most piteously, until, at last, his master ran forward and snatched the halter from his hand.

“Enough !” he cried. “Stay the fury of your arm. I do not want to have your death at my door. Let the Lady Dulcinea have patience for a while. I myself am content to wait until you have recovered your strength.”

“As you will, sir,” was the answer, “but I pray you throw a cloak over my shoulders. After such a flogging as I have had to-night, a man is in danger of catching cold.”

With that Don Quixote took off his own cloak and wrapped it round Sancho’s shoulders, so that the squire, having thrown himself down on the ground, slept in warmth and comfort until sunrise.

That morning they rode on again, and in three hours’ time arrived at an inn, which the knight acknowledged to be an inn, without either battlements, moats, or draw-bridges. This showed that he had finished with romance for the time.

The travellers were given comfortable quarters, and, when evening came, the knight said to Sancho Panza: “Well, my good Sancho, do you feel inclined to finish your penance to-night? Truly, a warm house would be a better place for a flogging than the open air.”

“Why, sir,” replied the squire, “what does the

Disenchantment of Lady Dulcinea

place matter? A whipping is a whipping wherever it is given, and I am warm enough under the trees. You see, master, I love trees greatly, and methinks they bear me company in the penance. It seems that they have a fellow-feeling for my sufferings."

"Very well, honest fellow," said the knight; "and, now I think of it, you shall have more time to recover. We will leave the rest of the lashes until we get home, and that will be in two days' time."

"It shall be as your worship likes," answered Sancho, "but to my thinking it would be best to make an end of the job while my blood is up and my hand is in. Strike while the iron is hot, good master. Delay is dangerous. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"For Heaven's sake, Sancho, no more of your proverbs!" cried Don Quixote. "Can you not speak like other folk, man, and not in this roundabout fashion?"

"It is just a trick I have," was the squire's reply; "I cannot say two words without a proverb, and that is the truth. But I will try to mend my ways if I can."

CHAPTER XXXI

“The home-coming of the valiant knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha.”

TOWARDS evening the knight and his squire left the inn, and after travelling for about three miles came to a wood. Here it was decided that they should halt, in order that Sancho Panza might continue his penance. This he did in the fashion of the previous night, and with such a will that the bark of the trees that grew round about was scored with the blows of the whip. A total of three thousand and twenty-nine had been reached by the time that the sun rose, and during the next night the full complement of lashes was completed.

This was a cause of great rejoicing to Don Quixote, and he waited with impatience until dawn, hoping that now, at last, he might see his lady in her natural shape and in her peerless beauty. When they started out on the final stage of their journey, he gazed eagerly at every woman who passed by, in order to ascertain whether she were the fair Dulcinea or not, for he had perfect confidence in the promises of the supposed Merlin, and did not doubt but that they would be fulfilled.

He was still absorbed in these hopes and dreams,

Home-coming of Don Quixote

when a hill was reached from which a view of their native village could be obtained. Sancho fell on his knees at this welcome sight, and cried: "Oh, my long-lost home! Here is your child, Sancho Panza, come back again, who, although he has been soundly thrashed, has yet succeeded in whipping some money into his pockets. Open your arms to receive him. And here, also, is Don Quixote, who, in spite of suffering defeat in battle, has got the better of himself. That is a fine victory—or so he says."

"Silence, impertinent rascal!" interrupted Don Quixote. "And let us enter our birthplace in a discreet and quiet fashion. Once there, we can loosen our tongues, and describe the new pastoral life which we intend to adopt."

As the travellers came near to the village, they saw some huntsmen pursuing a hare. The chase was so close at the animal's heels that she ran and crouched at Dapple's feet. Sancho picked her up and presented her to Don Quixote, but the knight refused the gift with a melancholy shake of his head.

"Nay, it is an ill omen," he said; "a hare runs away, hounds pursue her, and Dulcinea will never be disenchanted."

"On my faith, sir, you are a strange man," cried Sancho; but his master refused to be cheered, for now he had made up his mind that he should never see his lady-love in her true shape.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza entered the village, and were met by the priest and the scholar, Carrasco, who ran to welcome their old friend with open arms.

The History of Don Quixote

They all went on together to the knight's house, and there his niece and the housekeeper, having heard the good news, were waiting to receive him.

The return of the travellers caused great excitement in the village, and soon Teresa, Sancho's wife, appeared,



““Why, mercy on us, husband!” she cried.”

with her dress in disorder and her hair about her ears. The woman had received a letter from her husband during the time of his government, and now she was eager to share his new wealth and honours. When she saw him, however, in his old clothes, footsore, and covered with dust, her disappointment knew no bounds.

Home-coming of Don Quixote

“Why, mercy on us, husband!” she cried, “whatever is the meaning of this? Truly you look more like a beggar than a governor.”

“Be silent, Teresa,” was the squire’s rejoinder; “all is not gold that glitters. Money I have and plenty of it. I came by it honestly, too, without doing harm to anyone.”

“Money!” cried Teresa. “Then everything is all right;” and with that she took her husband’s arm and they went off together to the cottage, Sancho leading his faithful Dapple by the halter.

Don Quixote was thus left with his old friends, the priest, the barber, and Carrasco, and he lost no time in taking them into his confidence. First he related the history of his battle with the Knight of the White Moon, telling how he had been defeated, and how he had promised to return home and to stay there in retirement for a whole year. Then he declared that he meant to become a shepherd, and, having begged the other men to share this pastoral life with him, he promised to provide, at his own expense, a sufficiency of sheep for the undertaking.

The listeners were amazed at this new scheme, but seeing that it might be a means of keeping the knight at home, and hoping that within a year he would be completely cured of his malady, they pretended to applaud the project, and agreed to turn shepherds themselves into the bargain.

“It will be the most delightful life imaginable,” exclaimed Carrasco, “especially for me, who am a poet by profession. I will write an abundance of pastorals,

The History of Don Quixote

and sometimes I will chant them to you as we range the hills and meadows. Moreover, I will choose a shepherdess to whom my love-songs may be addressed, and I will cut her name on the bark of trees, however hard and tough that bark may be.”

“You are right, sir,” said Don Quixote, “but



““Whatever madness is this?” cried the niece.”

there is no need for me to search for a fair shepherdess, having already a peerless lady-love in the person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Torboso, whose loveliness is such that no poem could do her justice.”

Not long afterwards the priest, the barber, and the scholar took their departure, and then Don Quixote’s housekeeper and niece, who, according to their usual

Home-coming of Don Quixote

custom, had listened to the conversation, came forward and rated the knight soundly for his folly.

"Bless me, uncle," cried the niece, "whatever madness is this? We thought that you had come to live soberly at home, like a respectable gentleman, and now it seems that you must needs be wool-gathering after sheep."

"And mercy on us!" interrupted the housekeeper, "how will your worship endure the heat of summer-time and the winter frosts if you dwell in the open fields? Besides, there are wolves. Pray, good sir, do not think of it. Such a life is truly only fit for men who are roughly bred and as strong as horses into the bargain."

"Good women, hold your tongues," commanded Don Quixote, "for I am feeling ill and exhausted. I must needs go to bed without delay. Meanwhile do not trouble yourselves about this matter, for you may rest assured that whether I am a knight-errant or a shepherd-errant, I will never fail to provide for you both."

The niece and the housekeeper were both good-natured creatures, so they did not make any further commotion, but helped their master to bed, brought him food, and tended him with all imaginable care. It was hoped that, by the next day, the knight would have recovered his health and spirits, but instead he was seized with a violent fever, which soon reduced him to a grievous condition.

Sancho Panza never stirred from the bedside of his beloved master, and his other friends, the priest, the scholar, and the barber, visited him daily. It

The History of Don Quixote

seemed to them that the knight's illness was caused by his defeat and his disappointment at the failure of Dulcinea's disenchantment, so they did their best to divert his thoughts from these unhappy subjects, and talked of the pastoral life they intended to lead, of sheep, and of two tearing dogs which Carrasco declared that he had purchased to guard the flock.

All this cheerful talk, however, had no effect on Don Quixote. He continued in his melancholy mood, and when at last a physician was summoned, he pronounced the patient to be in a dangerous state and near to death.

The knight, hearing this, begged all his friends to leave him for a time, and later, after he had had a few hours' sleep, they found him calm and in his right mind.

"My good friends," he said, "I have happy news for you. It is this: I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but plain Alonso Quesada again. Moreover, I now declare that I hate all romances and stories of knight-errantry, and regret my past follies and madness."

The listeners were amazed to hear their friend talk in this fashion, and thought that it was only some new frenzy.

"What is this, Don Quixote?" cried Carrasco. "We have just had tidings that the Lady Dulcinea is disenchanted at last, and we are all going to turn shepherds and live in the woods like so many princes."

"No more of that foolishness, pray," was the answer of the dying knight. "I am very near to

Home-coming of Don Quixote

death, and this is no time for trifling. All I want now is a priest to comfort my soul, and an attorney to take down my will."

Our hero, therefore, confessed his sins and made his will, after which he fell into a swoon, and passed away three days later, to the sorrow of his friends and of his trusty squire, Sancho Panza.

And so Don Quixote died, and was buried in his native village, the scholar Carrasco writing the epitaph. And although some folk may call him crazy, and ridicule his follies and adventures, he was, doubtless, a good master, a courtly knight, and a very gallant gentleman.



312
152
160









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00021175778